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THE HOUSE BUILT ROUND A TRAM

Pages 18, 19

Embroidery offer WATTLE CLOTH

Page 49

**16-page cook book
A SNOB IN THE
KITCHEN
by Simonetta**

U.S. PARADE MANNEQUINS — page 24



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OUR COVER

● Attractive New York mannequin Hedwig Bates models a long, gorgeously flower-printed at-home gown designed by Jerry Silverman for Shannon Rogers. The gown is part of our "U.S.A. Today" Fashion Collection; the parades—held in conjunction with David Jones—begin in Sydney with an invitation gala night on November 4.

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"Better opera" is his mission

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● Before William Reid flew to Australia recently to take up a two-year musical appointment, his wife, Frances, helped him pack an old theatrical wicker hamper which has an important place in the family's history.

HE left his position as conductor of the London Festival Ballet to be the Elizabethan Trust Opera Company's new head of music staff, and will conduct in the next seasons of opera.

Bill Reid used to be a rising young scientist in the oil industry, but music was his true love and he studied to be an opera conductor.

He married a young singer, and together they joined the Carl Rosa Opera Company, he as a répétiteur, or coach, and she in the chorus.

They told me about it when I interviewed them in their large home in South London just before his departure—she and their two daughters will join him later.

"Those were grim times," said Frances cheerfully. "The theatrical basket travelled with us, and had a life of great adventure."

"We often had nothing but herring to eat for days on end. Sometimes we had mean little lodgings."

"But we were terribly happy. Though I often wondered how Bill felt when all his friends from the days when he was a well-paid scientist turned up to see him."

"We would be entertained by Bill's friends in their beautiful homes with two-car garages and we didn't have a place to call our own to invite them back to."

"Even today, when we have years of solid success behind us, we have never caught up with the people he used to work with."

"They live like tycoons compared with people in the musical world."

William Reid used to be a chemist with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. But he had always studied music as well as science.

"For me, it was an easy decision to turn to music as a career. Once I had made up my mind, nothing would stop me," he said.

As a student in opera conducting, he won the senior prize at the Royal College of Music, and it was there he met his wife.

After working in the Carl Rosa Opera Company he joined the Sadler's Wells Opera in 1957, and in 1960 he was musical director of the first Sadler's Wells company to visit Australia, when they presented "The Merry Widow."

Frances did not accompany her husband on that tour. "I was waiting for our second daughter to arrive," she said. "Bill didn't see the baby until he returned home."

"He was so excited about Australia that I felt it would not be long before he went out there again. He said I would be going with him next time."

Frances Reid is, however, under con-

tract to Sadler's Wells, where she is a soprano in the chorus. She also has their 15-room house to dust-sheet and her two girls to bring back from their schools before she can go to Australia.

Frances, who left opera for ten years while she was bringing up her family, wants to continue her career in Australia. "I already have offers," she said.

Bill Reid, busily packing, came across a souvenir, an invitation asking simply, "Please come to my party." It was from Joan Sutherland—"One of the first girls I ever coached at the Royal College of Music," he explained.

"All student conductors have to coach. I wonder if she remembers."

Bill, rising 40, is brisk, hard-working, with a clear idea of what his new appointment means and how he is going to tackle it.

He sums it up in two words: "Better opera," and his sharp blue eyes spark with enthusiasm. "The better the opera the more people will want to see it."

His first Australian job is to conduct "Die Fledermaus" and "Don Pasquale" in their forthcoming Melbourne season. Then he will be responsible for the entire musical preparation of the Elizabethan Trust's ambitious 1968 opera season.

"There will be visiting artists of such world fame as Tito Gobbi, Marie Collier, Antonietta Stella, and Kenneth Neate, in a repertoire which I find madly exciting," he said.

"We are doing 'Tannhauser' in German and 'Tosca,' 'The Girl of The Golden West,' and 'Don Carlos' in Italian. And one or two other operas."

To many opera stars he is no stranger, having been a relay conductor for both BBC and Independent Television in operas and operettas.

Tito Gobbi has come under his conductor's baton. Australian Marie Collier was making a name for herself in the great Puccini operas he conducted when they were both at Sadler's Wells.

"She was magnificent," he said, "and her great success at Covent Garden has not made any difference to her as a person."

An enthusiasm which he also hopes to pursue in Australia is for choral music and oratorio. He used to sing under Sir Malcolm Sargent.

Bill Reid was born in London, within sight, if not sound, of Bow bells.

"I rather fancy myself at cockney rhyming slang," he told me, "but I have to go to Melbourne to learn some of the finest."

"It was there I heard about a gay-and-ten, which is cockney rhyming slang for whisky-and-water. 'Gay' is for 'gay and frisky' (whisky), and 'ten' for 'ten furlongs,' which is a mile and a quarter."



WILLIAM REID at work. He is the head of music staff for the Elizabethan Trust Opera Company for the next two years.



PLAYING with his daughters, Tessa, 7, and Sally, 9, before he left London. They'll join him later with their mother.



HAMPER is packed for the journey to Melbourne. Frances Reid sings at Sadler's Wells, intends to sing here.

THE WEDDING THAT ROCKED AMERICA

—But the families
of both approved

THE marriage of a daughter of the Secretary of State, however important to the immediate parties, would normally arouse little public notice outside "court" circles in Washington.

But 18-year-old Peggy Rusk's recent wedding in California was a shot heard round the world—and it jarred the social structure of the races in America.

Considered in isolation, outside of its context, the event was ordinary. Certainly, the bride was pretty and bright, and her father is the ranking member of the Presidential Cabinet.

Bridegroom Guy Gibson Smith is a personable, 22-year-old university graduate soon to serve as an Army lieutenant in Vietnam. The families of both approved.

But Margaret Elizabeth Rusk had married a Negro, and most of America was scandalised.

The U.S. Constitution, and most State laws, expressly forbid discrimination on account of color or race. But you cannot legislate a state of mind, and America's Negroes have always been second-class citizens.

Guy Smith is actually a mulatto of mixed ancestry. His father, Clarence L. Smith, works at the Pentagon in Washington as an expert civilian analyst.

His mother, half Negro and half American-Indian, is a teacher.

Good education

Guy Smith was never a child of the ghetto, but was brought up in an integrated neighborhood, went to a progressive school with whites, and graduated from Washington's Georgetown University last June with a major in History.

Guy's skin is light tan in color, his hair slightly wiry, his features vaguely broad.

In giving the hand of his only daughter in the chapel at Stanford University—Dean Rusk introduced Negro blood to a family that reaches back through Georgian forebears to include two grandfathers who fought for the Confederacy in the U.S. Civil War.

But Dean Rusk, who left the South and its prejudices behind 30 years ago, has

been an ardent supporter of the enlightened civil rights programs of his President.

Neither his brother in Atlanta nor any of his cousins in Cherokee County attended the wedding. (For that matter, neither did any of the Smiths, except Guy's mother and father.)

Typical of the adverse comments, nation-wide, included:

From a Californian: "I'd probably kill any of my children before I'd let them do such a thing."

From Illinois: "If I were Rusk, I'd be inclined to shoot the guy."

From Florida: "It will serve the old goat right to have nigger grandbabies."

Racial tension

A sign of the growing racial tension in America could be read into the jokes that followed the surprise news.

"Do you know what Smith said to Rusk at the altar?" goes a white man's jibe. "All right, now stand down, honky."

(Honky is the Negro militant's contemptuous term for a white man.)

"Tokenism again," exclaimed a Negro civil rights leader, tongue in cheek. "She only married one Negro."

Liberals and others who oppose the war in Vietnam couldn't help letting fly with such taunts as: "Lyndon Johnson is at work again. The next thing you know we'll be reading that the bombing of China was led by a Negro."

But politically, on the eve of the great electoral test next year, the inter-racial wedding could only mean a plus for both the President and Dean Rusk.

On the personal level, the couple took little risk in violating the racial taboos. The world in which they will move—a youthful, intellectual-political one as enlightened as any on earth—will welcome and respect them as individualists. Their children may not be distinguishable from Caucasians.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Smith probably couldn't care less.

As the Rev. Martin Luther King put it, when a reporter sought his reaction to the news: "Individuals marry, not races."

—ROBERT FELDMAN



● Leaving Stanford University Chapel after their wedding, Mr. Guy Smith and his bride, the former Margaret Elizabeth Rusk, 18-year-old daughter of the U.S. Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Rusk. She wore traditional long white wedding gown and veil.

NEXT WEEK

There's a cut, a color, a way—even a wig—to give you a head start on beauty, and a multitude of products to meet almost every need. See how, in

our 32-page lift-out

Women's Weekly
ALL ABOUT HAIR



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DON'T FORGET

— your entry for our "Camelot" Contest; it closes on October 16.

NOW 30, THEY STILL THINK,

"It's terrible being the mother of twins"

By DAISY GILDER as told to NOLA WESTREN

● "It's terrible being the mother of twins," says Mrs. D. Gilder, of Long Jetty, N.S.W., pictured at right. "And it's terrible to be a twin," say her twin girls, who have tried for years to be independent of each other, yet, at 30, still think, talk, and write alike and are so much alike their mother still has difficulty in picking which is which.

Their mother insists they were conceived with a shared brain and should have been one person; says, "Even at 30, this 'oneness' — that's all I can call it — is still very strong. They are about to be really parted for the first time and I'm nearly frantic with worry."

One of the twins is moving to Queensland with her husband. It isn't convenient or possible for the other to move, too. Here is their mother's story:



WHEN the girls were born — half an hour apart — they were identical in every respect, even to weight.

As they grew, I found it impossible to know which was which, and after dosing the same one with medicine so many times I had to buy chain bracelets and lockets with their names on them. Believe me, it was necessary.

Feeding was a problem. I had to feed them from the one plate, spoon for spoon, otherwise neither would eat. The moment one stopped eating, the other one would immediately shut her mouth like a clamp and so, naturally, their weight remained exactly the same. I still have their clinic cards.

I entered them in a baby contest at Shepparton, Victoria, and the judges — a doctor and a hospital sister — said they were a most unusual pair and declared them double grand champion.

Double trouble

Schooldays came and lots more trouble. "Double trouble" was a good phrase coined to describe twins like mine. They always ganged up against me and never dubbed one another in.

Their teacher had trouble, too. She thought they were copying from each other, as their progress was always level and their writing identical, even though one is left-handed.

Today, I receive letters from them and can never tell who wrote which until I open them and read the signature. Their voices are exactly the same and I still can't tell which one is speaking unless I am looking directly at both.

At school they were once accused of cheating, as both right and wrong answers were identical.

So the teacher parted them — one each side of the room — and gave them a composition to write, illustrated with a drawing, on any subject they liked. They wrote identical stories — word for word — and drew the same picture of a bathing girl.

The strange thing is they try to get away from each other but can't. They both decided to change their

names. Yet one chose Daisy and the other Marguerite — names which are identical in flowers.

All through their childhood and even to this day, I only had to teach one something and the other could do it the moment the one I taught learnt.

Such as riding a bike. I held Marguerite up around and around the block and at last she could ride alone. Daisy just took the bike and rode off without a try — I was amazed.

Then swimming. Marguerite would never let me help her, she only watched. I held Daisy up for days and the moment she swam alone Marguerite just swam, too.

They really should have been one person. I had them

taught the piano and the teacher found she had to teach them together, as they wouldn't play alone. So they always played duets.

When time came for them to take a job, each went her own way — one as a telephonist at the post office and the other as a secretary. They were determined they weren't going to work together and were no longer going to dress alike.

I was pleased—at last I would be able to tell which was which.

Switched clothes

This was just wishful thinking. They just went clothes crazy and then kept borrowing and changing, and, believe me, I could never work out who was who, as they wore each other's clothes more than they ever wore their own.

Their boyfriends had the same trouble, as the girls switched dates as frequently as they switched clothes.

Marguerite decided to get married and Daisy was bridesmaid. The bride moved to Melbourne, but it wasn't long before she was back in Sydney.

Daisy simply had to be married, too, and shopping for a wedding dress became a nightmare—no wedding dress would do except the one her sister had worn and her bridesmaid had to be dressed as Daisy was dressed when she was bridesmaid to her twin.

Her twin couldn't be



● Twins at 18 months, when they won a baby contest at Shepparton, Victoria.

WRITE, AND TALK ALIKE — AND LOOK ALIKE



● Curly-headed twins, aged two, left, and at a recent ball, above. Their "oneness" is so strong they even choose the same Christmas presents for each other and for their mother.

matron-of-honor, as by this time she was expecting a child.

All through the second wedding I had an eerie feeling that I was having the first wedding all over again. Although it wasn't planned that way, there were exactly the same number of guests as at the first wedding.

Marguerite had a baby daughter, and the following year Daisy's baby was due on the same day as Marguerite's baby had been born the year before. However, she went over by one day—a few hours, actually—and one was born on May 14 and the other on May 15.

Daisy's baby was a boy. She was disappointed about its not being a girl, as she had chosen a girl's name. She now has three boys and will never rest until she gets a girl, and, to make sure she succeeds, has applied to adopt a girl.

Daisy's house was built first. When the time came

for Marguerite's house to be built, she tried hard to get a block in the same street as her sister, but the nearest was in the next street. Also no design would suit her except the same as her sister's.

The funny part is she didn't want an identical house, but just couldn't find anything that suited her as well as her sister's plan.

They each get mad at the other for copying, and yet both do it. Next they decided to drive and eventually went for their licence.

Awful sentence

Daisy passed and Marguerite was told to come back in a week. That policeman never knew what a sentence he passed on her by saying that.

She couldn't eat or sleep for three days and went back and begged him to test her again — no appointment — but he agreed, and she got her licence. Neither will be

a passenger with the other driving — they say they are too nervous and each thinks she is the better driver.

If they go anywhere together, they use two cars.

Daisy uses her husband's car, but Marguerite had a little one of her own. She worked for a new one and traded in the little car.

Daisy passed the car yard next day and bought Marguerite's little car. She said she didn't realise it was her sister's car — just saw it and had to have it. I think she would have bought it at any price.

Recently the girls were invited to a ball and each was determined to have a special dress for the occasion.

To make sure her sister wouldn't buy an identical dress, Daisy bought her pattern and material in the city and decided to make her own. Her twin had the identical thought and bought material and a pattern locally.

Came the day of the ball and they discovered they had

both chosen identical patterns and material — pink lame with a silver stripe through it. There were tears and howls of genuine distress until Daisy cut hers short and decided to leave off the matching bolero and wear a big spray of flowers so they would look different. They both ended up with identical hairdos, so the difference was slight.

Last Christmas was a family affair as usual, and Daisy, fed-up with the similarity in looks and dress, decided to look different once and for all and had her hair bleached platinum blonde at a hairdressing salon.

The same day her sister called at the local chemist and said she'd like to blonde her hair. The salesgirl advised her not to bleach her hair, but to try a blonde rinse first to see the effect.

Daisy, with her professionally bleached hair, decided to show her sister her new hairdo and on the way

called in at the same chemist. The salesgirl, thinking she was the woman who had bought the blonde rinse the day before, said, "What on earth have you done to your hair?"

Daisy had never been in this chemist shop before and thought the salesgirl had a bit of a hide and told her off.

Same presents

The unfortunate salesgirl, not knowing about her customer having a twin, feared she would be sued because of the platinum hair, as she recommended the rinse, and, thinking she was being told off about this ghastly mistake, became so upset she had to go home.

Well, they came home for Christmas and time came for handing out the presents. I said to myself, "Here it comes again," and I wasn't wrong.

The girls handed each other a present and they opened them together to

find exactly the same in each parcel—fuzzy pink shower caps, soap, talc, etc., all the same brand yet bought miles apart.

They were both surprised, which always surprises me. They do not seem to know they keep doing things the same, then they get upset.

I was really scared to open my presents from them and tried to postpone it, but was unable to, as they both watched me with big brown eyes. Sure enough, they were both the same, wrapped in identical paper and with identical cards.

This happens all the time—Mother's Day, Father's Day, Christmas. It's terrible to be the mother of twins—I wouldn't wish it on my worst enemy — but maybe they are not all the same.

I'm not looking forward to this coming parting, as I don't think they will be able to live apart.

Both twins agree, but state emphatically that it's worse to be one of the twins.



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● With skirt well above knees, Stella Fisher, at left, and two employees at the decorative reception desk of her London secretarial bureau.

By
ANNE MATHESON
in London

Mini-skirted head of a London secretarial bureau leaves her office in a building in The Strand once devoted to food and frolic . . .



TO JUDGE CONTEST IN AUSTRALIA

"LET'S all go down The Strand," sang the stage-door Johnnies at Gatti's in the gay 'nineties.

For Gatti's was the restaurant where young men-about-town gathered, where the Gaiety Girls went to sup, where champagne was drunk from slippers, and where King Edward VII dined in a private room when he was Prince of Wales.

Gatti's was No. 436 The Strand. The building, erected in 1832, was, before three generations of bohemians made it the scene of London's nightlife, the Adelaide Gallery, known as "a temple of sciences," where little boys in high jackets were taken by their crinolined mothers to see the wonders of natural science — on a magic lantern.

Today The Strand is less of a playboy's paradise and increasingly a street of business.

And at No. 436 The Strand, in rooms once dedicated to food and frolic, the Stella Fisher Bureau flourishes.

The ornate salon, with its high ceiling, which was once the centre of the Adelaide Gallery, is now the bureau's interviewing room.

Here young girls are given confidence and consideration, married women coming back into the business world are

helped to brush up and begin again, young mothers with many problems have the financial one sorted out with a job.

Down The Strand, too, come Australian secretaries. "The first girls appeared as early as 1950," said Stella Fisher. "Since then, thousands of Aussies and Kiwis have been in to the bureau. It is mostly by personal recommendation.

"Now I'm going to Australia to see them on their home ground."

In Australia, Miss Fisher will judge a top-secretary contest in Melbourne, where she will stay from October 16 to October 21.

She then goes to Adelaide and from there to Sydney on October 24. She leaves for New Zealand on October 27.

"I'm visiting many of the girls in their homes and even staying in a Maori village," she said.

Stella Fisher does more than just get top jobs for top secretaries.

She eases life for girls who come to London from the country, finding accommodation until they can move into flats or "bed-sits."

She teaches new methods, the use of up-to-date business equipment, stresses efficiency.

She is like a mother to the thousands of girls who go

through her hands or are administered by her efficient, kindly staff of 30.

But her motherly attitude is no part of her figure.

She loves ballet, once wanted to be a ballet dancer. "But I gave that up when I found I had to go to work and earn my living as a secretary," she said.

She has the figure and the movements of a ballet dancer. And her clothes are those of the youngest and

suited and happy with their jobs, I say to them, leave. It is an advantage in the long run.

"The attitude to have when looking for a job and settling into it, 'This is the job for me.'

"It is the only way to have girls work in harmony with their employers and each other."

Discussing the perfect secretary, she said there were no hard-and-fast rules.

"It is slightly different with

the right attitude to work and are full of zest.

"It is not true, as has been suggested, that Australians are no longer popular here because they tend to make work more of a working holiday.

"Short-term engagements suit many employers and there is always room for more temporary typists."

Miss Fisher thinks the best age for Australian girls to work abroad is from 20 to 23 — and after they have had three years' experience.

"Then they are classed as seniors and can earn enough money to live here properly.

"Young girls cannot earn good wages, but the cost of living is just as much. That is why they find it difficult and it is tough on them.

"But there are no arbitrary rules about seniority. A girl who is mature — and wants to work — can.

"But there are not the jobs for top, top secretaries. People in the upper brackets are more cautious about employees, so top girls are more difficult to place."

A good deal of Miss Fisher's work is tapping the source of labor now becoming the real backstop of industry, offices, nursing, and teaching — the married woman.

She is on committees and works with women's organisations in getting local councils to approve courses

that will bring married women back in to the labor market.

"Councils have come to recognise the continuous course for the married woman is a must in each district," she said.

She also helps to give married women confidence in her own instructional rooms, where they can brush up on audio-tape, electric typewriters, all the new business efficiency equipment.

Miss Fisher takes great pride in the building.

A lover of old London, she has a marvellous collection of prints hanging on the walls — prints of corners of The Strand, from the "Strand Magazine," ballet prints, fashion prints, even a print of an army of strikers marching down The Strand demanding better wages.

"But that was 100 years ago," she said. "They only have to come in here today to be certain of getting them."

Footnote: Miss Fisher's bureau is already affiliated with employment agencies in Australia, and while here she will establish with them the linking code name of "Transstaff," which will be a secretarial passport.

Girls going from Australia to England — and from England to Australia — will thus carry an agency recommendation with them.

The attitude to have when looking for a job is, "This is the one for me."

brightest of her teenage students.

She likes mini-skirts.

"Why not?" she said. "If you can wear a mini, do. Girls in offices should dress with the times. Otherwise we would still be in crinolines — like the ladies who used to inhabit this building."

Stella Fisher began her bureau in 1947, "when there were more people than jobs."

"All that has changed," she said.

"Girls can be as choosy as they like today."

She encourages them to be so.

"If the girls don't feel

each employer," she said. "We seek what we want, and the qualities we put a lot of stress on vary from individual to individual.

"Personal qualities of speech, approach, zest, attitude to the individual employer — this is what makes a top secretary tick.

"The faster she can type or do shorthand doesn't matter as much."

Miss Fisher places adaptability high in her secretary rating.

"That is where Australian girls come into their own in Britain," she said. "They are adaptable. They have



PHONING her mother ("Don't worry, Mum") from the Conservatorium, where dancing contests in the City of Sydney Eisteddfod were judged, Patricia Bruce, 13, of Northmead, unconsciously keeps her role.

● Ballerinas are rare creatures . . . but every year further thousands of girls throughout the suburbs and townships join ballet classes. Why? They can only say —

Dancing is their delight

"I WANT to be a ballerina." The speaker was only 13, but she was as confident about what she wanted from the future as someone twice her age.

"Nothing else really appeals to me," she said, carefully patting her glittering tiara into place. Then, with the grace of a professional, she moved on stage.

As the tiny figure danced what proved to be her second winning solo in the under-14 section of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, you realised that, though she may be young, Fay Higham, of Manly, N.S.W., has every reason to be confident.

This was her second year as an Eisteddfod winner. In 1966 she won the \$50 junior bursary.

According to the organising secretary, Mr. John Clugston, this is a good omen for a ballet dancer's future.

"The people who become famous are winners every year under different adjudicators," he said. "For example, the name of Marilyn Jones—one of the principal dancers of the Australian Ballet Company—keeps cropping up right from 1950, when she won the classical solo for ten years and under."

Whether in years to come Fay develops into another principal dancer remains to be seen. But no one can doubt her enthusiasm.

She has been dancing since she was seven, and, while she cannot explain why, she has never wanted to do anything else.

Many of her fellow-competitors felt exactly the same. They were just as mystified by their love of dancing, even though, like Fay, they had been trying to get up on their toes since they were tiny tots.

A dainty 12-year-old, whose poise made her seem older, thought the reason could be because she liked "giving out to people."

Another young competitor, in a bejewelled white tutu, who was practising in the wings for the classical solo, said she enjoyed the music.

She smiled, her eyes shining. "There's nothing else but dancing."

Many of the young dancers were encouraged by mothers who had childhood dreams of becoming ballerinas.

"But we didn't have the ambition of children today," sighed one mother, who was helping her daughter make a quick change backstage. "They've got a goal."

Some harsh words have been said about mothers who push too hard. But without their support—as dresser, make-up girl, and sometimes costumier—many a career would be nipped in the bud.

Even so, according to this year's adjudicator, one-time international ballerina Miss Peggy Sager, a dancer who reaches the stars has to be in the right place at the right moment.

"Of course, she must be ready for that chance—that is, know every role possible. And she must be prepared to work and work and work!"

—VALERIE CARR

RIGHT: Fay Higham, 13, of Manly, who carried away two first prizes in the under-14 division of the Eisteddfod.

LEFT: "Excuse our backs . . ." Here four little dancers tie up their shoes. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.





ABOVE: Using the lockers as a barre, classical soloist Christine Lee, 14, waits to be called. She travelled to Sydney from The Entrance to compete in the Eisteddfod.

BELOW: "What, no boys?" Nine-year-old Anna Lawrow, of Lugarno, right, plays Michael in "Peter Pan" because the studio cannot keep its boy students. According to Anna's mother, "They get ragged at school." With her is her closest friend, Jorel Harper, 9, of Bundeeena, who danced the role of the Dormouse in "Alice In Wonderland."



SPRING RACE WEEK FASHIONS



ABOVE: Favorite choice among racegoers on Ladies' Day were coattresses, which were worn by Mrs. Cedric Symonds, Mrs. Sam McMahon, and Mrs. Shirley McDonald (from left), pictured arriving at Randwick.

BELOW: Country visitors Mrs. Sheila MacArthur, of Tamworth, Mr. John Nixon, of "Oakhampton," Manilla, Mrs. Harold Bishop, of "Bando," Gunnedah, and Mrs. Nixon (from left) between races.



ABOVE: Miss Sancha Bovill, who attended the races with her fiancé, Mr. David Dickson, was in a daffodil-yellow linen dress and matching panama hat.

AT RIGHT: A stark white rose trimmed the hat of Mrs. Monica Read's powder-blue hat, which exactly matched her coat-dress, shoes, and stockings.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Tom Whittle on the lawn of the Members' Stand between races on Derby Day. Mrs. Whittle's suit was in navy and white.



RED ROSES. A spray of roses the same color as the smart linen suit worn by Mrs. Brett Hall trimmed her sideswept natural straw hat.



COWBOY HAT. Country girl Miss Margie Clarke, of "Silverwood," Rugby, via Boorowa, was debonair in a dashing cowboy stetson hat.



DAISIES. Clusters of pretty white daisies nestled in the brim of Mrs. Courtney Whitelan's navy boater worn with a yellow linen dress.



COLORFUL TRIO. Mrs. David Sugerman, Mrs. Ralph Rosenblum, and Mrs. Bill Webster (left to right) typified the spirit of Ladies' Day when, despite a dull, cold day, racegoers donned their brightest clothes.



STRIKING OUTFIT. One of the most spectacular outfits worn during the Spring Racing Carnival was the bermuda shorts suit which Mrs. Kevin McGuinness teamed with a cowboy hat and long, knee-high socks.



TWOSOME. The smart ensemble and shovel-shaped hat chosen by Mrs. Rod MacKenzie (at right) contrasted with Mrs. J. K. Upton's A-line shift and tall breton panama hat at the Spring Racing Carnival.



BLACK AND WHITE BALL: Guests Miss Genevieve Taylor, Mr. Shann Turnbull, and Miss Susan Osborne (left to right) tried their luck between dances at the fishing well in the foyer of the Trocadero. Decor at the ball was designed by Lady Packer. **PICTURED AT RIGHT,** and followed an underwater theme of fish, shells, mermaids, and fishnets. Also at the ball, which raised funds for the Royal Blind Society, were, **AT LEFT, OPPOSITE PAGE,** Miss Dianne Darke (in white) and Miss Margaret Henderson (in black), who won first and second prize respectively in the competition for the most attractive gown worn by a single girl.





REHEARSAL: Ruth Cracknell's mobile face changes quickly as her revue role proceeds.

Three children, a husband, and a revue to rehearse

By GLORIA NEWTON

A LITTLE gilt clock standing on an old bookcase softly ticked away the time with its two swishing pendulums, while its companion, a red plastic rose, leaned forlornly from a vase.

Gaily colored posters announcing long-past shows were festooned around the walls of the small, dusty room, which serves as an annexe to the Phillip Theatre rehearsal hall tucked away in a Rushcutters Bay back street of Sydney.

From behind a closed door came the sounds of a piano being pounded, and you could hear the voices of Ruth Cracknell, Gloria Dawn, and Lyle O'Hara coming through in spurts of song, and dialogue spoken in the clear, loud voices of the theatre, broken with gusts of laughter.

All three were engrossed in rehearsing for the new all-girl Phillip Theatre show, "But I Wouldn't Want To Live There," which opens in Sydney on October 21.

I was waiting to see Ruth Cracknell. Ruth, who has

been compared to Joyce Grenfell and praised for her zany, revue quality and her ability to look madly logical in the teeth of chaos, has flashed on and off the entertainment scene over the past ten years.

Until that time, when she was married, her life had been Greek plays, Strindberg, and Shakespeare. Then, a surprise casting in a comedy play, "The Duenna," and a subsequent offer of revue changed her professional role.

She became, she said, a revue addict.

But, for the past ten years, except for a brief period in the revue "A Cup Of Tea, A Bex, And A Good Lie Down," she confined her appearances to radio and TV.

The reason? In private life she is Mrs. Eric Phillips and has three children.

In fact, any contract she signed specified that her role would not interfere with her responsibilities as a wife and mother.

It was for this reason she bowed out of a starring role in the highly successful "A Cup Of Tea, etc.," after only 187 performances.

That was two years ago. Now, with the children out of the baby stage, Ruth felt she could once again return to her love, the stage.

The tantalising sounds of a revue in the making came to an abrupt halt, and through the door came a tall woman, dressed simply in skirt and blouse, with a cardigan hanging loosely from her shoulders.

Deep secret

"Sorry you couldn't come in, but the show is still a deep, dark secret," Ruth smiled as she ran her fingers through tousled blonde hair, and added with a resigned shrug, "When rehearsals step up to this pace, hairdressers are definitely out."

Fair complexioned, with shy blue eyes and the mobile face of an actress, her

smile is warm, her manner direct.

"I hate rehearsing revue shows," she said, sinking into a tired old armchair.

"With straight drama there is a beginning, a middle, and an end, and you sort of know where you are going, what you are practising."

"But with revue, well, it is there and you do it, and once the opening night comes along and you try it out and it goes over, you are relaxed, and from then on it's just fun."

"I'm not saying comedy is not hard work. It is, and everything is up to you. You've got to pull it off the ground."

"But it is not as strenuous as drama, and you get your reward from the laughter."

Ruth started her theatrical career in radio while she was studying at Sydney's Independent Theatre's drama school.

"All the old 'soopies,'" she said, laughing, "including 'Blue Hills.' But, of course, everyone in show business has played in that."

"Most of them were so much of a sameness you sometimes forgot which one you were appearing in. Except for those written by Eleanor Whitcombe. They were nice and emotional, and I remember I had a wonderful time playing lovely, bitchy ladies who were always being 'put upon.'"

"Revue came into my life when English producer Lionel Harris, casting for the comedy 'The Duenna,' offered me a part."

"Comedy then was a completely new field to me and I found, to my surprise, that I thoroughly enjoyed it. Then, when I was asked to appear in the Phillip Street Theatre revue 'Cross Section' I was thrilled and honored."

"Oh, the changeover wasn't easy, believe me."

"But once you get started in revue and get used to it you become an addict. I know I did."

"Yes, it's true that I won't let my professional life inter-



RUTH CRACKNELL

fere with the family. That is why, since the children arrived, I have only worked part time, mainly on radio and TV, which is easily fitted into a 'mum's' life.

"One of the things I really did enjoy doing for TV were the batch of about 20 five-minute sketches I wrote, sending up people making an appearance at a function. For instance, a woman flower expert giving an exhibition of Ikebana arrangements and messing the whole thing up."

"They were so James Thurber, and I am a devoted fan of his."

"Do I prefer drama to comedy? Well, let's put it this way. When I'm doing comedy I prefer drama, and when I'm doing drama I prefer comedy."

"Does my husband mind my working? I should say not. He keeps pushing me into it. Tells me that I am impossible to live with if I am not working."

Honeymoon

"He is an electronics engineer and terribly interested in the theatre. A few years ago he used to dabble in stage lighting as a hobby."

"In fact, it was while he was doing the lighting for 'The Duenna' that we got married. We only just managed to get a ten-day honeymoon in before the show opened."

"And my children think my work is fun. They watch my TV shows now and then, but I censor their viewing a bit. Children are not keen on seeing Mum being laughed at or behaving like an idiot."

"Anna, my eldest, is nine, Jane is six, and Jonathan is going on four."

"Naturally, the children are interested in the theatre."

cal world at the moment, but I'm going to do my utmost to stop them following in mother's footsteps."

"Having been through the grind of show business myself — and it can be heart-breaking — I don't want the same life for them."

"But, if they really had their hearts set on it I would never stop them. It is crucial to stop creative talent."

"I'm just hoping that, as they are really intelligent kids, they will get interested in something else."

"Right now we are in a bit of an upheaval at home. We have just moved into a lovely old-fashioned home. You know the type. Great big rooms, the drawing-room is 30ft. long, high ceilings, fireplaces everywhere, divine — and unpacked cartons in the middle of every room."

"It all happened when I was doing a Reg Livermore thing, you know, the 'I'm Alright Now' series, and it was a very hectic week for us all."

"Any jealousy with an all-female cast? Not a bit of it. We do have lovely female screaming acts at each other — but they are all in fun and help relieve the working tension."

"Lyle and I went to drama school together and we are very good friends. She is the type who, when she goes away, never writes, but who, when she comes back, picks up the conversation from the last comma."

"And Gloria Dawn. Well, she is a most untemperamental, delightful person to work with."

"Right now we are all feeling the same. Just waiting for opening night, when we can go ahead with the show!"

"U.S.A. TODAY" PARADES

CLOTHES from top American designers and fashion houses will be seen in parades at David Jones' stores in Canberra, Wollongong, and Sydney soon.

CANBERRA. The Canberra parades will open with a Gala Charity Show (invitation only) at the Canberra Rex Hotel on October 29. Tickets will be \$10 a double and proceeds will aid the A.C.T. Division of Red Cross.

Daily parades will be held at David Jones' Canberra store on October 30 and 31 at 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.

Tickets may be obtained from the David Jones' Canberra store Theatre Booking Office AFTER October 16.

Tickets for all parades will cost \$1.20 each and proceeds will aid local charities.

WOLLONGONG. Gala charity preview on November 1 at the Strata Hotel in aid of the Red Cross. Tickets (by invitation) will cost \$4 each.

Parades in David Jones' Wollongong store

will be free. They will be held on November 2 and 3 at 12 noon and 1.30 p.m.

SYDNEY. On November 4, cocktails and refreshments at 7 p.m. before a buffet supper to be held in the new sixth floor Annexe at David Jones' Elizabeth Street store.

The hour-long parade will start at 8.30 p.m., and coffee and biscuits will be served afterward. Tickets (invitation only) will cost \$10 each.

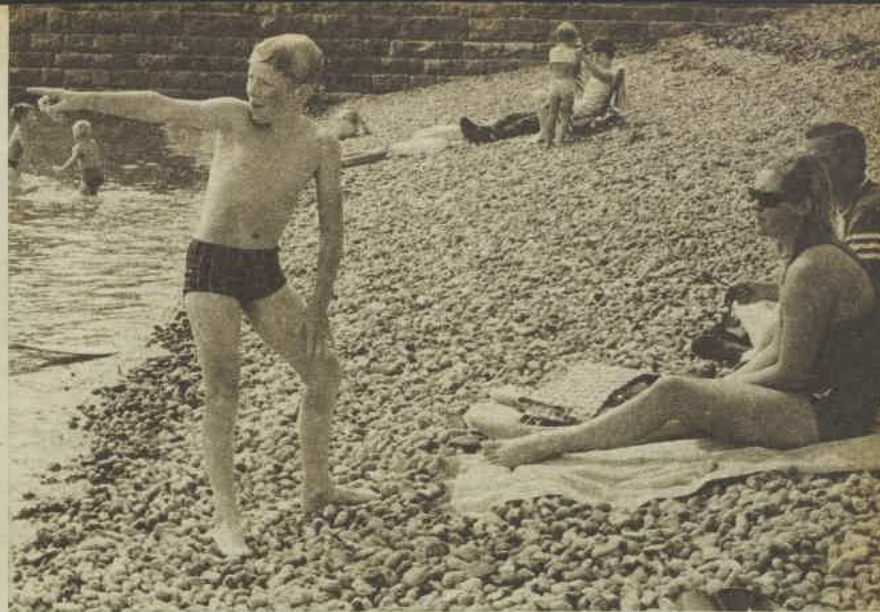
Proceeds will aid the Golden Committee of the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children.

Parades will be held in David Jones' new 6th floor Annexe (Elizabeth Street store) on November 6 and 8 at 11.30 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. each day. Morning and afternoon tea will be served at 11 o'clock and 3 o'clock.

Tickets for all four sessions cost \$1.50 each and will be available for booking from October 16 at the Theatre Ticket Booking Office, David Jones' Market Street store.



● Relaxing on a pebble-studded Dover beach before the attempt.



● "It's over there." A boy points out the coast of France.

Before and after a record Channel swim



LINDA MCGILL'S TRIUMPH

● A record achieved, above, as Linda leaves the water at St. Margaret's Bay. Right, telephoning the good news home to Australia.

FLOWERS, telegrams (including one from the Prime Minister, Mr. Holt), and a glass of champagne awaited Australian swimmer Linda McGill after her recent record-breaking crossing of the English Channel.

In a bright red swimsuit, former Olympian Linda, 21, swam the 22 miles from Cap Griz Nez, in France, to tiny St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, in 9 hours 59 minutes, breaking the previous women's record by 24 minutes.

It was Linda's second Channel swim in three weeks. In contrast to her previous attempt, weather conditions were perfect except for the last half-mile and she had to swim desperately to beat the ten-hour barrier.

The seas turned rough, rain fell, and mist obscured the shoreline. Then she cut herself on jagged rocks as she struggled ashore, tired but triumphant.

On her return home, Linda will coach at Sydney's Maroubra pool.





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No embroidered tunics for Matt Monro

Television

By NAN MUSGROVE

THE world of pop singers is a strange one where unpredictable things happen, but I feel confident in predicting that with-it balladist, Matt Monro, will never follow the Beatles' example and join a meditation society.

Chunky little Matt is the very opposite of the show-biz types who do this sort of thing.

He is an extraordinarily normal man, who favors neat business suits, white shirts, and a dark tie for his appearances.

I watched Matt recording some appearances for Bobby Limb's "Sound of Music" on TCN9, where he will guest star for three weeks from October 13, at 7.30 p.m.

It was a classic demonstration of a professional—a sick professional—at work. His throat had been affected by air-conditioning and he had hardly any voice left.

He sipped honey, hot tea, and cold beer between cigarettes and, after a grueling session that lasted from 1 till 5 p.m., turned in a performance that had everyone on their toes.

Between rehearsals and the general brouhaha that is all part of recording a TV show, Matt sat near me and talked, sipped away at one of his beverages, and kept trying out his voice—to see if he still had one—with the opening lines of "Born Free," his Academy Award song.

Looking at his business

suit, I asked him when he was taking up meditating, wearing beads, and loose silk embroidered tunic shirts like the Beatles.

He looked at me, and beyond me to a shapely dancer, and said, "Meditating is not my line, dear. The Beatles can have that."

"I cannot understand meditation," he said, taking a long swig of honey. "But there's no doubt about those Beatles. I wonder do they know what they look like in those clothes."

"They are exceptionally talented young men. I think they have a special place in show business. They are fantastically successful and fantastically original."

Matt doesn't write music, he just sings. That "just sings" covers a voice popular all over the world, a very true voice that excels at romantic ballads.

He doesn't like working on TV much, says he finds it a very cold medium without audience reaction. I thought it would be rather like making a record, but he said no.

His favorite

"When you make a record you stand up and sing into a microphone," he said. "But when you record a TV program like this, you have to move about and emote into the mike as well."

"Emoting to a bunch of cameramen makes me feel an idiot."

Poor Matt obviously felt ghastly. He had three dancers supporting him. They danced away behind him, shimmering in silver. Occasionally he'd emote at one of them as he sang his favorite



● Singer Matt Monro, who is guest-starring in three TCN9 "Sound of Music" programs, backed by lame-and-feather-gowned dancers.

ballad, "Portrait of My Love."

Matt, in Sydney on his third visit for a season at Chequers, is about to set off on his first holiday for more than 18 months.

He is taking his wife and children — Matt, 3, and Michele, 8 — on a cruise.

"I've never been on a cruise," he said, "and I've always wanted to. What I'm thinking of is getting on one to the West Indies, spending a week getting there from Los Angeles, where I am living at present, a week on an island, and a week on the boat on the way back. And not singing a note."

I told him I thought a cruise was the wrong place for a famous pop singer to swear off singing.

"The passengers just won't let you," I said. "You'll be a cert as the guest star for the captain's gala night."

"You would be surprised how firm I can be about refusing to sing while I'm on holiday," he said. "There'll be none while I'm on that cruise."

Matt will be singing, but only on "Sound of Music." It's worth waiting for—even a relaxed throat doesn't mar the Monro voice.

He sings all his "identification numbers," the ones that made him famous, that are always associated with him. They include "Born Free," "Walk Away," "Portrait of my Love," "Exodus," and "Wednesday's Child."

TV quote of the week

NEVER underestimate the power of the women's magazine. Kate Starling (Prunella Scales) of "Marriage Lines" which has made a very happy return to ABC-TV, proved it again with the TV quote of the week.

Lovingly waiting for George to arrive home after six months in Nigeria, and bulkily pregnant, Kate was telling George's mother how George was going to get a new deal from her.

"You mustn't chain men down," Kate told Mrs. Starling earnestly.

"Omar Khayyam?" Mrs. Starling asked.

"No," said Kate, "'Better Housekeeping'."

★ ★ ★

WITH hundreds of other viewers, I sat in via TV at the State dinner given President Saragat of Italy at the Australia Hotel.

I was glad I wasn't there in person. The TV camera doesn't hide anything, and the deadly dullness of the occasion was all too apparent.

I couldn't help thinking something should be done about official entertaining, and how much better a time the President would have had at a party at a suburban town hall.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the Week

Mamma once said, "With all the frozen and prepared foods now on the market, and all the electric appliances, I think the housewife has it pretty easy. But I wonder what would happen if all the electric power went off for about two weeks? Frozen TV dinners would be all melted, frozen foods rotting, the vacuum cleaner wouldn't work, the electric floor scrubber and polisher wouldn't work. Could you cope? Could you today cook a complete dinner from just the essentials? Would you know how to use a broom or a common floor mop? It's a frightening thought, isn't it?"

MOMMA'S MORAL: When you meet someone who can cook and do the housework, don't hesitate — marry him.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

Beauty spot

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 18, 1967

DISNEY'S SPRING SPECIAL

• An hour as enchanting as the season for which it is named — "The Disneytime Spring Special" — gives viewers a peek at new Disney delights headed by "The Happiest Millionaire," starring that engaging character Tommy Steele, pictured below.

Television



"THE HAPPIEST MILLIONAIRE," main theme for "The Disneytime Spring Special," will bring extra-special happiness to some young Australians.

These young people, talented in some branch of the arts, will benefit from a fund started by proceeds from the gala Australian charity premiere in Sydney of "The Happiest Millionaire" on October 26.

The scholarships, awarded annually from 1969, will take the winners to the Californian Institute of the Arts, known as Cal Arts, to study in their chosen field.

Cal Arts is at present right in Los Angeles, but Walt Disney's most cherished dream was to see it grow and expand on a bigger campus.

To realise the dream, Walt Disney Productions gave 38 acres of the historic Golden Oak Ranch, north of Los Angeles, as a site for a new Cal Arts campus.

The Springtime Special has more than just peeks of "The Happiest Millionaire." It is compered by Tommy Steele, who introduces each segment and sings "Fortunosity," hit number of the show.

Other new Disneyland features previewed include "The Adventures of Bullwhip Griffin," "The Gnomemobile," and the movie of Kipling's famous Jungle Book.

—NAN MUSGROVE

• "The Disneytime Spring Special" may be seen in Sydney on TCN9, Sunday, October 22, at 6.30 p.m.; in Melbourne, HSV7 on December 3; other States later.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 18, 1967



ABOVE: Happiest millionaire, Anthony Biddle (Fred MacMurray), daughter Cordy (Lesley Ann Warren), and maid (Joan Marshall), hysterical because of pet alligator. Left: Tommy Steele with "father" alligator George.



ABOVE: Mowgli, with Baloo the bear, from Kipling's Jungle Book. LEFT: Roddy McDowall, Suzanne Pleshette, and Bryan Russell in "The Adventures of Bullwhip Griffin."



TED ANDERSON

THE HOUSE THAT TED BUILT —AROUND A

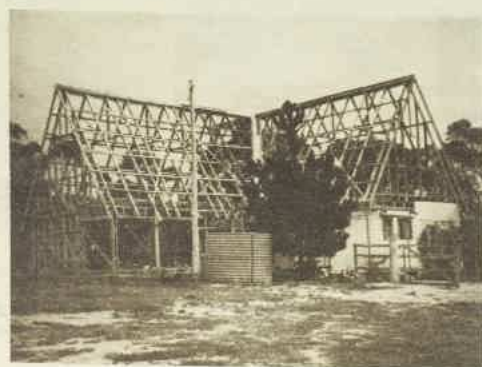
● An old toast-rack tram which spent its youth trundling passengers through the streets of Sydney has found a quiet dignity in its retirement. It is now part of a charming house built by the Anderson family at Bundanoon, N.S.W.



BOW window is really the tram's driver-and - smoking compartment. From their bedroom upstairs, Kim and Rae look down at Lindy (left), Greg, and Teddy.

THE OLD tram, with three rooms attached, as it was when the Andersons bought the 30-acre property.

THE TRAM, now a bathroom, kitchen, and sunroom-cum-study, disappearing under the framework of the present house.



THE grateful Andersons saw the old tram as a haven when they first found it standing forlornly on the 30-acre block of land they bought at Bundanoon ten years ago.

Today its curved driving-cabin ends, looking like bow windows, jut each side from the attractive two-storey L-shaped fibro - and - timber house built by Ted Anderson.

"How this all happened is quite a story really," laughed Ted's slim brunette wife, Helen. "It really all hinges on our family motto, 'Anything that is possible can be done'."

We were sitting in the large, comfortable living-room of The House That Ted Built, as Helen calls it, warming ourselves in front of a well-fed fire.

Ted, lean and tanned, with laughter wrinkles around his brown eyes, and the look of the land stamped on his face, works on a property in the district. According to his wife, he is an expert bulldozer driver, mechanic,

welder, stockman, carpenter, plumber, "and anything else you like to mention."

The children, Lindy, 14, Teddy, 13, Greg, 12, Rae, 10, and Kim, nine, their faces shining with health and the humor that seems to radiate in this family, were grouped round us.

"The kids call themselves 'Us Others,'" said Helen.

"When we were building the house and at the same time both working, they were left to themselves quite a bit, which has made them most independent."

On the land

The Saga of the Tram started, Helen said, when the property her husband was working on in 1957 came up for sale and they were told they would have to leave their house.

"We had worked on all sorts of properties since our marriage in 1952 — Ted has been on the land all his life, and wouldn't have any other life."

"The night we heard the news of the sale, Ted came home most upset, and said he was tired of living on other people's farms."

"He wanted one of his own — not big, but enough to run a cow, some hens, and grow vegetables."

"So we started looking and found this spot."

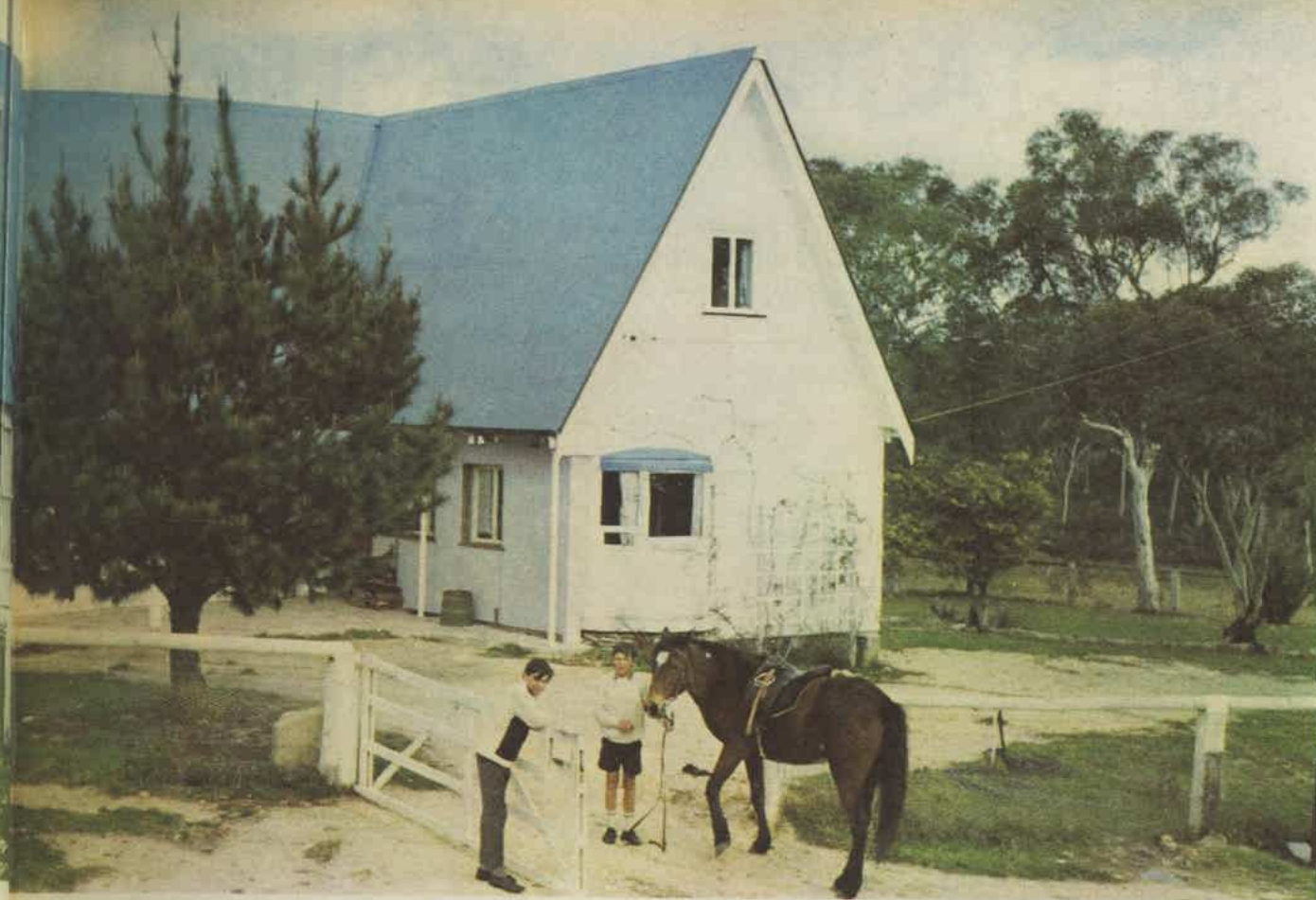
"At first sight it brought rather mixed feelings, I can tell you. There was nothing but bush, large outcrops of rock and sandy soil, and, in the middle, the homestead — the tram and three small rooms built on to it."

"That tram had journeyed many a mile and had taken on a most dejected air."

"Its paint was blistered and peeling, and it had been stripped of most of its fittings — with the exception of its sliding doors and a few seats sagging drunkenly in its middle."

"The built-on rooms were in a sad state of disrepair, but one door gave us a wonderful feeling of optimism. On it was a sign reading 'Boardroom.'"

"At that moment all we had was \$200, three children, and we were expecting a fourth. But we felt we were young, and hard work didn't frighten us, so we offered our savings as a deposit and it was accepted."



Pictures by Ron Berg

NEW HOME: Teddy and Greg Anderson, with a friend's horse, in front of The House That Ted Built Around A Tram.

BELOW: The Anderson family in the "tram" part of their house. From left, in the kitchen, Lindy, Mrs. Anderson, Teddy, and Greg. At back, in the sunroom, Mr. Ted Anderson, and Rae and Kim.

TRAM

"There was electricity connected to the house but no sullage and no water. However, there was a creek running right through the farm only 100 yards from the house.

"We waited until Rae was born and then moved in with our few pieces of furniture — no machinery to clear the land, just our broad backs.

"It took a great deal of measuring and manipulating to fit what little furniture we had into the three rooms which were, to say the least, livable.

"The largest room became the children's room and looked like a dormitory with three beds in a row, plus a cot. One room became a sort of a hallway and Ted and I took the other, which left the tram to become our kitchen, living-room, dining-room all in one.

"We quickly found that it was a mistake to move too quickly from one side of the tram to the other, as this generally caused a collision with someone going in the opposite direction.

"Fez, please"

"Ted loved to slide open one of the doors and call out 'fez, please,' or 'move down the centre, please.'"

"Being without water for the first couple of years made life rugged for the Anderson family—and embarrassing.

The clothes were boiled in kerosene tins with water

hauled from the creek, and the whole family used an enamel bath, bought for the baby, as their bath.

Every bath night became a sort of ritual in front of an old, fuel stove. One of the family would have to stand guard at the kitchen door, because the informality of the district often brought visitors inside without a warning knock.

"I can see the humor of it now," laughed Helen. "It was really funny to see Ted, more of him out than in the bath, trying to wash."

Three years ago, when Kim was old enough to go to school, Helen took a job as an office manager at

By
GLORIA NEWTON

nearby Moss Vale. At this time Ted was working as a fletcher on the railway.

"It was then we decided to go ahead and build a proper house. Of course, everyone said, 'You're going to get rid of the tram aren't you?' Well. We looked at it and thought, no, we'll keep it. It has become part of us, so it will become part of the new house.

"It had served us well, that tram.

"We started off by doing up the tram. It looked easy. All we had to do was reline the walls after removing the old screws, brass hooks, and fittings.

"The joke was on us.

"Those old fittings had

been there so long they had taken root. It took hours just to get one screw loose, and my nails took a lot of punishment.

"Ted took the tracks of the old sliding doors away and screwed the doors permanently in place. The ceiling, curved and slatted, seemed to have been built to last an eternity.

Hard slogging

"The woods used in the tram, which is 36ft. long, were beautiful cedars, teaks, and redwoods. Its old slatted seats are out in the cowshed waiting to be turned into a cocktail cabinet — that's Ted's newest idea.

"But, finally, after months of exhausted patience, of hard slogging, we stood back and looked at our creation with pride.

"One end of the tram, the bow-fronted driver's cabin and smoker section, was a lovely bathroom, the other a study-cum-sunroom, while the middle, the kitchen, gleamed in white and gold-painted cupboards.

"Polished maple walls and the curved ceiling lent an old-fashioned charm to the lot.

"Then my father-in-law, who is an architect, drew up plans for the house to go around the tram, and Ted set to and built it in his spare time.

"Me? I was a 'holder-upper' — the sheets of fibro, of masonite, the lengths of timber—it seemed as though I held them for hours. And

the painting. Those were my jobs.

"And the 'Us Others' were marvellous. We couldn't have built this house without them.

"They came home from school and prepared the vegetables for dinner, did the washing-up, cleaned the house, chopped the wood. Both boys drive the tractor, and their help outside was invaluable."

There are still a few jobs to be done on The House That Ted Built. A little

paint is needed here and there, the doors to the tram have to be heightened — at the moment you must learn to duck your head when you pass through them — but there is no urgency.

Earning a living from a small farm today, say the Andersons, is very difficult. At the moment their land is "resting" after bushfires, but, usually, they run a few sheep and cattle on it, grow vegetables and flowers — and enjoy the isolation of their home a mile and a half away from the town of Bundanoon.



SPECTACULAR FASHIONS MAKE NEWS



● Mini cape-coat (above) made in soft red wool. The design, by Cardin, is one of the smartest, youngest fashions in Paris. The coat is worn with black kid boots, black gloves, and a chic black cap.



● Cardin's spectacular cape (above) is made in reversible red and orange wool. The cape has a small dyed orange fox collar and one of the new up-in-front, down-at-back hemlines.

THE 64-dollar autumn fashion question is how short or how long is the skirtline — and here is the answer. There is still the nifty mini-length, and this length is newest worn with high, soft kid boots. Then there's the up-in-front, down-at-back length; a daytime length smack down to the ankles; and one reaching to mid-calf.

Very much of autumn '67 is a split-level-look — short dress, long coat.

About trends: capes are new and important, and they come in all shapes and sizes. There are street- and floor-length capes, capes with up-in-front, down-at-back hemlines, cape-coats, and cape-suits.

The pants-dress and pants-suit are back, and it would now appear that they have been accepted for general day wear.

The really avant garde look in trouser fashions is Yves St. Laurent's knicker suit. The suit is made in black velvet, is worn with black stockings and shoes and a wide-brimmed black velvet hat.

For decoration the jacket is hung with gold chains. Gold chains are already the St. Laurent trademark.

Fashions look back to the 'thirties for numbers of the new season's trims — furs, feathers, and glitter are all around.

Black is news, big news. But fashion

in the Paris autumn-winter collections



● Yves St. Laurent's black velvet knicker suit (left) was one of the hits of the collections. The suit is worn with a black velvet hat. The top is strung with gold chains.



● Copicci's new-look mid-length is seen above in a military-type greatcoat. The coat is worn with above-knee black kid boots.



● Castillo's pants ensemble (above) is made in camel wool and has a tartan bodice matched to the jacket lining.



● Venet's split-level hemline (left) teams a floor-length fur-trimmed brocade coat and a short matching skirt with shimmering black overblouse.

has not entirely turned its back on color, because color has become a way of life.

Red, a true bright red, is the number one autumn-winter color. It is followed by orange, brown, and camel.

Velvet is important, and so are all the softer fabrics.

Brocade is again seen in nightlife.

Autumn and winter '67 is the season when attention to detail is important, and it is often the correct choice of accessories that makes the new look look new.

—Betty Keep

Kiss of Smoke

Gives all shades of brown or black hair an irresistible touch of mystery.



Dark Grape

For the deepest shades of vintage wine on brown or black hair.



Summer Moon

Beams a romantic glow to all shades of light brown or blonde hair. Fabulous!



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by napro



Rich brown sparkling highlight for all shades of brown hair.

Calypso Brown

Page 22



For elegant rose-grey tonings on all grey or white hair.

Rose Grey



A new look for all shades of brown hair — the delightful sheen of pure copper.

Aztec Copper

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 18, 1967

Rich Burgundy

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Wild Honey

Adds nature's richest, warmest tones to all shades of brown hair.



Granada Cherry

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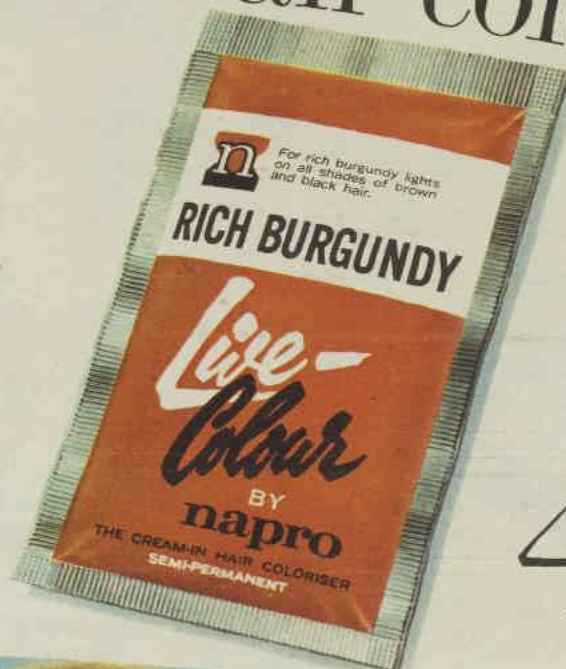
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Caribbean Gold



For fashionable smoke tonings on all shades of brown or black hair.

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AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

A weekly series
by BILL BEATTY

OCTOBER 15

1786 First newspaper reference to Arthur Phillip's appointment in charge of the proposed settlement at Botany Bay. This appeared in the Sussex "Weekly Advertiser": "Mr. Phillips [sic] is the officer appointed to superintend the proposed settlement at Botany Bay. This gentleman is a captain in the Navy, possessing a spirit of enterprise and an understanding which qualify him for any adventurous undertaking. He is to be stationed at the settlement for three years at an annual salary of £300."

In many respects, Phillip was an obscure officer, and his appointment surprised some people and was the subject of criticism from Lord Howe of the Admiralty. A Naval contemporary, Edward Spain, wrote in his memoranda (in the possession of the Mitchell Library, Sydney): "Fortune smiles when we think of it. Who would have thought it that Captain P—p, a man of no great family, without any connections, should be appointed commodore and governor of the new colony to be established in New Holland."

Apparently, however, there were some people in high authority who knew his worth, even though they were not sure of the spelling of his name. As with the Sussex "Weekly Advertiser," it often appeared as Phillips, and other variations, even in official documents.

1810 First horse-racing recorded in Australia. Held in Hyde Park, Sydney, it was organised by officers of the 73rd Regiment. Annual meetings were held in Hyde Park thereafter until 1813. The race at this first meeting was run in three heats of two miles each, and entry was restricted to subscribers to the newly founded Sydney Racecourse.

The prize was a plate worth \$100, which was won by Captain Ritchie's gelding Chase, the progeny of an Arab sire and a Cape-bred mare. Most of the horses imported before 1810 were from the Cape of Good Hope. However, to improve the capacity of the horses, which were of the utmost importance in the settlement of the colony, some importations of good quality stallions were made, mostly Arabs from India.

OCTOBER 16

1837 Licences issued to six innkeepers of Melbourne. The following year an Act of Council permitted the sale of fermented liquors from 1 to 3 p.m. on Sundays, but no consumption of the goods was allowed on the premises. This provision, however, was easily defeated, for it became the custom to take your full pewter out to the footpath and drink it there.

Each licensee had to keep a lighted two-burner fish-oil lamp above his doorway from sunset to sunrise (there was no other street lighting), and two sitting- and two bedrooms, plus feed for "six horses of travellers," had to be furnished.

The counter-lunch of the time was business-like and satisfying. There were no biscuits and cheese or sandwiches, but a barrel of salted herrings. The more you ate—and you could eat what you liked—the thirstier you became.

As drinks were a shilling all round, the herrings were good bait for the landlord's hook. The chief tipples in early Victorian inns were rum and river-water, each employed to foil the taste of the other.

1852 Mutiny of the Georgiana. While anchored in Port Phillip with 300 migrants, the crew mutinied and attacked the ship's officers, killing one of them. Then they took the boats, rowed ashore and made off for the Victorian goldfields.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 18, 1967



Picture by Mr. Raymond Davie, of Maitland, N.S.W.

OCTOBER 17

1854 The Melbourne "Age" first issued. The political influence of the Press in Victoria was insignificant before the appearance of the "Age." Its proprietors, David and Ebenezer Syme, set out to lead public opinion. The "Age" inspired the first popular campaign to remove the property qualification then restricting membership of the Victorian Legislative Assembly. Suited to the mood of the times, the "Age's" circulation overhauled rapidly that of its only important rival, the "Argus."

1861 The worst massacre by aborigines in Australian history. At Cullin-la-ringo station, near Springsure, Queensland, a party of 19 white settlers—men, women, and children—were taken by surprise and massacred. All the victims were from Victoria and had arrived only two weeks earlier after a 10-month trek. They believed they had established good relations with the natives in the vicinity.

The party comprised 22 people, but three were absent at the time of the massacre. On their return they were stunned by the shocking scene. Murdered women still had sewing in their hands; the cook's body was found alongside the stove, the shepherds lay dead near their sheep, a bullock-driver still held his whip in his hand. The tents and store-hut had been plundered.

Deserters from the native police were said to be the ringleaders, and a punitive force set out. A terrible revenge followed. Tribes were almost exterminated in some areas.

1906 The steamship Centennial left Launceston for Wellington, N.Z., and was never heard of again. She had a crew of 10 men.

1917 Completion of trans-Australian railway. The first train ran five days later.

OCTOBER 18

1826 Robert Wardell attacked Attorney-General Saxe Bannister in the "Australian." Wardell, as editor of the "Australian" newspaper (which was opposed to Governor Darling and his officials), made a bitter attack on Bannister, who asked Darling to prosecute the offender. But since Bannister had just resigned from his position of Attorney-General and was no longer an official, the Governor refused.

Bannister then challenged Wardell to a duel. They met at Pyrmont on October 21 and exchanged pistol shots, which merely singed their clothing.

1855 Mary Brownlow executed. The 22-year-old prisoner was sentenced to be hanged in Goulburn, N.S.W., for manslaughter. Her third child was born before the execution. She was allowed to feed the infant on the scaffold, take it from her breast, and hand it to the hangman as he adjusted the rope.

● Cows graze in the peaceful countryside at Elderslie, near Branxton, 15 miles from North Maitland, N.S.W., in the Hunter Valley. Maitland was once known as Molly Morgan's Plains, the land there being owned by a notorious ex-convict called Molly Morgan, who became one of the richest women in the colony, the so-called "Queen of the Hunter Valley."

1897 The ship Glenfinlas, of Liverpool, left Newcastle, N.S.W., for Manila and disappeared. Thirty lives were lost.

OCTOBER 19

1794 The Britannia chartered by civil and military officers for trade. The vessel was sent to the Cape of Good Hope to purchase stores and cattle. The trade of the colony was at this time wholly in the hands of these officers, and had become such a monopoly that when the first independent trader, in the person of Robert Campbell, arrived in Sydney in June, 1798, he found they had complete control.

In giving evidence some years later in England, Campbell stated that in 1798 the officers of the settlement fixed the prices of all the merchandise he had for sale. The officers had the run of the King's stores, where they bought things at cost and retailed them at enormously increased prices.

1833 Birth of Adam Lindsay Gordon.

1838 Public market opened in Sydney.

1934 The DH86 aircraft Miss Hobart crashed in Bass Strait, killing 12.

OCTOBER 20

1833 Death of Molly Morgan, "Queen of the Hunter Valley." Maitland, N.S.W., was one time known as Molly Morgan's Plains. Molly was born in Shropshire, England, and married William Morgan, to whom she had two children. She had a child whose father, a rich farmer, refused to marry her. To provide a little extra for the struggling family, she succumbed to the temptation of stealing and was sentenced to transportation for five years.

Three years after her arrival in New South Wales her husband was transported, also for stealing. Soon afterward Molly Morgan persuaded Captain Locke, of the whaler Resolution, to smuggle her aboard the vessel and take her back to England. There she "married" Thomas Mares, a prosperous brassfounder.

Following a quarrel, she set fire to his home and it was burned to the ground, and she was sentenced to transportation again. This time she went to the penal settlement at Newcastle, where she became the mistress of one of the officers stationed there. She soon obtained a ticket-of-leave, and went through another "marriage" ceremony with a member of the garrison.

In 1818 she opened the Angel Inn near the present site of Maitland Post Office, and with the increasing population of the prosperous district became one of the wealthiest women in the colony. She bought up all the area that now comprises the main business centre of West Maitland, and even in her sixties was always a shrewd and clever businesswoman. She was also renowned and respected for her great kindness and humanity.

1842 Last issue of the "Sydney Gazette." The "Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser," to give Australia's first newspaper its full title, was killed by a depression. Apropos of newspaper titles, a suburban paper in Sydney was titled "Man Friday," the explanation being that it first appeared on a Friday and was intended to be a loyal servant (of the public).

OCTOBER 21

1875 Handkerchief newspaper issued. One of the strangest newspapers ever published in Australia was an issue of the Etheridge "Courier," of North Queensland, printed on a large calico handkerchief. At the time there was a shortage of paper, and the resourceful editor bought hundreds of handkerchiefs from a local store, and on these printed his newspaper. The only copy now in existence is with the Queensland Historical Society at Newstead, Brisbane.

1890 Responsible government proclaimed in Western Australia.

1910 James McGowen became the first Labor Premier of New South Wales. McGowen, born at sea while his English parents were migrating to Victoria, at the age of 19, became secretary of the Boilermakers' Society and later president of the executive of the Trades Hall committee.

Elected to the Legislative Assembly in 1891, he succeeded Joseph Cook as leader of the parliamentary Labor party three years later. After McGowen became Premier and Colonial Treasurer he went to London to represent New South Wales at the coronation of King George V. A pioneer of the eight-hour movement, McGowen was a man of great sincerity who made personal friends even of his extreme political opponents.

1919 Sir Ross Smith, Sir Keith Smith, Sergeant J. M. Bennett and W. H. Shiers left England on their air flight to Australia. This was the first England-Australia flight, and they won a \$20,000 award.



MOROCCO WAS INSPIRATION FOR LONDON DESIGNER

● All-year sunshine blazing down on sparkling minarets, bustling bazaars, ancient forts, and Berber tribal horsemen . . . this is Morocco, and the inspiration for exotic fashion by Clive, aged 32, London's youngest member of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, otherwise known as the "top ten."

Clive (full name Clive Evans) designed a stunning collection of 60 outfits for a new thriller film, "Maroc 7," made on location in Meknes and Fez. The film's story involves a fashion team in some international jewel thievery, and the outfits are worn to their best advantage by such well-known beauties as Cyd Charisse and Elsa Martinelli. The action is provided by Gene ("Burke's Law") Barry and Leslie Phillips.

Some of the original garments are now in Australia for fashion showings by the film's distributor, British Empire Films.

ELSA MARTINELLI, above, one of the stars of the adventure film "Maroc 7," had trouble with long silk scarf when she was on location on the windy unprotected mountain slopes of Morocco. She is wearing red hipster pants and a brief top of glistening chain mail.

BELOW: Blue dress, another of the exotic fashions by Clive, youngest member of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S WEEKLY - October 1967



BELOW: Model in vivid pink, a cut-out evening creation, one of 60 designed by Clive for the film. Picture was taken in a Moroccan bazaar.



ABOVE: Film star Maggie London in the role of Suzie, a model, poses for a fashion photograph. She is wearing one of Clive's special creations, a brilliant yellow coat.

BEAUTIFUL Cyd Charisse, below, in a silk kimono dress. Morocco, with its brilliant sunshine, teeming bazaars, was the inspiration for the film's colorful fashions.

ABOVE: U.S. actresses Tracy Reed and Penny Riley pose as slave girls for a fashion photograph. Ex-models, they have roles in the film as mannequins on location.

GENE BARRY, below, with Elsa Martinelli, tries an out-of-the-way, Moroccan eating house in this scene. Gene Barry is better known to TV fans as Amos Burke.





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Fine feathers from the ragbag

A DAINTY pair of manicure scissors can be indispensable in making three-dimensional rag paintings.

Mrs. Enid Barnes, of Ipswich, Queensland, used tiny manicure scissors to cut up hundreds of scraps of material to fit together like parts of a jigsaw puzzle to produce life-like pictures of birds.

She has been doing this intricate handwork for a year.

"I used to make children's toys for street stalls and had such a lot of beautiful pieces of material left over," Mrs. Barnes said. "I thought it was a shame to throw them away."

"One day I decided to try to make a little picture from the scraps to see what the effect would be like. It came up so well I have just continued doing them."

Mrs. Barnes' range of work covers not only bird pictures, but oriental scenes, landscapes, and biblical themes.

"When I have an idea for a picture I sketch it," she said.

"Then I get tissue paper and trace over my sketch. I use this tracing as a basic pattern (as you would with a paper dress pattern) and from it I cut a vilene foundation and then mount that on to a background of silk, cotton, or whatever suits the picture."

Temperamental

"I stretch the background covering over cardboard and pin it around the edges to keep it taut."

"Next step is to turn the edges and glue them down. And then I wait until the glue is dry."

"If it's raining I can't do any of this work, because the glue is inclined to be temperamental. It just won't dry."

"In the early days I had to experiment with various types of glue, because some penetrated the material, ruining it with unsightly marks."

Mrs. Barnes does a lot of preparation in selecting suitable fabrics, from silks and satins to roughly textured woollens, and good colors.

Her picture of a life-size Major Mitchell parrot was

worked in cream satin against a rich black Thai-silk background.

To add depth to the feathers she blended together the dull and shiny surfaces of the satin.

Mrs. Barnes said: "You have to use your imagination as to the size of the feathers. They have to be graduated just as they are on the birds. I like it to be as authentic as possible."

To represent the individual feathers on the parrot's chest, Mrs. Barnes painstakingly shaped minute pieces of material and placed them row upon row to give the impression of downy plumage.

Macaw

In another picture, she made a brilliant life-size red macaw, using silk and synthetic scraps of material, and achieved the rainbow effect on its wings by intermingling blue, green, and yellow silk.

A piece of pearlshell was inserted for an eye.

So far Mrs. Barnes has made about two dozen pictures. She takes about two weeks to complete a painting, sometimes working for hours at a time.

She has a special room in her home where she does her handwork. "It has plenty of light and, more important, I can leave my work spread out. The pictures always have to be covered to keep dust off when I'm not working on them."

Her rag pictures are in popular demand for local exhibitions of handwork, and she is working now for an exhibition of her own.

Before she became so involved with rag pictures, her chief interest was contemporary floral art.

"This is very much like Ikebana," she said. "The only difference is in floral art you may use ornaments in the arrangements."

Mrs. Barnes said her husband, Desmond, has always encouraged her in her hobbies.

Her son Marshall, aged 11, seems to be inheriting his mother's artistic flair.

"He is very good at art-work," Mrs. Barnes said with pride. "He really does some fantastic cartoons and caricatures. I have high hopes for him."



BIRD OF PARADISE on a turquoise Thai-silk background is one of Mrs. Barnes' bird-pictures. The tail feathers are individual strips of material ranging through orange, gold, pale rose, and bronze. The colors are arranged for the effect.



LIFELIKE Major Mitchell parrot (above) has downy feathers made from tiny scraps of satin. Wings of the brilliant macaw parrot (right) were made from blue, green, and yellow silk.



Master Foods Table of Contents



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Life presented many problems for Lydia, but now she faced the greatest dilemma of all

ONE SHINING MOMENT

By SHEILA MacKAY RUSSELL

LIKE Ravel's Bolero, it had begun on a low key with no hint of the crescendo to come. The opening was so deceptive that she couldn't believe its significance, yet she would always remember it. She had been sitting alone at a table in the hospital cafeteria, working on sociology notes as she ate her lunch, when an apologetic male voice interrupted her.

"Would I be making a nuisance of myself if I joined you, Miss Sanford?"

There were other tables available, and Lydia Sanford's dark eyes were faintly surprised as she lifted them to the thin, anxious man who stood waiting, a loaded tray in his hands.

"Not at all, if you don't mind my working. I have to whip some sociology notes into shape for a two o'clock lecture," she murmured, trying to remember if she should know him. He wore an immaculate white tunic, which identified him as a doctor, but the Civic General was a thousand-bed hospital and she was still too new to her post as associate director of nursing education to have placed all the lower echelons of medical staff.

"I'll try to be quiet, but I see now I shouldn't have brought celeri," he said with apologetic humor. "I'm Hartley from pathology. I heard your address at the graduation exercises last month. I've been waiting for a chance to tell you how tremendous I thought it was."

"Well, thank you, Dr. Hartley." Remembering that he was the resident in pathology, she smiled at him briefly before lowering her eyes to her notes. A few minutes later, as she closed her notebook, she was aware that he was watching her with frank interest. "I don't usually leave my preparation to the last minute," she explained impulsively. "But this text just came yesterday. It has some interesting new approaches I wanted to include in the discussion."

He accepted the opening eagerly. "I think I'd like to sit in on that discussion myself! But I sometimes wonder if we aren't trying to cram too much outside material into medical and nursing education these days. Do you think nurses really need to take sociology?"

"Yes, I do. But nothing too profound, of course."

"But why?" he asked intently.

Candidly, Lydia said, "I'm a good example of why they need it, Dr. Hartley. They learn how the attitudes and prejudices of their society have developed—and with knowledge, we hope, comes tolerance. In this day and age they have to be prepared to work without prejudice with patients and co-workers of every race and color—even in western Canada."

"I hadn't thought of it that way before." His blue eyes were diffident as they rested on her vivid, darkly attractive features. "But it's hard to believe that you would ever meet with prejudice—particularly here."

"I'm certainly not complaining, Doctor. Everyone is very kind. But even here it was a little sticky in the beginning. People were so painfully tactful about everything relating to the Negro race and integration."

He nodded, understanding. "I gather you like the subject open and acknowledged."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S WEEKLY October 18, 1964

Concluding: "THE JULIE ANDREWS I KNOW," by HER FATHER

HER DAYS OF DOUBT

● Ted Wells, father of the actress, is a handicrafts teacher in English village schools. He told, last issue, of her early training in variety and pantomime and events leading to her Broadway stage triumph in "My Fair Lady," which launched her on one of the most enviable careers in showbusiness history.



JULIE ANDREWS and childhood friend Tony Walton on their wedding day in 1959. They are now separated.

THERE are certain matters in Julie's life — her separation from her husband, Tony Walton; the private diary she kept during the time she was on location for "Hawaii"; the doubts and worries that had slowly built up over her formative years — which are obviously very personal.

It would not be right for me to say much about them. However, some of the things written about her have been wrong. This has caused her much concern, particularly where her marriage is involved.

She told me, "Tony and his family were always very dear to me, and we should be left to handle this in our own way."

[Julie and Tony were childhood friends—he lived in the same part of England—and they married eight years ago. In Hollywood he became a production designer. They separated recently.]

I myself always looked on Tony as a splendid young man and, indeed, I still do.

I am often asked, "What went wrong?" I can only say that the demands of their careers have been heavy and have kept them apart a great deal — and that, I believe, explains an awful lot.

People often sneer about showbusiness marriages and, I suppose, those sneers are sometimes justified. It should not be thought, however, that Julie's marital difficulties came about without a great deal

of pain and regret all round.

It was this pain and regret—plus stirrings of the unhappiness in her childhood when her mother and I parted, and the strain of having to make so many decisions about her life and career entirely on her own—that made her decide she needed the advice of a psychoanalyst.

Before seeing him, she set down her thoughts in the form of a diary she kept in a large foolscap book. It contained reflections about her girlhood and had clearly been written by someone suddenly stricken with doubts and fears about the present and the future.

It is only when one reads something of this kind that one comes to know how deeply a child feels about these things, and how strongly they can come to the surface even after they appear to have been overcome.

As a young girl she had bottled up her feelings and got on with the business of living. But that separation caused her great grief and now, nearly a quarter of a century later, all the pent-up unhappiness of that period suddenly caught up with her.

That was not all.

It was also clear that neither I nor her stepfather, Ted Andrews, had been able to do properly the job that a father has to do; that, because one success came to her after another, Julie had never really had time to stop and take a hard look at herself; that she suddenly needed reassurance that the things she believed in were really valid. She simply felt the need, as any sensitive person might, to take stock of herself.

She therefore went to a psychoanalyst who, she told me, has been a great help to her.

We all know what it is like to start a new job and wonder, "How is it going to work out? Will I be good enough?" "Hawaii" itself was one of Julie's worries. It was her first big non-musical role. How would she measure up to the challenge?

She was also concerned, as any young mother in her situation might be, about how she would face up to the task of bringing up Emma, her baby daughter.

By
TED WELLS
as told to H. J. Weaver

I am glad to say that when I visited Julie recently I detected a new strength and maturity in her.

My wife and I usually go out to California once a year. Julie sponsors our trips, of course; we couldn't afford to go otherwise on a schoolmaster's salary. She would like us to visit her more frequently in future. She wrote in one of her letters, "Now that Emma is growing up, I want her to know you and have a sense of family."

To me it is clear that Julie has a wonderfully strong character.

NOTHING gets her down. Bob Wise, who produced "The Sound of Music" and is now directing her latest film, "Star" (the story of Gertrude Lawrence), once described her to me as "the Rock of Gibraltar."

He should know. The whole company of "The Sound of Music," including all the children, were stuck up in the mountains above

Salzburg for weeks in what was supposed to be the Austrian spring. "Spring?" Julie wrote to me at the time. "It's absolutely..."

Well, perhaps I'd better not repeat the precise Anglo-Saxon word she used to describe how hard it went on raining day after day. When they could film, there was so much mud that even the jeeps carrying the cameras couldn't get up the mountainside. In despair, they sent for an ox-cart. Julie thought that was marvellous. She said, "I'll ride on that as well."

The oxen slithered and

don't know how we would have managed without her."

"Camelot," the stage musical which followed "My Fair Lady," was another of Julie's shows which ran into a lot of trouble. Alan Jay Lerner has written:

"Time after time in those seemingly endless weeks before New York I used to imagine the condition the play would be in if certain other stars of whom I had intimate knowledge had been playing the leads rather than Julie Andrews and Richard Burton."

"I could imagine the reaction of a few of our darling ladies of the theatre had they been given a new song two nights before the opening as was Julie Andrews..."

Richard Burton expressed his appreciation of her professionalism in a rather less formal way when Win and I flew out to see the show on Broadway. He wrote in my program, "Ted, Cor! Thanks a lot for that girl Julie."

Julie's willingness to take the rough with the smooth stems from one simple fact. She feels very strongly that any film or play or musical is a team job. Hers may be the name up in lights outside. She doesn't think, however, that that entitles her to put on any airs and graces.

To her it simply means that she has a greater responsibility than anyone else for ensuring that the finished product is a success and worthily reflects the hard work that everyone has put into it. I am sure that this attitude explains both her humility and her success.

She really has no star complex at all. I know that, while on location for "Hawaii," she had a house on Waikiki Beach overlook-

ing a coral-rimmed lagoon. She was driving to work one morning with the car radio turned to a music program.

Suddenly the announcer interrupted with a tidal-wave warning. As is usual, all inhabitants of the island were ordered into the hills.

Julie's first thought was of Emma and her nurse in the house by the beach. Should she go back or drive on to the set and phone from there? She calculated she was more than half-way, so it was best to keep going.

When she phoned from the set, there was no reply. She therefore assumed that Emma's nurse, who usually had the radio on in the mornings, had heard the warning and made for high country.

But, having established that, it didn't occur to Julie to head for safety herself. Instead, she stayed on the beach and helped the crew in the evacuation of cameras, electrical gear, and all the other equipment which had been set up for the day's work.

FILMING can, of course, often be quite dangerous. In "Hawaii" there is a scene where the mission house is set alight by invading whaler crews, and the natives and missionaries try to put out the flames.

"The house was made of straw with a roof of palm leaves," Julie told me. "The heat was terrific and the danger very real. Although they had pumps and extinguishers always ready, several of the cast's costumes, including my own, were actually scorched. I was really very frightened."

The only time her reputation for unflappability

Continued overleaf



“Aren’t you wearing Tweed (



)?”

THE JULIE ANDREWS I KNOW

From page 33

has suffered a dent was during the shooting of the trick scene in "Mary Poppins," her Oscar-winning film, in which she floats, umbrella erect, over the rooftops of London. It was known to be dangerous and had been kept to the last so that, if anything went wrong, the rest of the picture wouldn't be prejudiced.

The scene was shot on a huge sound stage, and Julie was held by wire. This had become slack, and she said to one of the assistants, "Easy today, Joe." The word was passed to all the operators except the most vital of all, the winchman.

Julie, in her harness, floated down over the rooftops. The checkweights should have pulled her up a foot from the floor, but, because he hadn't been warned, the winchman did not allow for the slack in the wire. Julie hit the floor with a tremendous crack.

The crew gasped. There was a moment of deathly silence as Julie climbed slowly to her feet and fought to get her breath back. Then from somewhere on high came the winchman's voice inquiring matter-of-factly, "Is she down yet?"

"Down?" shrieked Julie. "I'm bloody nearly through!"

I AM often asked the question, "Yes, but what is Julie really like as a person?" I feel I could write a book in answer to it. These, however, are some of the things which leap to my mind.

• *She is a realist.*

Julie was disappointed, but not heartbroken, when the film role of Eliza in "My Fair Lady" went to Audrey Hepburn. She was the first to accept that Warner Bros., having paid more than \$U.S.5 million for the film rights, did not want to risk giving the star part to someone with no screen experience.

• *She does not like what is conventionally known as "the gay life."*

Julie has never been a girl for a constant round of parties.

At Beverly Hills, when she has a day off she is happy to spend it pottering about the garden. If she does go out in the evening it is usually to something special like an Andre Previn concert at the Hollywood Bowl or a visit to the Bolshoi Ballet — or even a game of baseball or American football, which she is getting sold on.

More often she has a few people in for a quiet dinner at home. Afterward, there is often a private showing of a film on the white wall of Emma's nursery. I remember I caused a good deal of hilarity one evening last year by running my first attempt at film-making, with one of those little 8mm. hand

cameras, to an audience which included a lot of Hollywood experts, including Blake Edwards, the director.

He and Julie are great friends and companions, a fact that has been made much of. Julie simply says, "The world must make what it will of our friendship." All I can add to that is I have found him a fine man, who is a descendant of the poet Blake and has always been very courteous and considerate to Win and me, and has given us some wonderful times on his lovely 74ft. diesel cruiser, The Tempest.

• *She has no "side."*

At her home in Beverly Hills she keeps a resident staff of only two—Emma's nurse and Covington, her major domo, who is a very capable Negro with a degree in sociology. She

days at my place in Surrey. There she can climb into a sweater and an old pair of jeans and really relax for a few days. She enjoys being able to hop on Win's bike and ride down to the village for a dozen fresh eggs without a great crowd gathering; going for a hike or a scramble; driving over with me to the river and getting a skiff out for a couple of hours.

On Sunday afternoons Win does the cricket teas for our village. Julie has been down to help her. The villagers treat her very much as one of themselves. We get quite a few spectators, often strangers, and occasionally I have heard one of them say, "See that girl over there pouring out the tea. Isn't she the image of Julie Andrews?" Nobody gives her away.

She also loves the rugged

again soon, and I know she is hoping the trip will give her the chance to slip away to Alderney, even if only for a few days.

She knows that there she will be really able to relax, to go off for long walks, perhaps don a pair of seamen's boots and a fisherman's jersey and—even on the roughest day—join the pilot, Nick Allen, on one of his trips out to the lighthouse on the Casquettes, a collection of dangerous rocks eight miles offshore.

• *She is very conscious of human, social, and political problems.*

Suffering and the waste of human life—whether on the scale of a war like the one in Vietnam or the tragedy of Marilyn Monroe—deeply concern Julie.

During the run of "My

from the heavy rain and trying, without any sign of success, to hail a taxi. Julie stopped her own taxi and asked: "Can I give you a lift somewhere?"

Miss Halstan climbed in gratefully and, in the course of the journey to her home, said to Julie, "It was very kind of you, my dear, to stop for me. I really am grateful. One gets so tired at the end of an evening in the theatre. I'm in 'My Fair Lady,' you know."

"Yes," said Julie, "I do know, actually. I'm in 'My Fair Lady' myself."

"Oh, really," said Miss Halstan. "And what part do you play, my dear?"

• *She strives for perfection in everything she does.*

I don't think she will ever be quite satisfied with anything she does artistically.

She is, without being neurotic about it, highly self-critical.

When we were out in California this year, I went over to 20th Century-Fox to watch her working on "Star." She spent one whole afternoon rehearsing a dance routine. Her hair was wet with perspiration. Her face grew pale with exhaustion. Still she went on until she thought it was just right.

But, although films give her a chance to indulge her desire for perfection, she still never feels 100 percent happy about her final performance. She told me, "The trouble is that, with everything broken up into scenes which are often shot out of order, I miss the rhythm you get in doing a stage show from the first curtain to the last."

JULIE has settled down very happily in California. I don't think, however, that she will ever give up her British nationality. She is too attached to her native country. Behind her home in Beverly Hills she has planted roses, rhododendrons, mesembryanthemum, lilacs, sweet peas, and other flowers to remind her of the English gardens she loves so well.

When I told Julie I was writing the story of the Julie Andrews I know, she warned me in a letter, "Don't wax too warm about your daughter. Otherwise I'll bash you when we next meet—and blush something awful."

Still, a father has the right to speak from the heart sometimes, and I'd like to end by saying this.

People often ask, "Aren't you proud of Julie?"

They put the question almost as if pride is the only possible emotion I could feel about her, or as if the pride must in some way be different because she is a star. The truth is, as I've said, that I should be just as proud of Julie if she worked in a shop or office. Her kind of beauty, her kind of character, would shine anywhere.

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WITH BABY EMMA, one day old, at the London Clinic in 1962.

would not enjoy a home needing too large a staff.

Emma isn't being mollycoddled. She has already had swimming lessons from a professional. She climbs the steep bank at the back of the house; romps with the two poodles, Cobie and Cuetip; goes off to school with her luncheon box; is taken down to the beach to play with other children in the surf.

She's a real little toughie. Julie told me on the phone the other night, "Emma has just learned to whistle, so now we're getting whistling all day and night on about two notes."

Julie's home is a Spanish-style house, built on one of the slopes that gives Beverly Hills its name. It has eight rooms, low gables, wrought-iron balconies, a big open staircase, and a patio where we dine under the stars on warm nights.

She enjoys doing everyday things like cleaning the house, cooking a meal, doing her own shopping. It is always a disappointment for her when she is spotted, the crowds start to gather.

That is why she is always pleased when she can come to England and spend a few

and beautiful Channel Island of Alderney, where she bought a little cottage a few years ago, because there, too, the islanders treat her as a person, not a personality.

Julie bought her stone cottage after she did a short TV series in England. One of her guests was the late Tim White, on whose book "The Once and Future King" the musical "Camelot" is based. Tim lived on Alderney, and he asked her out to stay with him. She fell in love with the place at once, and we have had some wonderful holidays out there.

I remember one in particular in August, 1962, three months before Emma was born. When we arrived, Julie said, "Now I'll do the shopping and I'll do the cooking. I want you all to relax and enjoy yourselves."

As I've said, she has a magnificent constitution. Although it was only three months before Emma's birth, she thought nothing of clambering up and down the steep face of the 300ft.-high cliff to Telegraph Bay several times to have a swim.

She is coming to Europe



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Chef of sunny South Molle,
Mr. Erik Lindstrom, excites holiday
appetites with his

tropical salad

SALAD OF THE ISLANDS

Chef Lindstrom lines a platter with crisp lettuce leaves, using well-curved leaves as nests for a mixture of bite-size pieces of Golden Circle Pineapple, tomato and chopped celery. He adds a sprinkle of grated onion, and pours over a dressing made with 3 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar, 1 cup each tomato sauce and cream, with salt, pepper or tabasco sauce to taste. "Add slices of Golden Circle Tropical Pineapple and Golden Circle Beetroot," says Erik, "and it's ready to serve with cold meats, grilled steak or seafoods."



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DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● This maternity pyjama suit was chosen for a young mother-to-be. A paper pattern for the design is available in sizes 10 to 18. Part of the reader's request letter is published below, with my reply.

"Would it be possible to obtain a pair of maternity pyjamas consisting of a loose top and straight ankle-length pants? I want a size 16 pattern."

Illustrated at right is the maternity pyjama suit you inquired about. The sleeveless overblouse has slits at the side seams and a ribbon bow trim. The pants are ankle-length. The pattern also includes a design for a one-piece A-line maternity dress with short sleeves. If you wish to order the pattern, full details are given at right beside the picture.

"Could you advise me about the correct method to clean gold costume jewellery?"

Wash the jewellery in warm soapsuds, then rinse it in clear water. If the jewellery has an intricate design, scrub it with an old toothbrush dipped in the suds. Dry it carefully with a soft towel.

"What type of buttons would be correct for a navy linen coat?"

My choice would be brass buttons. They brighten, and look attractive on navy. As a second choice I suggest bone buttons in the exact navy of the coat.

"I am wondering if you have a pattern for a basic dress to fit a 38in. bust and 40in. hips?"

The sort of pattern I require is to be suitable to make in different fabrics and to have some variety in detail. I want a sleeveless style as I feel the hot weather very much."

Our pattern department has an excellent basic design available in your size. The dress is sleeveless, semi-fitted, and A-line. It has neckline variation — round or square neckline and bias turnover collar or rolled collar. There is also an optional stitch trim, and

7076. — Maternity pyjama suit in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 7076, price 85c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders.

pockets finish the side front seams. If you wish to order the pattern, please quote Vogue pattern 1756. The price, 85c, includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"My boyfriend and I have been invited to a function taking place at 8.15 p.m. Could you please tell us what would be the correct attire at this hour?"

If it is a formal occasion, and I imagine it is, you should wear a short or long evening dress, and your boyfriend should wear a dinner jacket.

"I love pretty feminine clothes but my type calls for tailored designs which I know suit me. Do you think I would be wise to change my style?"

How about a compromise — tailored clothes for day, and pretty, romantic designs for after dark.

"For my marriage, taking place in a church, I am wearing a day-length suit made in off-white crepe. Could I wear a tulle bridal veil or would this be incorrect?"

I consider a small flower hat would be more appropriate than a bridal veil.

"I am going on a cruise taking in the Christmas break, and as I am not sure of the correct dressing for dinner on the ship I would like your advice. I am in my early thirties."

For most evenings, a pretty, short-skirted afternoon or late-day dress would be correct. However, during the cruise, especially as it takes place in the Christmas holidays, there will be special gala evenings. For such occasions it would be pleasant to have something a little more formal. A short evening dress or a cocktail dress would be perfect.

"What color shoes would be correct to wear with a royal-blue satin frock? The style is floor-length."

My choice would be white satin shoes tinted the same blue as the dress.

"Should a zip-fastener be put in with hand sewing?"

Yes, a hand finish will help give the garment a couture finish.

"Is it necessary for the mother of the bride to wear formal attire to a small family wedding taking place at 3.30 p.m.?"

A dress and matching jacket would be a good choice for the bride's mother to wear to a mid-afternoon wedding. Printed silk would be an attractive material choice. Wear a small hat made in the dress material, and have other accessories in a light color — beige or bone.



Your complexion can begin to bloom beautifully ... now and always

TODAY even a drastically devitalised complexion can be brought back to life and loveliness through the scientific discovery of a tropical moist oil which is unprecedented in its ability to restore natural, beautifying oil and moisture to the skin cells.

The typical complexion of the woman living in Australia often suffers from a lack of surface protection that leads to dryness, tiny lines and a coarsened texture. Her skin may have been stripped of its vital emollients and fluids by neglect or rough weather, and sometimes by the stealthy erosions of Old Father Time, but modern science now makes it possible to overcome every one of the hazards that can beset a beautiful complexion. This remarkable moist oil represents a perfect appropriation of those elements which make up nature's unique skin food. Simply by smoothing it over your face and neck regularly, you can coax your skin to function as nature intended and put youthful freshness on and into your complexion.

When the beauty oil is used as a truly superb foundation beneath your make-up, your cosmetics will blend perfectly and stay matt and flawless all through the day. Because the moist oil is isotonic balanced, exerting a sufficiency of pressure to sink into the skin rather than ride inconsequently on the surface, its revitalising values are able to reach and replenish the plasma colloids (water carriers of the skin). It also has hygroscopic properties which enable moisture to be attracted to and absorbed by the skin from the atmosphere. Even under particularly harsh, dry climatic conditions, the complexion is, therefore, able to resist lines and wrinkles, regain smoothness and elasticity, and retain its fresh dewy bloom.

In order that the healthy functioning of half-dried skin cells can be resumed, it is essential for oil to infiltrate the underlying tissues. Ordinary oils cannot penetrate satisfactorily because they contain sealing elements that inhibit absorption. This fact is graphically appreciated when a rose, placed in water, proves powerless to drink in moisture when its stem is coated in oil. Only a "peeled" oil, such as the unique moist oil, devoid of all sealing elements common to conventional oils, is capable of quick and easy penetration and subsequent assimilation into the basal cells.

In Britain the moist oil is called oil of Ulay, and in other parts of the world it is called oil of Olay. In Australia it is available as oil of Ulan. Complexions of every type eagerly drink up this rich, moist beauty oil and rapidly begin to recapture the smooth radiance of youth and a lovely, lasting bloom.

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They must be received not later than 6th November, 1967.
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WHO'S WHO IN THE BUSH

HELPED by a sharp-eyed photographer, flowers and seedcases make curious mimics. These pictures were taken by a 66-year-old enthusiast, Mr. R. D. Lee, of Highett, Vic.

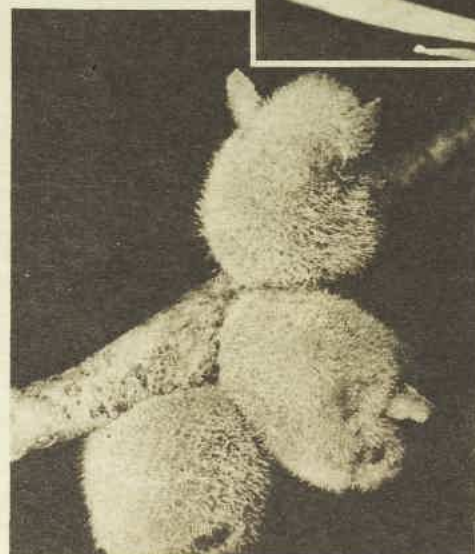


HEAD OF A HOUND

● It's the tiger orchid (*Diuris palachila*). One imagines a dog's white head with large ears, dark eyes, and tip of tongue showing, says Mr. Lee.

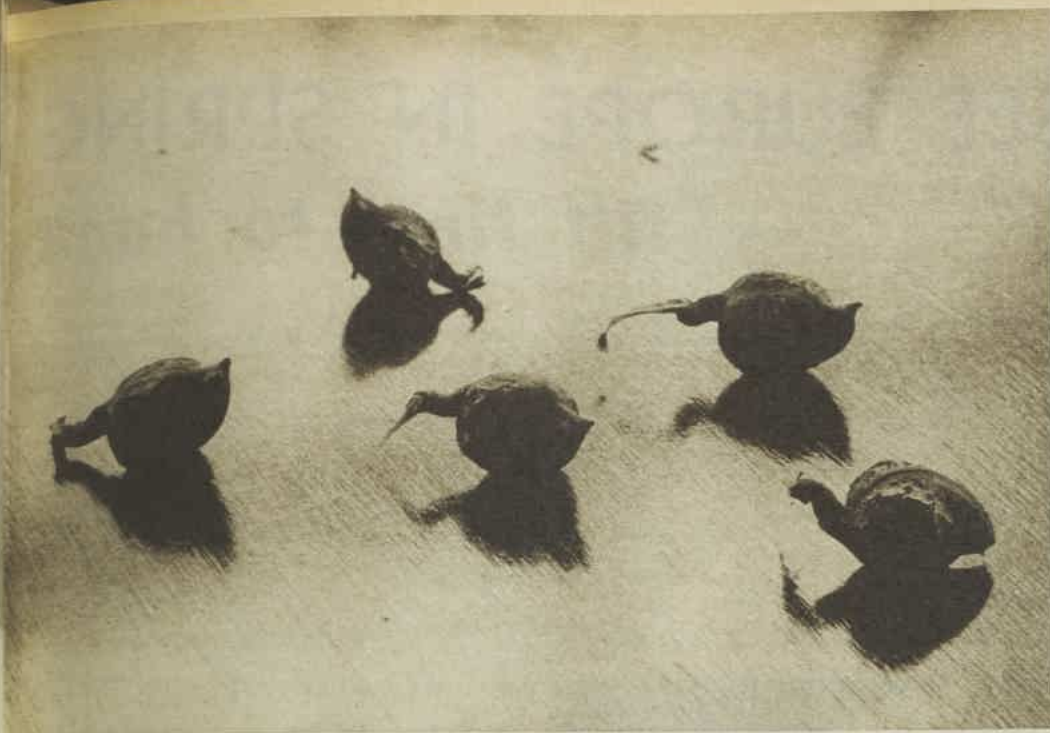
MOUNTAIN DEVIL

● Well known in the Blue Mountains of N.S.W., these hold the seeds of *Lambertia formosa*, or honey-flower.



MICE

● Fruits of a species of *Calothamnus*, a native of Western Australia, look like especially innocent, soft mice.



WATER-BIRDS

● Place a few hakea seedcases (Hakea sericea) on a shiny surface and who's to say they're not birds feeding in a swamp?

FAT CATS

● Now put two of them facing away from us and they could be a pair of cats in a moonlight trance.



...AND THE GARDEN



BOLD BUCCANEER

● This pansy, a Roggli's Giant, has amusingly ferocious features when you look it in the eye. But there's no denying that it is a handsome flower.



HUMAN SKULLS

● Papuan headhunter's collection? You may recall seeing the spectral faces in snapdragon (Antirrhinum) seedcases when you were a child.

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DRI-GLO NAPPIES

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Page 39



● View of Lucerne, Switzerland, where our world tourists will stay overnight on the European tour.

SEE EUROPE IN SPRING

— Still time to book

THERE'S still time for you to decide to enjoy our holiday of a lifetime — the World Discovery Tour 1968.

If you are one of the lucky people aboard the excellent P & O liner *Orcades* when she sails from Sydney on February 4, you will see 22 countries in just on five months.

Hundreds of Australians

and New Zealanders already have availed themselves of this wonderful tour offer.

However, a number of four-berth cabins, with and without private facilities, are still available for late-comers.

The most unbelievable aspect of this exciting world tour — apart from its itinerary through Panama and later Suez — is the basic price.

For as little as \$1708 (N.Z.\$1432), you receive so much more than if you decided to travel independently.

As well as return ship-board accommodation to England (over in the one-class *Orcades*, return in tourist-class *Canberra*), you have 13 nights accommodation at well-situated London hotels, plus sightseeing trips around London.

Also included in the tour's cost are the two coach tours — of eight European countries (23 days) and of England and Scotland (seven days).

As well, you have the services of your own Tour Director and escort team, also of coach couriers who ease the language and Customs problem.

Even worries about luggage and transport between ship and hotel and coach and hotel are solved.

Timing of the tour is perfect, too. You'll be touring England and Scotland and the Continent during spring and early summer, when they are at their best.

Parties of 48

After sailing from Brisbane — where Queensland passengers embark — the *Orcades* calls at Guam, Kobe, Yokohama, Tokyo, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Acapulco, Balboa, Panama Canal, Cristobal, Miami, and Madeira.

On March 21 the *Orcades* arrives at Tilbury and members are speeded through Customs and immigration formalities, and are settled in their London hotels within a few hours.

During the first few days in London, there are a number of interesting excursions included in the tour's basic cost.

For the European and English coach tours, members will travel in parties of 48 in comfortable, wide-view coaches, departing in stages three days behind or ahead of each other.

This will ensure a high standard of service all along the route.

To make this staggered timetable even more effective, some groups will do the English tour first, while others begin the Continental tour.

Others will take advantage of the 23-day "free" period, which tour organisers, World Travel Headquarters, have planned into the timetable.

This "free" period, at the tourist's own expense, may be taken in one or spread between the two coach tours.

Many people booked on the tour have asked World Travel Headquarters to book them during their "free" period on a number of excellent, low-cost supplementary tours to Ireland, Scandinavia, Spain, Holland, or the Devon - Cornwall region.

For those who wish to remain in London, ample ex-

cellent low-cost accommodation is available.

To take advantage of the reasonable price for bed-and-breakfast accommodation, it must be reserved before November 24, 1967.

Highlights of the European coach tour will be the evening stop-overs in Lucerne, Cortina, Venice, Rome, Genoa, Nice, and Paris.

On the seven-day tour of England and Scotland, two nights and two days are spent in and around historic Edinburgh.

The return voyage in the P & O liner *Canberra* begins on May 24 from Southampton.

The ship calls at Gibraltar — gateway to the Mediterranean — before going to Piraeus, port for Athens.

Calls are then made at Port Said, Aden, and scenic Colombo.

Last opportunity for duty-free shopping is in Singapore, where there is ample time for sightseeing trips to Johore or other interesting spots.

Both on the forward and return voyages, excellent shore excursions are planned for every port.

These may be booked and paid for before you leave your home port. This way you'll know how much to budget for small incidental shipboard expenses.

If you can't spare the five months needed, by giving up your "free" period of 23 days, you can join the *Oriana* which sails from England on April 26.

If you are considering a trip abroad, then inquire about this one. For value, good company, and an excellent itinerary, it can't be beaten. Book now.

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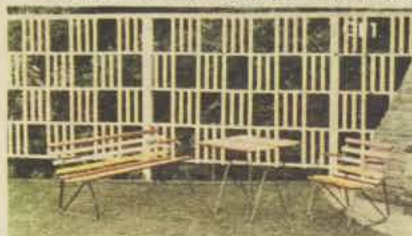
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HORSE LAUGH

An ironic situation: Men work on a stalled truck while a discarded means of transport stands by — but, at least, with horsepower that works! This picture is in America's 1968 Photography Annual.

We're orright, mate (in a manner of speaking)

■ The picture of the Australian as mumbling and inarticulate is false—according to Mr. Dan Dempsey, Speech and Drama Supervisor for the N.S.W. Department of Education.

Over the years Mr. Dempsey has sought to encourage clearer speech in N.S.W. schools by arranging debating competitions among students.

"The present generation of young Australians speak much better than their parents do and over a much wider range of subjects," he said.

If the level of debate in a recent competition between students of Sydney's Auburn Girls' High School and Homebush Boys' High School was anything to go by, he seems to be right.

The teams—the best boys and the best girls from Sydney metropolitan schools—were debating "Is the Australian Woman to be Pitied?" for the Vernon Cole Trophy, a new award which will be presented annually. The boys won, by the way, arguing against the proposition.

During the past year Mr. Dempsey has arranged for more than 600 competitive debates between schools.



"That Australians are less articulate and more nasal than other nationalities is just a generalisation, and we shouldn't believe it," said Mr. Dempsey.

Recently a university professor did a special survey, using more than 10,000 Australian student voices, Mr. Dempsey said. "He found that the nasality rate of Australian accents was roughly 4 percent, which is the average you'll find in any language."

"We definitely have an inferiority complex about our speech, and we accept criticism quite unnecessarily."

Most of this unjust criticism, said Mr. Dempsey comes from the "Southern-educated English" who find fault with the Australian vowel pronunciation.

This particular group has a highly dramatised way of accenting all adjectives, such as the words "ghastly," "marvellous," and "darling," he said.

"This is horribly unnatural for the Australian, who, by nature, uses a more understated speech manner."

Mr. Dempsey is annoyed at certain foreign-born television or radio personalities who are constantly referring to how poorly Australians speak. "They almost imply that we should turn round and speak as they do," he said.

The improvement of Australian language—and there is room for it, agrees Mr. Dempsey—lies mainly with women.

"Generally a woman is more speech-conscious than a man. She realises her children's impressions on the outside world rely heavily on how they speak."

Families that play together...

● Laughing last and longest now are some large families in Germany that have for generations been the subject of that whiskery, music-hall gag about there being "enough of you to start a football team."

The boots are now firmly on both feet for four 11-man families.

The idea to take the joke seriously came first from Farmer Sudholz, who recently challenged his neighbor, Carpenter Volmering, to stage a family Soccer battle for the benefit of children in need of a holiday.

The idea also caught the imagination of the local population.

No fewer than 7000 spectators turned up to watch 65-year-old Sudholz lead his team to a six-goals-to-five victory. The proceeds of the match: \$2500.

After that, two other large families said they wanted to join in the fun, with the winner playing against the Sudholz family.

★ We're sure you're dying to know that the world's oldest bullring — still going strong in Santa Cruz de Mudela, Spain, since 1641 — is, in fact, square!

COMPACT

● The New Hebrides, a group of 80 islands stretching for 450 miles, is one of the last outposts of a not-so-long-ago savage society.

A condominium, governed by the British and the French, it holds a medley of races, uses Australian pounds, Australian dollars, French Pacific francs — and the post office has a fictional currency, the gold franc, only for stamps.

Its capital, Vila, is virtually in the centre of the island chain and lies 1500 miles north-east of Sydney.

The total area of the New Hebrides is 5700 square miles, but until the first census was held recently no one knew the exact population.

Not easy

It wasn't an easy job for the census-takers. To begin with, communications are very poor in the area and there are only a few maps showing the positions of villages.

Another obstacle was local custom. Some of the New Hebridean natives weren't too happy about giving their names — as they believe by so doing they are giving away parts of themselves which can be used for sorcery.

Then the matter of ages came up. The census-takers, mostly New Hebridean teachers, found that practically none of the islanders knew his age to within five years.

Seven wives

One dear old lady said she was 105, and had had her first child at 95!

Some of the more primitive natives who are still living in Stone Age conditions have more than one wife, the record being seven.

The more modern inhabitants of the islands used the census to compose a special

ISLAND CENSUS OF HUMOR

song. They used the tune "Flash Jack From Gundagai," set appropriate pidgin words to it, and saw it become one of the top pops in the New Hebrides.

But, despite the trials and tribulations, the census was completed and the final population count was recorded at 77,500.

A TASMANIAN reader writes of a novel dust club she came across in Texas...

They called themselves the Pink Pig Club, which worked like this: They'd meet weekly and weigh-in. The one who'd lost most weight received congratulations — the one who'd lost the least or (worse still) put on most received the Pink Pig, a large plastic horn with bulging cheeks and tummy. Then they'd drink a cup of coffee (black and unsweetened, of course) and discuss dieting.

When it came the time to leave, the first had to be the lady with the Pink Pig under her arm — and she was honor-bound to keep it in a conspicuous place until the next weigh-in, as a constant reminder that she must eat less.

"POSTCODE CONTEST" WINNING ENTRIES IN NEXT ISSUE



WHERE CAN A MOTHER FIND THE ANSWERS TO HER CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS?

By Lucille Ball

As a parent I know that children can ask the most outlandish questions. Like: "what's the moon *really* made of?" Or: "how do those rocket ships stay up in the air so long?"

Makes you feel pretty silly when you can't come up with the answers. But I've discovered that many of my friends have the same problem. Because the world we live in is changing all the time.

So what can a busy mother do? Well, personally, I've found there is an amazing amount of information on almost every imaginable subject in Britannica. And the answers are right up to date. Written in a way that encourages children to learn more. If we could have only one encyclopaedia in the house, I'd choose Encyclopaedia Britannica. It even has recipes!

Lucille Ball

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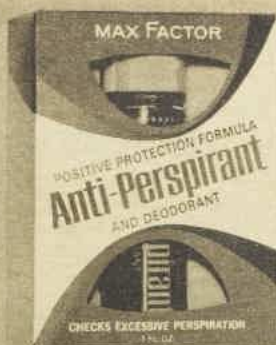
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• We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Mum didn't know!

VISITING the first of my six daughters to marry and have a baby, I found the place a shambles. "Why don't you work to a system and get your jobs done methodically?" I asked her. "It's all right for you with a grown-up family and a home where everything stays in its proper place," snapped my daughter. "You don't know what it's like to have a baby in the house."

\$2 to Mrs. Fay Idriess, Deception Bay, Qld.

Old-fashioned prejudice

AS private secretary to a man in public life, I never cease to be amazed at the number of women's organisations which simply refuse to believe that I hold this position, and "insist on speaking to a man." Yet of 26 Federal Ministers, 11 employ female private secretaries, and of 17 State Ministers, three employ female private secretaries. As well, there are a number of female associates to the judiciary. So it is not so incredible to find women holding these positions of authority.

\$2 to "Exasperated" (name supplied), Bexley, N.S.W.

Where father was

A READER asked, "Where was the proud father?" My husband was not pacing the hospital corridor when any of our four children were born. After taking me to hospital for the delivery of our first, he went back to work over-time. When our second was born, he was in Melbourne and I was in Sydney. Came time for the third baby's birth — he was in another hospital, recovering from a car accident. And while I had the fourth, he was at home — looking after the other three.

\$2 to Mrs. D. Makin, Broadmeadows, Vic.

Double standard

ONE broken marriage of which I have heard was apparently partly due to the wife's inefficiency in the house. Her lady neighbors were the first to condemn her. This seems unfair. If a man cannot provide adequately for his family, it is quite accepted that his wife in some way supplement the income. But if a woman is inadequate in the house, most men only offer criticism. Inefficiency is not necessarily due to tardiness or laziness.

\$2 to "Suffragette" (name supplied), Eltham, Vic.

Late arrival

ONE cannot but wonder at the thoughts of children. My ten-year-old granddaughter has a small birthmark. Remarking on it one day, she asked her mother if she had been late arriving. On being told she had been born on time, she said she thought she may have been "over-ripe" when she was born, and that had caused the birthmark.

\$2 to Mrs. C. Kirkness, Penrith, N.S.W.

Telling children the facts

MRS. WEIR was very sensible to tell her two little daughters the simple, truthful details about how babies are born. Children who are told nothing, or are made to feel guilty about their natural curiosity, are the ones who later develop a taste for blue jokes and the like. In a society which tends to underrate the role of mother, it is important for little girls to see that motherhood is a beautiful thing, and a wonderful time to explain it is when a new baby is on the way.

\$2 to Mrs. V. G. Phillips, Hermit Park, Qld.

WHY should one of the greatest miracles of nature be hush-hush? I

see no necessity for this, provided the information is not forced on children. They ask when they are ready to know, and do not require technicalities, just a simple answer to a simple question. As they progress in thinking, their questions progress in depth. Thus the child gradually develops a whole picture of his origin. Our children have always been answered truthfully and simply at the time of asking.

\$2 to Mrs. E. F. Woolley, Huon, Tas.

MY children, aged 9 and 5, have learned of the life-cycle of mating, birth, mother-care, and death, from our female pets, a dog and a cat. In their delighted interest in each new litter, they have not consciously realised that they were learning the facts of life. It is easy to slip in the sensible answer to the questions that arise from time to time. The children are tolerant of, and a little amused by, less well-

EAT, DRINK, AND ARGUE



• The United Nations Secretary-General (U Thant) recently invited the Foreign Ministers of Britain, the U.S., France, and Russia to a "working dinner" with him in his suite at the UN.

*Teetotalers might make a decent fist
Of settling world affairs at working dinners,
But otherwise an alcoholic mist
Fogs realistic judgment for beginners.*

*Good food and wine engenders peace in some,
Their optimism borders on delusion.
But others grow pugnacious, beat the drum
(And Bombe Alaska's open to confusion).*

*A "working dinner" seems a pleasant thought,
The diplomats all voted it delicious.
"What other kind of dinner is there, sport?"
Wives ask of husbands as they stack the dishes.*

— Dorothy Drain

Burglar-deterrent

A FRIEND of mine, whose husband is often away overnight, has no worries about being troubled by burglars during his absences. When he is away from home she leaves his (outsized) wellington boots outside the door as a deterrent.

\$2 to Mrs. L. Raymond, Lunderup North, W.A.

Do pass on the recipe!

TO the reader who wrote of those dreams of herself in those wonderful couturier clothes which gave her such a pick-up, I can only say one thing: "Please, what did you have for supper?"

\$2 to "Hopeful" (name supplied), Daylesford, Vic.

Perhaps he likes blue

FOR six months I have kept the breakfast cereal in a white ice-cream tin with a pattern of black cats around the sides. Yesterday I added a blue-and-white-striped tin to the same cupboard. Need I say which tin the man of the house pulled out this morning when getting his cereal? Yes, the new one!

\$2 to "Cassandra" (name supplied), Kemps Creek, N.S.W.

informed children's attempts to tell them grubby stories.

\$2 to Mrs. M. C. Houldsworth, Alice Springs, N.T.

I AM not a mother but a schoolboy. My mother said that when she was my age she knew nothing about the facts of life, as this was a topic her own mother would not discuss. At school my mother and the other children giggled about such matters. I think it is much better for children to be told, when they ask questions, rather than to go on wondering and discussing their questions with friends.

\$2 to "Be Open" (name supplied), Dubbo, N.S.W.

ANSWER simply, in a way they can understand. There is nothing rude about life, so why lie about it?

\$2 to Mrs. B. Szalosi, Darra, Qld.

BECAUSE our mother was so understanding and willing to explain things to

my sister and me regarding babies and sex in general, we always knew that if we had any questions or problems regarding these matters, we could go home, ask Mum, and not be afraid or embarrassed. If these subjects are hushed up in the home, children, being naturally curious, will ask outside, among school friends, and may end up with a lot of wrong and unhealthy ideas.

\$2 to Mrs. Wendy Offord, Ramsgate, N.S.W.

WHEN I was expecting my second child my four-year-old daughter wanted to know all the details. I explained as simply as I could, trying not to answer anything she had not asked. This led to many more mother-and-daughter talks. She is now a happy, well-balanced teenager, and does not have to rely on incorrect information picked up from outside sources.

\$2 to Mrs. D. A. Barrat, Cronulla, N.S.W.

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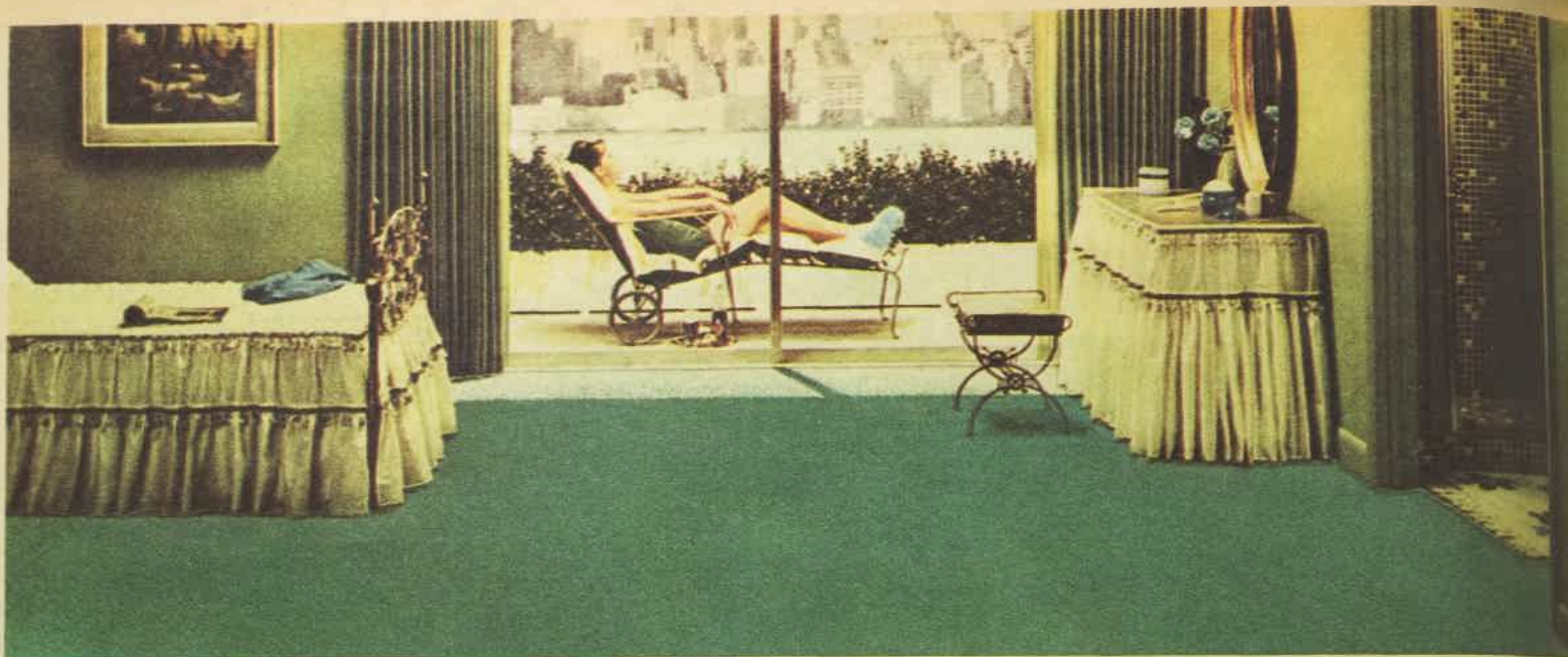
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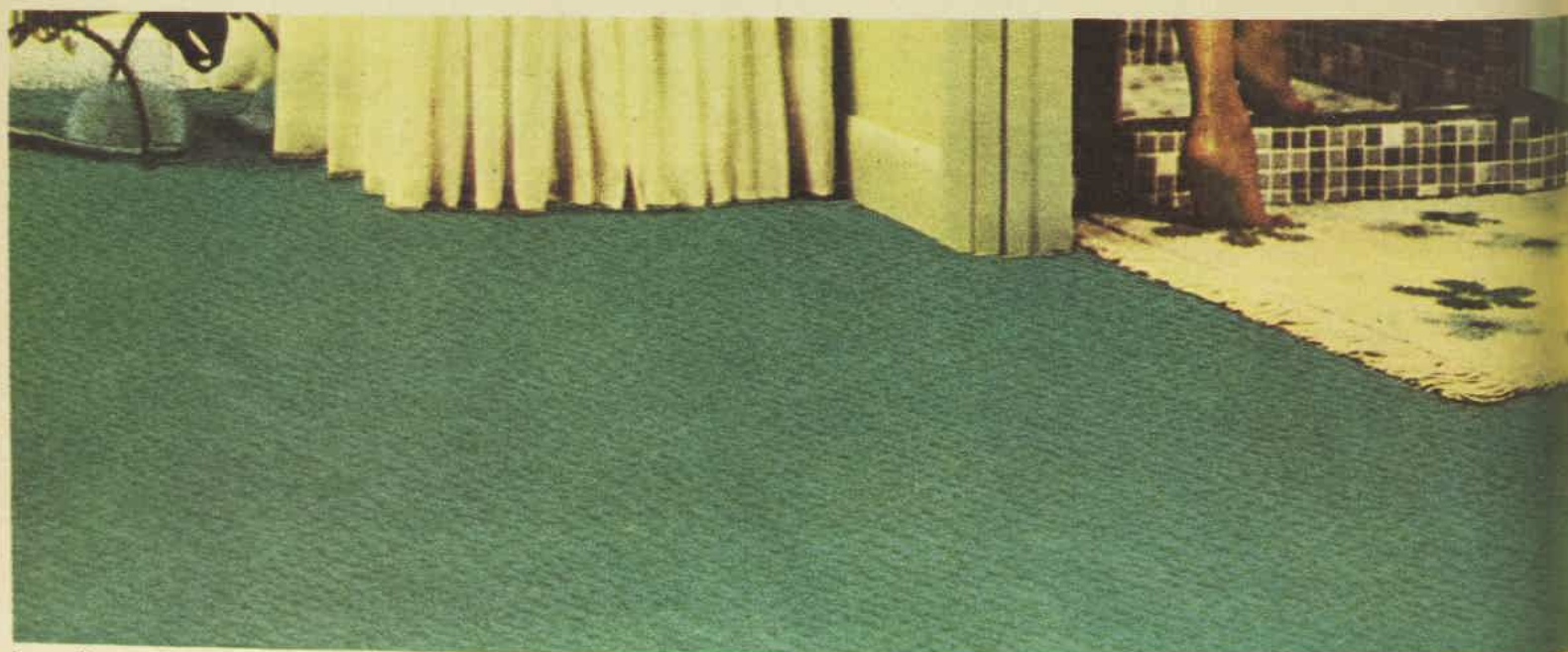


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QUEST FOR "THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN DISH"



TOP PROFESSIONAL CHEFS at the Food School, East Sydney Technical College, sampling some of the 52 "Great Australian Dish" recipes before selecting the best 18 to be sent overseas for further testing. Second from right is a head teacher of the Food School, Mr. John Goodman-Jones.

THE \$9000 "Butter-White Wings Bake-Off" contest, which is to be climaxed in a five-day judging period starting October 23 at Sydney's Roselands shopping centre, has developed into more than a competition for prizes.

Since it was announced nearly four months ago, it has become a challenge to Australians — old and new, of all ages, and of both sexes — to establish Australia's own individual cuisine on the menus of the world's leading restaurants.

The judging week at Roselands will be virtually an international judgment of the culinary arts of Australians. By that time 20,000 entries will have been whittled down to 105 — 18 of which will compete for the major awards in the section for "The Great Australian Dish."

The response to this particular section has been overwhelming, and recipes bearing the most ingenious names and ingredients have been entered by contributors in an effort to produce dishes of a truly national character and international standard.

Entries have come in from all over Australia, including the remote parts of the Northern Territory and Central Australia, Tasmania, New Guinea, and Papua.

Perhaps the tremendous interest which has been shown in the Bake-Off competition can be gauged by the fact that approximately one Australian out of every 500 men, women, and children entered a recipe.

Home economists selected 52 "Great Australian Dish" recipes which they considered the best. These were sent to the Sydney Technical College, where they were tested by professional chefs at the Food School.

From there, the 18-recipes considered to be the most outstanding were sent overseas for further testing, and were marked by top chefs in 15 different countries.

And it is these 18 recipes which will come before a panel of three of the world's leading culinary experts, who will announce their final judgment at Roselands.

The members of the panel, who will fly to Australia by Qantas, are:

- M. Lucien Chassignat, France's great chef from the Hotel Meurice, Paris.

- Signor Antonio Prantera, Maestro of the 700-year-old restaurant Hosteria dell'Orso in Rome.

- Miss Napua Stevens, Hawaii's "Grand Lady of Cooking," from Honolulu's Ilikai Hotel.

All three will be guests of the Wentworth Hotel during their stay in Sydney.

The main attraction of the judging week at Roselands will be the Bake-Off itself, which will entail the preparation and cooking of nearly 90 entries in the No. 2 section of the contest for cakes, desserts, and biscuits, plus the 18 best recipes selected to contest the "Great Australian Dish" finals.

Ingredients

Thousands of people are expected to watch the non-stop display of cooking conducted by eight home economists, who will deal with the No. 2 section for tasting and judging while two professional chefs, acting under the constant supervision of the panel of visiting judges, will prepare the "Great Australian Dish" entries.

This will all take place on five gas and five electric ranges, which will be set up around the Raindrop Fountain area at Roselands.

Hundreds of ingredients in the form of meats, poultry, fish, condiments, spices, flavorings, flours, sweeten-

ings, greens, vegetables, and fruit will be used in the preparation of the dishes.

Bake-Off organisers are hoping the winning recipes will be of a sufficiently high standard to put Australia on the world's culinary map.

And it could mean that some Australian's name could take its place in the "hall of fame" of inspired cooks.

The name could belong to a housewife, a boy or girl with a flair for cooking, a handicapped child, or a bachelor who potters around the kitchen trying his hand with different dishes.

But one thing is definite. The Bake-Off will result in the distribution of valuable prizes and the selection of a Grand Champion and a runner-up for each of the two sections, with a Junior Champion.

Big Bake-Off

The Grand Champion in the "Great Australian Dish" and the Grand Champion in No. 2 Section will each receive \$1000 in cash, a \$300 Metters Range, a \$300 Metters Dishwasher, and a kangaroo fur coat.

The runners-up in both sections will each win \$100 in cash, a \$300 Metters Range, and a suede coat.

The best Junior entry in either section, won by a boy or girl under 18, will receive \$100 in cash, a kangaroo fur coat, and a \$300 Metters Range.

The whole of Roselands will be specially decorated for the week, and its stores will offer customers Bake-Off Bonanza Bargains.

Among the off-beat highlights will be a fashion parade using the theme "A Way To A Man's Heart."

The pivot of the show will be a model, who, attempting to win the heart of her beau, goes through a dream

sequence in which each ingredient she uses in her cooking gives her man a different identity.

A sprinkle of spice, and the man of her choice may appear as a handsome sheik.

She prepares a curry mixture, and her dream man appears as an Indian prince, promising her a casket of precious jewels.

The parade, featuring fashions from leading stores in Roselands, will be held twice a day during the week at 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Every aspect of food nutrition, diet, health, and cooking will be discussed by experts at a "Bake-In" to be held on Tuesday, October 24, in the Roselands auditorium.

Eleven speakers, including the three visiting chefs, will deal with a wide range

of subjects, making it one of the most comprehensive symposiums on food ever held in Australia.

This special Bake-In will be divided into two sessions, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. At the end of each session the speakers will form a panel and answer questions from the audience.

The "Bake-In" will be attended by more than 200 people from organisations dealing with food technology and research, catering, health nutrition, preparation of dishes, chefs, restaurateurs, food producers, and home economists.

FIRST SESSION 10 a.m.-12.30 p.m.

- Welcome to visitors by Mr. John Hansbury, chairman of "Bake-In."

- Italian Dishes And Their Influence On International Cuisine. New Trends. The speaker will be Sr. Antonio

Prantera, Maestro of the Hosteria dell'Orso, Rome.

- The Training Of Australia's Future Chefs — Mr. B. Roberts, head of Food School, East Sydney Technical College.

- Food Needs Of Children — Miss R. Stanton, senior dietitian, Nutrition Section, Dept. of Public Health.

- What Science Is Doing To Solve Food Problems, Preservation, Etc. — Mr. J. F. Kefford, joint chief Food Preservation Division, CSIRO.

- Use of Tropical Fruits And Vegetables In Exotic Dishes, Old And New — Napua Stevens.

- Health Legislation And Its Effects On The Consumer — Mr. Wal Madgwick, Chief Food Inspector, Dept. of Health.

- Panel answer questions and summing up by chairman.

SECOND SESSION 2 p.m.-4.30 p.m.

- Preparation Of Food — Joan Winfield, White Wings home economist.

- Use Of Dairy Products — Elizabeth Timms, director Dairy Foods Service, Australian Dairy Produce Board.

- What Effects Vitamins, Proteins Have On The Body. — Dr. W. J. Hemsley, physiologist, Sydney University.

- The Art Of Chinese Cooking And Preparation Of Dishes — Mr. Raymond Yip, chef-owner of the Jade Terrace Restaurant, Sydney.

- The Great Australian Dish Quest—Graham Kerr, chairman "Butter - White Wings Bake-Off."

- Panel answer questions and summing up by chairman.

Another highlight at Roselands during the week will be the parade and judging of "Miss Bake-Off."

This contest, which closes

on October 19, has been running for several weeks in the "Sunday Telegraph," and finalists will be judged on Friday, October 27, the last day of the Bake-Off celebrations.

For girls with a flair for entertaining and cooking, the qualifications for entry are simple.

Contestants have been asked to submit a photograph of themselves with their suggested dinner menu for home entertaining.

The winner's prize is a week at the fabulous Ilikai Hotel in Honolulu with all expenses paid, plus a wardrobe of fashion garments. She will be flown there and back to Australia by Qantas.

Her hostess at the hotel will be Napua Stevens, whom she will meet at Roselands during the Bake-Off week.

At the judging, before a selected panel, finalists will parade in evening gowns, day-wear, and swimsuits.

The 1967 Bake-Off will close on a lavish note in the form of a spectacular presentation charity dinner at the new Wentworth Hotel on Tuesday, October 31.

The more than 300 guests who are expected to attend will see the three visiting chefs present the awards to the Bake-Off winners.

Presentations will also be made to "Miss Bake-Off."

Entertainment will include films taken of Graham Kerr during his recent overseas tour of world restaurants and hotels.

Another highlight of the evening will be the fashion parade with the theme "The Way To A Man's Heart."

Profits from the dinner will go to the Sydney Rum Runners, who are raising funds for the new Urology Clinic at Sydney Hospital.

Tickets at \$10 per head are available from Mrs. F. Wrobel, 59 William Street, Double Bay, N.S.W. (Tel. 36-2621).



Nineteenth-century vases

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

COULD you give me information as to the history of the two items (photographed right)? The four-footed vase predominantly colored blue and gold with a butterfly motif is marked on the base with the marking "108" in the glazed china. The other side of the vase has a bird motif. The other item is also a vase in the form of a figurine. Each of the pair has

numbers "4204" worked into the back of the material. — Mrs. B. Garrett, Woodville Park, S.A.

Vases of this particular form and decoration were made at the Minton porcelain works from about 1870 to 1890.

The small figurine was made in Germany at the close of the nineteenth century.



French vases

ENCLOSED is a photo of a set of vases (left). There are two letters on the base of the centre vase "P.L." and the flowers are hand painted. The height of the centre vase is 16in. and the other two 13in. Any information would be appreciated. — Mrs. J. Crampton, Dubbo, N.S.W.

This garniture of three elaborate porcelain vases exemplifies the French taste of the mid-nineteenth century. They were made at the famous Jacob Petit works, which were established during the 1790s and flourished until 1875.

★ ★ ★

COULD you ascertain the age of the rocking cradle (photographed below). The cradle is of brass and the base consists of wrought iron. — P. D. Whittam, Halbury, S.A.

This most attractive cradle was made at Colebrookdale, England, during the third quarter of the Victorian era.



Colebrookdale cradle

I WAS very interested in your answer to a query about a knitting-needle holder in your column dated August 16.

I own one of these, which I brought out from Britain with me. You may be interested in the following information. They are always single holders — never in pairs. A pair would be of no value, since they are used solely to help the knitter anchor her needle firmly under her right arm and her left needle is then free to transfer stitches to the right one. The holders are carved on one side, the underside is shaped to fit under the armpit.

Another interesting fact is that in Northumberland these were very often carved as "love gifts" (like the Welsh loving spoons) by the young man when his courtship became serious and they frequently bear the name of the owner.

My own holder is not such a grand carving, but it does bear the name E. A. Hurst, who was the aunt of my grandfather. — Mrs. G. Barrand, Lawson, N.S.W.

Thank you for your interesting letter. I have not seen or heard of any other examples. They must be rare.



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NEW NEEDLEWORK OFFER

Lovely wattle cloth you can embroider

● A charmingly designed linen cloth featuring easy-to-embroider sprays of golden wattle is our new needlework offer to readers. This cloth would make a delightful wedding or Christmas gift for someone special.

THE cloth, which measures 54in. x 54in., is stamped ready to embroider on good quality pale green linen and is suitable for a table of any shape whether round, oblong, or square.

Although the design comprises eight large sprays of wattle in the middle of the cloth and a small spray in each of the four corners it can be worked quickly and easily, even by a beginner. The only stitches used are chain, stem, and satin.

Embroidery cottons and full directions for working the cloth are included in this special offer which can be sent to any address you name either in Australia or overseas.

Price for each wattle cloth embroidery kit is \$5.00 within Australia, \$5.25 in New Zealand and Malaysia, and \$5.50

in Great Britain and other overseas countries. Price includes postage.

Solve wedding or special Christmas gift problems by ordering one or more of these lovely wattle cloths now. It's the right size (54in. x 54in.) for a supper or luncheon cloth or a gay dinner cloth.

Embroider it yourself—it's so easy to do it won't take you long—or if you prefer we will send the cloth, ready to work and complete with embroidery cottons and easy-to-follow directions, to any one you name (see address label below), and you can look forward to receiving a delighted thank-you note from the recipient of your unusual gift.

To obtain our needlework offer, fill in the order form and address label below, and send them with your cheque, money order, or postal order to "Wattle Cloth Offer," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.



WATTLE CLOTH of pale green linen is stamped with eight large sprays of wattle, ready to embroider, and four small sprays, one in each corner. It is shown here on a round table, but the design looks equally effective on a square or oblong table.



A **SMALL** spray (above) decorates each corner of wattle cloth. At right is large spray, one of the eight which form centre design. Stitches are simple, stem and chain for stems and leaves, satin-stitch for flowers.



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READER'S STORY

CANCER SMEAR TEST

By M. MUNRO

"I THINK I have cancer." The pleasantries were over and my doctor had asked what he could do for me.

"Why?"

"No reason. I've never felt better in my life."

I had my reasons, but how could I explain that for more than a week I'd been lying awake, night after night, knowing I had the disease and cursing the false modesty that had made me put off having a smear test for over three years; wondering were it too late and, if so, what would happen to my husband and two young boys?

My doctor is a man I've always felt at ease with. He's known us for years and, I hope, always regarded me as a normal sort of person, so I laughed off my dramatics when I saw his old-fashioned look and pointed out that I was overdue for a "smear," anyway.

No, I hadn't lost weight. No, I'd had no bleeding. Yes, my periods were normal. In fact, I felt fine, but...

Christmas was only a week away, so, understandably, it was nearly three weeks before we heard the test had been broken in the mail.

"It often happens. Better come and have another test," I was told.

It was a relief to know the truth

After a further two weeks, I phoned and said the suspense was driving me crazy, so the doctor rang the clinic and next morning I received a call — "Come and see me."

All of ten minutes later I was there. The verdict was "Positive."

It sounds ridiculous, but I felt nothing but relief. Much better to lose a few female organs, I thought, than anything vital.

Within hours I was being told more or less the same thing by a leading gynaecologist, and a few days later I had a biopsy and curette.

The next day was my 43rd birthday and I really enjoyed the dinner with friends, because after weeks of tension I was free.

Everything was out of my hands now and I had to wait only five more days for the results.

On the fifth day my doctor rang. "Would you rather I tell you the news now or will you come and see me?"

The field of psychology has lost a good man to gynaecology. "I would rather hear this sort of news alone, thank you."

Briefly, it was "not good, but being so early we can practically promise you a 100 percent cure. Arrangements have been made for you to start a four-week course of cobalt ray, and a month after that you will have a hysterectomy."

"Mine is a happy story," says a Sydney woman who, after a smear test, was found to have early cancer of the cervix. After a "perfectly ordinary hysterectomy," she was given a 100 percent clearance by her doctors.

Cobalt! Suddenly I was icy cold. To me cobalt was synonymous with one thing — no more birthdays.

Millions of words have been written about cancer and most people know you "should" have a smear test yearly, but I've never read what happens if... and, to me, cobalt was as unmentionable as the word cancer was to our parents' generation.

Two days later I met a wonderful man, a radiologist who was young, gentle, and, most of all, talkative.

He drew me diagrams of various stages of cancer of the cervix, and in plain language explained why and how the smear test can detect irregularities and cancer cells early; cobalt or radium is then used, when necessary, to kill affected tissue before surgery.

So, after 48 hours of numbing fear, based on ignorance that shouldn't exist, this specialist was gradually making me realise that I had no incurable bug, certainly not at this stage, anyway.

He was being very serious, but making it perfectly clear that cobalt ray is a healer and not the killer I thought it to be.

Mine is a happy story.

After the normal examination prior to the first treatment, the radiologist sent me off to have a cup of coffee.

"I want to run my own test and then confer with a colleague. There's a possibility you may not need ray, so we'll make sure first."

This was no highly priced consultation. I was at a public hospital and it wasn't costing me a cent.

No more waiting, just a quick operation

The ray treatment, at \$6 a time, could have been over and done with in seconds, as recommended in the pathology report, but to this extremely busy senior radiologist I was a very important person.

Several hours later he smilingly told me that "four of us agree you should be all right without ray, provided you have a hysterectomy at once."

This extra concern had saved me untold strain and two months' less wait for an inevitable operation. And six, instead of 60, days later I had a plain, ordinary hysterectomy.

Finally, the day came when the surgeon said, "You have a 100 percent clearance. Just come along for yearly check-ups."

"How 100 percent can you get?" I wanted to know in a glorious, light-headed sort of way.

He suddenly grinned. "Well, we're a cautious bunch, you know."

Thank heavens for "cautious bunches" and today's medical knowledge, which have meant that a ten- and a 13-year-old I know will have a mother for a long, long time.

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SLIPPER ORCHIDS



● These beautiful orchids were photographed at the home of Mr. H. C. Cooper, of Avalon Beach, N.S.W., by staff photographer Ron Berg. Orchids can now be divided if their pots are crowded or if back bulbs are restricting the progress of new growth. Do this before hot weather begins.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 178

OCTOBER in the GARDEN

● Now is the time to plan some cheerful notes of color to replace spring's fading displays.

By ALLAN SEALE

SUMMER annuals are easy to grow, and flower quickly. You don't need much space to enjoy them.

Small clumps of flowers grouped here and there between shrubbery or perennials will add interest and give the garden a cheerful atmosphere. There are many to choose from, and for interesting effect you can sow clumps and drifts of different kinds.

For sunny places there are gay little bedding plants such as yellow or orange petite marigolds, blue ageratum, dwarf phlox, portulaca, verbena, dwarf salvia.

In the slightly taller range, but still under 18in., comes sunburst celosia, tall phlox, and a tremendous array of petunias.

On the next step up are the asters, with special emphasis on Crego and the silky, quilled King asters. In a similar height range are Bonfire salvia and Unwin's Dwarf dahlia. Unwin's Dwarf are easily grown and flower

within a few months from sowing the seed. They also make tubers which can be carried over to future seasons.

The semi-dwarf coquette zinnia is one of the most rewarding of the summer annuals. It reaches about 2ft. 6in., with sturdy growth and large flowers attractively displayed at an even height. Petals are quilled like the older and taller coquette, but colors are more intense.

For your tall background plants, choose from tall zinnias, Crackerjack or Hawaii marigolds, brilliant Forest Fire celosia, soft and wispy blue salvia, mandarin cosmos, or the brilliant amaranthus.

TIME TO TIP-PRUNE

Check new growth on spring-flowering shrubs recently pruned, because in most cases some tip-pruning will be needed. This just means pinching out the tips of the new growth when it approaches the desired length. Side shoots are then stimulated to come away from along the stem to create a more compact form.

Most evergreen spring-flowering shrubs respond to tip-pruning, while it is not usually applied to deciduous flowering fruit trees except to check runaway top growth.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 179

Continued on page 53

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

It's almost too nice to be a deodorant — but it does so much for feminine freshness — and with the caressing fragrance of Desert Flower



Desert Flower Aerosol Deodorant, \$1.50. Stick Deodorant, \$1 and \$1.50. Also new Roll-on Deodorant, \$1.50.

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A Theory For The Birds!

DIZZY EVOLUTIONISTS TRY TO EXPLAIN ORIGIN OF AUSTRALIA'S MARVELLOUS MALLEE FOWL

BUT THEY can't. Why? If evolution is true, why must there be so many *unanswerable* PUZZLES in accounting for the *diversity and complexity* of life on earth?

Is it "fair," is it following the "rules" of proper research to ask **HOW** evolution could have taken place in **SPECIFIC INSTANCES**?

Embarrassing as it may be—it is still impossible for evolution to answer the question: "Which came **FIRST**—the chicken or the egg?"

That's where the mallee fowl comes in.

What Is a Mallee Fowl?

All life begins with an "egg" or a tiny germ of life. But one of the *strangest and most demanding* methods of preserving an egg—of guarding an embryonic life until it hatches—is undertaken by the **INCUBATOR** birds, or mallee fowls of Australia.

These strange birds do **MUCH MORE** than simply warm their eggs with bodily heat. They build elaborate **INCUBATOR** mounds for them!

And, building an incubator is such a *complex and demanding* job that researchers are simply **PERPLEXED**. One close student of the mallee fowls—amazed by their methods—admitted:

"I find it remarkable that a bird is able to estimate the amount of organic matter it must add to a heap of soil so that the heat generated by fermentation is *just enough* to bridge the gap between the soil temperature and the temperature necessary for incubation.

"It almost suggests that **THESE BIRDS** UNDERSTAND **SOME CHEMISTRY!**"

(*Scientific American*, Incubator Birds, August 1959.)

How could "dumb" birds figure out such complex formulas? Could they have **EVOLVED** all this through *blind* natural selection?

The Egg Hatches

The preservation and hatching of the mallee fowl egg depends on a *very constant* temperature in the incubator mound. But the air temperature varies from around 110 degrees Fahrenheit to *less than* 20 degrees.

The mallee fowl must somehow **SOLVE** this fluctuation and keep his mound at a constant temperature.

In mid-September the female lays her first egg. That egg will hatch about early November—at the end of spring weather.

During the entire incubation period, the male must regulate the temperature. Many birds aim **EXACTLY** at 92 degrees.

How difficult is it to maintain a constant temperature?

Well, a simple experiment prohibiting the male from reaching the mound was tried. The result? The mound temperature promptly rose to *115 degrees Fahrenheit!* That's much too hot.

Later in the season, the soil temperature drops. The male must **REVERSE HIS PLAN** and raise the temperature of the mound. Somehow, he must balance the heat from fermentation and the sun.

So accurate is the mallee fowl's ability at heat regulation that egg temperatures **SELDOM** fluctuate more than one degree during a whole season.

Confronted with these marvelous

facts, evolutionists are hard pressed to postulate a theory for the **ORIGIN** of these birds.

Three Theories

One idea is that the mallee fowl is "*highly specialized*."

Here is how this idea is presented: "How, then, did they come to possess the mound-building habit?

"Every observation suggests that the incubation process is *very highly developed and specialized*" (*Scientific American*, Incubator Birds, H. J. Frith, August 1959).

The next theory directly *contradicts* this one.

It claims that this bird was rather an unwise creature who *reverted* to a more **DEGENERATE** behavior, after knowing better.

Here is the theory in a nutshell:

"These strange birds have *puzzled* scientists for years... it is *not even known for sure* that they are birds... George A. Clark, an ornithologist at Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut... believes the bird had **REVERTED** secondarily to reptilian habits. (*Popular Mechanics*, "Odd Bird, the Megapode," February, 1961, page 76.)

The third theory calls the mallee fowls and other megapodes "primitive."

This idea goes something like this:

"It is **NATURAL** to see if there may not be some birds that still retain traces of **REPTILE** habits in the care of the eggs... we naturally turn to the groups of birds *considered least advanced* of those **NOW LIVING** and discover a habit so similar among the Megapodes... that it seems too good to be true.

"Here then is at least the method of the alligator and it certainly meets the requirements for a **PRIMITIVE ONE** among birds" (*Birds and their Attributes*, Glover M. Allen, page 190-192).

Do Evolutionists Know?

Who is right?

Is the mallee method primitive, highly specialized or degenerate?

And why such *disagreement* among *intelligent* men who have studied these birds? Why such **CONFUSION** among those who have a broad background in the field of ornithology, men who are experts in the field?

Simply because all these ideas are speculation. They are attempts to explain design *without* a Designer, creation without a Creator, intelligence without an **Intelligent Being** bestowing that intelligence.

And it can't be done!

Prove to yourself *whether* God *does* exist—and **Who CREATED** the mallee fowl.

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October in the garden—continued from page 51

LOOK TO YOUR ORCHIDS

● Dividing, repotting, feeding, and watering

ORCHIDS need dividing if their pots are crowded or when back bulbs restrict progress of new growths. If in this state, they need attention now, before the hot weather.

For the benefit of those new to orchid-growing, dividing is approached by first tapping the plant from the pot. Sometimes a long knife may be needed to run around the side. The plant will probably have a group of several good growths on either side. Pull gently to ease these two sections apart, then carefully feel down with secateurs to sever the woody stems joining the plant at the base.

Old back bulbs are removed similarly, pulling to slightly part them, then severing the woody tissue joining them.

When cleaned of back bulbs, the two halves of the plant would normally be repotted in separate pots without further division. First cut away old, dry, corky roots, leaving only firm, comparatively new ones which have green or whitish tips.

Compost: A wide variety of orchid composts are used, and all give good results. If you have just a few plants, it is probably easiest to buy a ready-prepared proprietary mixture.

When making up your own compost remember it needs to hold a reasonable amount of moisture, yet remain open enough for air to pass through freely. It needs to contain some soft material such

as leafmould or fibrous compost which will rot down and shortly become available to the plant, but also have sufficient coarse, slow-rotting material to keep bulk and allow the mixture to remain open. The material also should have sufficient bulk to firmly anchor the plant.

A good mixture could be made from such as 1 part leafmould, 1 tan-bark, pea-size charcoal, rice hulls or similar lasting material, and 1 part coarse sand or crushed sandstone.

Repotting: Place an inch or two of coke, crocks, other suitable drainage material in the base of the pot before adding the compost. Hold the plant with its base about an inch below the rim of the pot and carefully pack the compost with the other. Existing roots should be pressed toward the edge of the pot, not the centre.

If roots are numerous, use such as a pencil to poke compost between them. Finally, tamp the pot several times by fractionally lifting then dropping it on its base to settle the compost.

Potting On: This is done when the plant has outgrown the pot but is not sufficiently congested to need dividing. The plant is carefully removed without unduly disturbing the roots and placed in a pot about two sizes larger.

A little more crocking material than compost is first added to bring it to the required height. Then, again using a pencil or dowsing, the compost is carefully packed to fill between old root ball and sides of the pot.

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Feeding and Watering Orchids: From now on through the warmer months of the year, orchids respond to frequent feeding and watering. Keep the compost moist, and water at fortnightly intervals with soluble orchid food or packeted complete liquid manure. Use at the strength recommended on the container.

GLADIOLI

Winter-planted gladioli are now at least to the four-leaf stage, and vulnerable to thrip attack, so you must spray about once a fortnight to escape bloom damage.

Experience tells us that neglect usually results in spikes that form buds which show color but fail to open, with the folded petals mottled and shrivelled or fused together.

Greyish-white mottling toward the centre of the plant is the main symptom of early attack. Spray with DDT, lindane, chlordane, or a complete pest-killer, taking care to cover both sides of the plant.

CARNATIONS

The main flowering of carnations is approaching, so it will pay to disbud if you haven't already done so. Limiting the buds to one per stem will naturally result in longer and better-quality blooms. The side buds are easily removed by bending them backwards.

Spraying for thrips may also be an advantage in this case, as thrip attacks disfigure dark-colored blooms.

GARDENIA BUD DROP

In some districts gardenias are dropping unopened buds which earlier seem so promising, usually only due to cold nights or sudden cold changes.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 181



● Celosia — Golden Feather and Forest Fire — grouped with petite yellow marigolds (see notes, page 51).

Gardenias are semi-tropical plants, and are only happy under warm conditions. Occasionally a weevil can also cause bud drop, but in this case a severing of the bud stem or large puncture at the base of the bud is noticed. Should this occur, spray as for gladioli thrip control.

Sometimes yellowing base leaves and other symptoms often attributed to deficiency conditions may show up, but this is usually only because the soil they are growing in is too cold for the roots to function properly. When it warms up slightly, growth may revert to normal.

A complete plant food for camellia and azalea applied around the roots of the gardenia will generally help the plant, but avoid dosing with individual elements such as magnesium sulphate, sulphate of ammonia, aluminium, or even iron chelates.

Iron chelates is only warranted if yellowing is pronounced on the top foliage rather than on the older and lower growth.

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A Tasmanian farmer's wife thought she'd make some extra money by breeding sheep dogs from their family pet, Bonnie. Six males and one female, she anticipated, would bring in about \$93 . . . but it turned out that it's not only chickens you shouldn't count before they are hatched.

WHEN BONNIE HAD PUPS

By SALLY PACKETT

ONE day a few months ago, being in dire need of some ready money, as usual, and finding the family exchequer as empty as the State Treasury, I took a good long look at our dog Bonnie and decided to become a dog-breeder.

Bonnie is half border collie, half smithfield, and a blonde. I calculated that if she were mated with a border collie she'd produce pups that would bring every farmer for miles around drooling to buy them.

Border collies are nearly perfect. Every owner of a border considers he has the only dog worth owning. All right, let him think so. But to my mind a border collie with a bit of smithfield, just to give him temper, is absolutely perfect.

First I had to go into the matter with Henry. Henry isn't exactly the most co-operative of husbands. He invariably points out the difficulties.

Bonnie might have seven daughters, he warned at once, then where would I be? Hawking puppies around our friends at 30 cents a head, he prophesied. It was a horrid thought and I chewed it over.

"She's not at all likely to have seven daughters at one go," I said at last, positively. "You're only trying to put me off. Now be a honey and let's have a stab at it."

"All right," said Henry, still looking down in the mouth. "But don't blame me."

He even relented to the extent of taking me touring round the countryside in search of an eligible collie. There his helpfulness succeeded in putting me off two perfectly good borders, both sporting lovely feathered legs, snow-white, curly-haired chests, magnificent plumes of tails.

When I was all for clinching the matter with the first candidate, Henry urged caution. He warned that there was some-

thing wrong about the shape of the head.

"But anything his grandmother was no better than she ought've been," he said.

We went on to the next one. Henry regarded him with even worse pessimism. "Definitely an alsatian somewhere away back in HIS ancestry."

One of our friends dropped in just as we were becoming acrimonious. She waved the address of a friend of a friend of hers who was the owner of a prize-winning border collie.

"Just what you're looking for," she enthused. "Lovely dog . . . the kindest nature . . . pedigree a mile long."

I lost no time in getting to the phone and entering into negotiations.

I started taking orders for the pups. Before the week was out I'd sold seven. Six dogs and one bitch. Fifteen dollars for the dogs, three for the bitch. If Bonnie were only accommodating enough to oblige with six sons and a daughter I stood to make \$93 with no trouble at all.

"Except that you haven't allowed for the fee," Henry said. "And what about all the tucker this prizewinner's going to stack away while he's here?"

A few weeks later the bridegroom arrived to spend the weekend. Instead of the sedate and gentle collie I was expecting, he was a gangling youth with obstreperous manners and the appetite of an elephant. (During the weekend he wolfed into enough stewing steak to keep a family of ten for a fortnight.)

However, his owner, a cheerful type in a blue singlet, assured me that he came of a long line of males. Scarcely a female anywhere in his background. Bonnie had every hope of producing six sons.

Before the owner departed he informed me that the border answered to the name of Peter and not to worry, he'd stay put.

"Just park them in together," he

advised, eyeing our beautiful Bonnie somewhat disparagingly (doubtless because her head was smithfield and her tail border collie), "and a coupler pounds o' steak for his dinner and he'll be as happy as a sandboy."

The happy couple were soon housed in an old toolshed. This was all right with Bonnie. She was in the habit of being corralled there when we went to town.

But Peter, after making a thorough inspection of the place, during which he overturned a bucket of sump oil, decided that it was sub-standard. He showed his annoyance by taking a header out the window.

Terrified that he would make for home and be skittled on the way, landing me in the dock on a damages charge, I tore for the piece of lamb we were having for dinner that night and chased him with it.

Three more suitors

He came back at me like a starving baboon, bowled me over, flopped down on my stomach, and proceeded to lovingly wash my face.

Then he caught sight of our decrepit old cat, Rosie, thirteen if she's a day, and chased her until she had to shin up a poplar to escape him.

By the time Henry had him moored again three of Bonnie's less desirable suitors arrived panting on the scene. Among them was a gentleman much favored by Bonnie but, because of his uncertain pedigree, scorned by us. (He's about half Bonnie's size, has a coat like a possum's, a hairy face like a billygoat.

Bonnie appeared at the window of the toolshed to welcome him vociferously. Peter attempted to shriek her down. The possum-billygoat protested to high heaven. It was terrible.

One evening about two months later, Bonnie scooted into a broken-down tank she's partial to for afternoon snoozes and indicated that she wished to be alone.

With dire thoughts of the pups picking up a germ from the old potato sacks in the tank, I tried to move her into the elegant labor ward prepared for her in a corner of the laundry, and was horribly growled at for my pains.

I rushed for Henry and gave him the news. As this was her first confinement, I urged, it was surely imperative that we sit up all night and hold her hand.

Henry, growling even more horribly than Bonnie, said what utter nonsense, it was a perfectly natural process, etc., etc.

At 11 o'clock he insisted on going to bed. As soon as he was heartlessly snoring I crept out to the tank, and since nothing appeared to be happening I became alarmed. I took down the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" and the "Farmers' Handbook," and read up on having puppies.

A little after midnight I roused up Henry to investigate odd noises coming from the tank. He crawled inside and out again, smelling to high heaven of rotting potatoes, and issued the first bulletin of the day. Bonnie's firstborn had arrived. Mother and child were doing well.

He returned to bed, muttering that this was the last time and so on, and I spent another half hour studying the "Farmers' Handbook" on the rearing of pups.

At two o'clock or thereabouts I fell asleep. At seven I woke and rushed out to visit the new mamma. She was seated bolt upright in the tank. She had every appearance of having gone into shock.

Her children were hogging into their breakfast. Both of them. Yes, only two. Not a sign of any more. Only two. Yes, you've guessed it. They were both girls.

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ONE SHINING MOMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

"Well, after all, my color would be a little hard to hide, wouldn't it? And I think I may be pardoned for wanting to speak of my race as frankly as you would of yours."

"Of course. Why shouldn't you?" Smiling in response to her smile, he said, "You know, my sister's an ardent fan of yours. She's one of your third-year students."

"Sharon Hartley? Oh, I didn't realise there was a connection. We're very pleased with Sharon. She's a bright girl."

"I guess she is. Oddly enough, I don't know her as well as I should. I'm fourteen years older than she is. She was only four when I left home for university."

"You should get to know her. I think you'd enjoy her. She's always one of the ones who stay behind to put me on the spot after classes." Assuming that he had joined her to talk about his sister, she continued with a few more remarks in a similar vein, but he seemed intent instead of talking about her.

"I was interested in hearing about your reactions as a Canadian Negro when you were taking your master's degree at Columbia," he said. "It must have taken great courage to reveal your personal feelings in your address that night."

SHE found herself welcoming his direct, objective way of speaking. "Not courage, really. Just desperation. I could feel I was being surrounded by a glass wall here, and the only way I could see to break through it quickly was to be open about myself and the difficulties of my race. Fortunately, it happened to tie in with my discussion of the social problems related to modern nursing."

Actually, she had taken a considerable, if calculated, risk, she remembered, but it had paid off handsomely. She had spoken of her childhood as a member of the only Negro family in an Ontario community, and had gone on to describe her experiences as a freedom marcher in a southern State when she had finished her work at Columbia. She had dared to remind the graduates that their role as nurses could not be divorced from their role as members of a civilised, democratic society.

Staff and students alike had responded generously. Since then she had been accepted at the Civic — professionally, at least — on her own terms of equality.

As she glanced around the dimly lighted, restful cafeteria she felt warmly grateful for her sense of belonging. Julia Mathews, the Director of Nursing, had entered, she saw, and was sitting at a table some distance away with Jane Ogilvie, the Associate Director of Nursing Service. Part of her gratitude she owed to them, she thought affectionately. It was because Julia had known her previously and respected her capabilities that she had been offered her present post. In addition to being her colleagues, Julia and Jane were her staunch friends.

"Will you excuse me, Dr. Hartley?" she said apologetically. "I must speak to Miss Mathews before she leaves."

He rose, expressing regret at having to terminate the discussion,

and she acknowledged his courtesy with a quick smile.

"Well, get you!" Julia Mathews said in greeting. "Lunching with that rarest of breeds — a bachelor resident. How do you do it?"

"I never inquire into the marital status of male Caucasians." There was ready amusement in Lydia's voice. "Show me a nice colored man, though, and I'll be interested. In any case, I wasn't exactly lunching with Dr. Hartley. He just sat down at my table."

"Well, that's one way of making a girl pay for her own lunch." Jane Ogilvie winked a shrewd brown eye. "On a resident's salary he probably can't afford to pay for anyone else's."

"I wish I didn't have to disillusion you, girls, but I'm afraid Dr. Hartley just wanted to talk about his sister."

Flashing a smile at them, Lydia dismissed the matter, but, to her surprise, Dr. Hartley refused to remain dismissed. He continued with quiet persistence to seek her out. Whenever he entered the cafeteria to find her there before him he contrived to join her table. As she was usually eating with Julia and Jane, she was able to persuade herself for a while that he was interested in Julia, whose good looks and exceptional youth, for her position, had attracted the attentions of more than one member of the medical staff.

But on the day she found him waiting outside her office in the School of Nursing at the lunch hour she was forced to suspect

that her life was developing a new problem.

"It was such a lovely day I thought I'd walk over and see if you were ready for lunch," he announced casually. "Shall we take the tunnel or the great outdoors?"

"That was very thoughtful of you, Doctor." Looking at him doubtfully, Lydia wondered if she should make some excuse for not joining him. Chance meetings in the cafeteria were in a different category from a deliberate arrangement, and rumors could start in the nurses' residence with less basis than this. But his manner was so casual that it seemed

foolish to attach any importance to the incident.

In any event, nearly everyone chose the outdoor route in nice weather, and the long underground tunnel between the hospital and the residence would probably be deserted.

"Perhaps we'd better take the tunnel. We'll be less conspicuous," she said deliberately.

As he glanced at her quickly, he seemed about to dispute the thought behind her remark, but evidently decided against it. Swinging into step beside her, he said, instead, "I've just read a paper that I'm itching to discuss with someone."

They chatted about the paper until they reached the cafeteria, where he insisted on paying for

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RIVETS



Page 56

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 18, 1967

her lunch. When they were seated, she said in protest, "Now, really, Dr. Hartley, that wasn't necessary. I know about residents' salaries, and I like to think that I'm fully emancipated where my sex is concerned. So, would you humor me, please, and let me pay for my own lunch?"

He shook his head firmly. "I enjoy talking to you, and I don't want anyone to come and take you away from me today. How else can I have you to myself for a few minutes?"

Her eyes met his for an instant of bafflement before she silently conceded to his terms, feeling oddly helpless in the situation he was slowly and determinedly forcing on her. He possessed a wide range of intellectual interests

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VINERS OF SHEFFIELD



ONE SHINING MOMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

that matched her own, she discovered, and seldom had she enjoyed a lunch period more. But behind their satisfying exchange of ideas, she was instinctively questioning his motives. Was he being kind? Did he fancy himself as a crusader? Or was he so naive that he thought the color line could be ignored?

Surely no one could be that naive, she thought wearily. A lifetime of experience had taught her that although the color line in Canada was sometimes almost nonexistent for her professionally, and even socially within the bounds of her own sex, it remained discouragingly clear-cut where relationships between the sexes were concerned.

When they had finished their meal, he insisted on walking her back to her office. At the door, she said, "Thank you, Doctor Hartley. This has been very pleasant."

"It really has, hasn't it?" His blue eyes were eager as he opened the door for her and followed her in. "Look, are you booked up for the Jan Rubes concert next week? If not, could you go with me?"

She sat down at her desk, hesitating again. She had planned, as usual, to go with Julia and Jane, but they had found they both had meetings booked for that night. Rather than go alone, she had given up the idea.

"There must be someone else you'd like to go with..." she said.

"No, no one. If you turn me down, I'll stay in and plug away at the books. I'm in bad need of a break from them, though."

"Well, as a matter of fact, we have three seats going begging," she said slowly. "I planned to go with Miss Mathews and Miss Ogilvie, but they can't go now. I'm sure you'd be welcome to all three if you can find someone to go with you."

"You mean you can't go, either?"

"I'm afraid not," she murmured evasively.

"Are you doing something else?"

His voice was firmly insistent, and for a moment she considered taking the easy way out by claiming another engagement. But his persistence warned her that, sooner or later, the point at issue would have to be stated. "No, I'm not, Dr. Hartley," she said quietly. "But there are certain kinds of trouble

I've learned to avoid in my life. To be quite honest, I don't think it would be wise for us to go out together socially. There will be people from the hospital there, and I'm sure I don't have to tell you about hospital gossip."

"You've just had lunch with me in a cafeteria filled with hospital people," he pointed out reasonably.

"I know. But here, if it doesn't happen too often, it can be assumed that we're meeting on a professional basis. I understand you're scheduled to give some of our pathology lectures."

"Now... look... we're both..." he began, then halted sheepishly.

"Free, white and twenty-one?" she finished for him ironically.

"Well, let me put it this way, then. We're both respected members of the staff."

FROM THE BIBLE

● The merciful man doeth good to his own soul: but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh.

— Proverbs 11; 17.

Neither of us has any marks against him that would reflect against the other. We live in a democracy that has laws against discrimination. We have every right, both legal and moral, to go out together socially if we want to. So let them talk!"

She had been listening a bit wearily, wondering again at his persistence. "It sounds convincing, Doctor. But the fact remains that I have a long line of black marks against me, and they would reflect against you. Twice in my life, nice, naive white boys tried to do what you're attempting, but they couldn't take the pressure."

"Pressure from whom?" "Friends, relatives, associates. In effect, from their whole society. Granted, much of it was unconscious. But I prefer not to put people to that kind of test."

"You're not showing much confidence in me, Lydia. I'm an adult — not a boy — and I'm not naive. Is that what you've been thinking?"

"I've wondered," she murmured, noticing his use of her first name with a small sensation of warmth. It was with frank regret that she said,

"I'm really very sorry, Dr. Hartley. But I'm afraid nothing will, erase the color line overnight for our benefit. Apart from other considerations, I owe it to my position here not to make myself the centre of gossip by violating one of your race's cherished taboos. Also, selfishly enough, having managed acceptance at the Civic, I'd prefer not to endanger what I've achieved."

"When you put it that way, you don't leave me much choice," he said reluctantly. "But I'd like to make one thing clear. From the minute I heard you speak, I admired you. I've always been stirred by the unusual and the heroic in people, and I wanted to know you. Now that I do, I want to take you out because I enjoy being with you. That's a rare experience for me."

Thrusting his hands in his pockets, he scuffed with the toe of his shoe at a paper clip on the floor. "To tell you the truth, I always bored girls when I was young. I was too serious for them, I guess. I didn't know how to talk about the things that interested them, and they weren't interested in the things that interested me. I gave up after a while. But when I heard you speak, I heard the voice of a mature intelligence, and I... well, I hoped you wouldn't be bored if I talked to you about things like new research in biochemistry."

Touched by his shy admissions, she was looking at him wordlessly; and he asked anxiously, "I haven't bored you, have I?"

"Far from it," she said quickly, surprised by her urge to reassure and protect him.

"You see? I was right about you. You wouldn't have minded going out with me, would you?"

"I'm sure I would have enjoyed it very much," she murmured, wishing that he would leave before she changed her mind.

To her relief, he turned to the door. "I can still eat with you once in a while, I hope?"

"Of course." Permitting herself a smile, she added firmly, "Provided it's understood that I pay my own way."

That much she could allow herself, she thought bleakly, staring at the door after he had closed it. All her adult life she had had to discipline herself to a point where she was neither militant nor hypersensitive on the subject of her race. In all fairness, she knew that in a lesser position in the hospital

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Mrs. H. WIFE



"All right, all right, how much?"

ONE SHINING MOMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

hierarchy the unwritten restrictions on her personal life would have been less rigid, but this made the ones arising from her skin color no easier to bear.

She was still feeling deprived and frustrated as she sat drinking coffee in Julia Mathews' suite that night. Sensing her mood, Julia eyed her thoughtfully.

"I hear you lunched with Dr. Hartley again today," she said finally with a tentative smile. "Rumor has it he paid the bill this time. It must be getting serious."

"Nothing escapes the grapevine, does it?" Lydia com-

mented drily. Concentrating on her coffee cup, she added quietly, "He asked me to go to the concert with him next week."

"Really? Then you'll have someone to go with, after all."

Julia's smile had been tentative again, and Lydia's glance at her was mildly ironic. "You know better than that, Julia. I turned him down for very obvious reasons."

"I thought you would. But I wonder if you should have? More and more, now, I think we're wrong in knuckling under to the 'obvious reasons.'"

If they're challenged often enough, they'll cease to be so obvious. Would it make any difference if I gave you my blessing?"

Lydia's eyes were wide with surprise as they searched her friend's face. She knew only too well that Julia had met opposition in filling the sensitive and crucial position of education director with a Negro nurse. As a result, until the night of the graduation exercises, Julia had been understandably nervous about any action on her part which might point up racial issues.

"Are you saying that you think I should go, Julia?"

"I'm saying that, as far as your position here is concerned, I think you should have every right to go."

"You can say that, knowing that it would be an overnight sensation on the grapevine?"

Julia nodded. "After all, Lydia, the right to choose your own friends was one of the things you were fighting for when you spent a week in a southern jail. But if you don't avail yourself of it when you can, people aren't apt to concede it to you."

"You have a point there," Lydia said carefully, trying instinctively to suppress the sudden powerful temptation that assailed her in the wake of Julia's words. With official opposition removed, the whole matter could remain a personal one between herself and Ian Hartley! As he had pointed out, he was a mature and seemingly enlightened adult.

"Thanks, Julia," she said quietly.

"I wish I could help more," Julia Mathews sighed. "I can only remove official obstacles, my dear. I can't protect you from the other problems you may run into."

"Don't worry about those," Lydia murmured. "I should be used to them by now."

At the moment, however, she wasn't ready to worry about them herself. Surely it was also her right to feel like a woman once in a while, she thought rebelliously as she prepared for bed. How long had it been since she had walked by a man's side, feeling chosen and squired?

EVEN when she had, unfortunately, her feeling had gone no deeper than that. She had gone out for a while with a young Nigerian doctor who had been training at her home hospital in Toronto. But they had been as far apart in outlook as the two continents on which they had grown up. In New York she had met a young lawyer who had exhibited a lively interest in her, but he had come up the hard way in Harlem, and she had been shocked by his rabid hatred of white society.

After her experiences in the South, she had been able to understand it, but it wasn't an attitude she could live with for the rest of her life.

At other times there had been young men who worked with her father on the railway. But they hadn't spoken her language, either, and her father had been convinced

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MF 5835-34 WW

***** AS I READ *****

THE STARS

BY ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Oct. 11

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Like last week, although with falling in the sandwich. October 11 is bad for lotteries, and 17th-18th is also potentially upsetting. However, rest of week is good. With Cupid in smiling mood.
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Mornings of 12th and 13th favor lotteries, etc., but beginning and end of week are upsetting with unhappy emphasis on love life. There's danger of a break after a spat, 11th, 17th, 18th.
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, pink, navy.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Oct. 12, 13 are good for the unwed — romance blooms. The same can't be said for those in wedlock. On 11th, 17th, and 18th knock-down-and-drag-outs should be avoided — if possible.
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, orange, red.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Of all the signs, the children of Cancer have the most developed sense of protection, and they can smell danger a mile off. They'll need all their radar 11th, 17th, 18th — danger dates.
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Make the most of personal affairs, since a good influence will quit your sign next week, Oct. 11 is adverse and could jolt finances. A bigger jolt is due, 17th-18th on romance front, too.
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, brown.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ For the most part, the stars groove with you, but 15th is a weird day, as also 17th (it's worse on 18th). Your private life gets a few shocks, especially if born Sept. 13-22.
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ You're still in your "go, girl, go!" cycle, so make the most of it, 12th-16th. You've got the "no walk" sign against you, 11th, 17th-18th. You'll need all that balance. Take things easy.
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Intend to buy a block of land this week? Well, don't do it on 11th, 17th, 18th. Family life is adversely pressured on these dates, as well. The set-up improves next week.
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, red.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Some of you could go around with a chip on your shoulder — you've got the aggressive planet Mars in your sign. There's every chance someone will knock it off, if not 11th, then 17th or 18th.
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Oct. 11 is a day of mental stress when you could start something and find yourself achieving the exactly opposite result intended. Likewise, 17th, 18th could upset your usual collectedness.
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, grey, white.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Friendship means a lot to Aquarians who are a mixture of practicality and idealism. Friends play a leading role this week. You'll need your knowledge of human nature to cope.
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, red.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Oct. 12 and 14 are lucky, but rambling stars make the week unsafe for new ventures. It's a case of "look before you leap" (and don't leap). Topsy-turvy changes are shown Oct. 11, 17, 18.
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

The Australian Women's Weekly — October 18, 1967

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● Count P. E. de Strzelecki, the Polish patriot and explorer, has fared better on the Australian map than I knew. Some months ago, quoting from a book of his, I said only three places had been named after him.

NOW I've had letters from a number of readers telling me of other places and proving, incidentally, just how much interest there is among Australians in early records and journals.

Several Victorians have written to tell me about the Strzelecki Ranges, and the small town called Strzelecki, in South Gippsland. There's a cairn to his memory in that area, on the Korumburra-Warragul road.

One reader has sent me this interesting account of the early days of the area:

"The range is not high, 2500ft. at the most, but a hundred miles or thereabouts of the steepest, most rugged, most beautiful country in all the land.

"That's how it must have appeared to the Count when he saw it — a wilderness of ridges and fern gullies, the whole covered with a forest of great blue gums, ash, stringybarks, and everything else that goes to make a forest paradise.

"Then it was thrown open for selection. A land board was held at Alberton in the '90s. Land-hungry thousands came from far and near, camped round about the town that still has Number One Victorian State School. And the lucky ones — if they'd only known it — cursed heartily when they failed to secure a block.

"The unlucky ones went by pack-horse to their perpendicular blocks, then hacked, slashed, burnt, and destroyed a multi-million timber fortune.

"They then struggled valiantly to exist on the blocks they had turned to a desolation of bracken, rabbits, blackberries, foxes, and merciless mortgages. Now its ugly nakedness is being gently clothed with soothing seas of pine."

Fascinating facsimiles of early books about Australia

OTHER readers have told me that there are beautiful picnic areas now in the ranges; that Yallourn has a street named after the Polish Count; that the Polish Society has recently replaced the plaque on the memorial between Traralgon and Morwell; that Strzelecki doesn't even get a mention in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

A New South Wales reader says there is a Strzelecki Creek in the Jindabyne area, and she and a couple of other readers have asked where the book was published, its full title, and price.

It was published by the Libraries Board of South Australia, as Number 19 in its "Australiana Facsimile Editions." These facsimile editions are a positive goldmine to anyone interested in the country's history. It is a non-profit-making operation, which means the books are available at remarkably reasonable prices.

But what is even more exciting is that they're facsimiles of things that have become extremely rare — perhaps an odd original copy surviving in public libraries or in the libraries of a few rich and fortunate book collectors around the world.

The facsimile editions (they're exact reproductions of the originals with all maps, illustrations, etc.) puts into your hands exactly what your book-loving great-grandfather carried home from his bookseller's shop more than a hundred years ago.

(The Strzelecki book was first published in Paternoster Row, London, in 1845, by Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans.)

The South Australian Libraries Board has marvellous, early material from all the Pacific areas on its list. I think most of it would be available in the bigger bookshops, and I dare say a letter to the Libraries Board would get you a full list of what's already been published.

The full title of the Strzelecki book is "Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land." Unfortunately, I haven't got a note of the price, but I can quote a couple of other prices, just to give you an idea.

Melville's "History of Van Diemen's Land 1824-35" is \$3.50. George Bennett's "Wanderings in New South Wales, Batavia, Pedir Coast, Singapore, and China" (two extremely large volumes) is \$10.

I am deep in Volume One (the Australian section) of this book at the moment. It was written in 1834 — a straight traveller's book describing the impact of New South Wales on a lively, curious, and well-educated man

who had never before seen its people, its plants, its animals, and its towns.

It is full of opinion, argument, discussion, information, and misinformation, the most readable view of what people were thinking and saying about conditions here 133 years ago.

I'm driving the family mad by reading them bits about what Bennett believed to be the Aborigines' midwifery customs and about the cola and the gogobera (koala and

kookaburra), while guarding the book fiercely from anyone who tries to get it away from me before I've finished.

Remember recent criticisms of Australian children (and adults) as being inarticulate and unable to express themselves well? Apparently it goes back a long way. George Bennett wrote:

"The Australian ladies may compete for personal beauty and elegance with any European, although satirised as 'cornstalks' from the slenderness of their forms. It is true their reserve is great, but it proceeds from diffidence, for in family intercourse they are both animated and communicative.

"Even among the male Australians there is a taciturnity proceeding from natural diffidence and reserve, not from any want of mental resources: this led one of their more lively countrymen to observe, 'that they could do every thing but speak.'"

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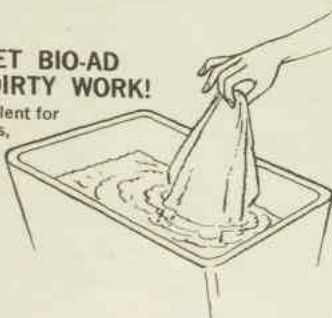
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ONE SHINING MOMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

they weren't good enough for her. A quiet man, whom circumstances had denied a formal education beyond grade eight, Thomas Sanford had educated himself in the local library and had determined that his children should have the chance to escape the subtle caste system that still operated in Canada and that would relegate them, if it could, to menial positions.

Her father had achieved his ambition and at the same time had restricted her to an extremely limited choice of male companions. Lydia thought, with affectionate irony. But Julia was right! Why should she not have the simple, ordinary privilege of choosing her friends, sex and color notwithstanding?

She glanced swiftly at the clock, then reached for the phone. It shouldn't be too late to call him; residents were always up late studying.

When he had expressed surprise and pleasure at hearing her voice, she chose her words carefully, leaving him plenty of opportunity for escape. "I've just spoken to Miss Mathews, Dr. Hartley. Those seats for the concert are still available. Are you sure you wouldn't like them?"

"Not unless I can persuade you to change your mind. But look, we wouldn't have to go to the concert! If you'd sooner not meet people from the hospital, we could go somewhere less public."

"I'm afraid we'd be conspicuous in this city wherever we went," she said drily. "And anything savoring of the clandestine wouldn't help."

"You're right. We shouldn't have to be clandestine." He sounded frustrated and disappointed. "Lydia, before you turn me down for good, will you talk to Miss Mathews about it? I can't believe she'd deliberately endorse the segregation principle!"

"She doesn't," she admitted after a moment of hesitation. "You've talked to her?" he asked eagerly. "What did she say?"

Again there was a pause before Lydia said slowly, "She gave me her blessing."

"Well, glory be! Then what's standing in our way?" "All sorts of things, Doctor." She sighed. "But I must confess that at the moment, I'm a little tired of having to consider them."

"I'll call for you at seven-thirty on Tuesday night," he said decisively. "And by the way, there's a cocktail party at my chief's afterward. He's invited me to drop in with my date if I have one. I think we should go, don't you?"

For the moment she had stopped arguing. Instead, she took time to acquire a new hairstyle in the hospital beauty salon and spent more thought on a choice of cos-

tume than she had in years. Clothes were her one indulgence, and, as she finally selected a slim scarlet cocktail dress, matching lipstick, and a biscuit-colored brocade opera coat, she was glad she had splurged on a wardrobe in New York.

Ian Hartley's eyes lit up as he met her in the foyer of the nurses' residence. "You look very sophisticated and terribly expensive," he said ruefully as he piloted her into his shabby, middle-aged car. "I feel as though I'm stepping beyond my station and my income."

"You're looking very impressive yourself, Doctor," she said with a sudden, irrepressible lift of her spirits.

"I'm glad to hear you say that." He gestured proudly at his dark suit. "I ran downtown and bought this on sale yesterday. I wanted to impress you."

THEY smiled at each other, enjoying their mutual approval, and when the evening was over she knew it had been one of the most pleasant of her life. The curious stares at the concert, the gently raised eyebrows that followed them at the cocktail party had seemed unimportant. His unqualified acceptance of her, their ease with each other, the rightness of their two personalities together had provided an invisible shield which prevented outside reactions from reaching her.

Even her own doubts were summarily thrust into the background when he stopped the car in front of the residence, and said, "How about tennis on Saturday? I've seen you on the hospital courts, so I know I'm not in your class. But I try hard."

"Saturday?" she murmured. "What time?"

"How about four? We could play for a while, then pick up something to eat at a drive-in and go for a drive or something. It'll have to be a poor man's evening, I'm afraid. This suit nearly broke me."

"It all sounds wonderfully relaxing," she said lightly. "I'll stake you to a hamburger and a milkshake."

As they continued to see each other in the weeks that followed, Lydia was fully aware that she was treading on emotional quicksand. But after years of restraint, she was unwilling to deny herself the exquisite novelty of being in love. Any pain she might suffer would be confined to herself, she reasoned, and even the pain was her right. As long as Ian was enjoying their relationship, she would let it run its course until he had finished his training at the Civic.

The possibility of any other

conclusion had not been permitted to enter her thoughts until a night when they had attended an outdoor band concert. When the concert was over, he sat motionless behind the wheel until the other cars had left the park. She guessed his intention before he turned to her, but she was unable to make herself evade him.

When he released her, he said, his voice low, "I've got next weekend off. I want you to come home with me to meet my mother and father. We could drive there and back in one day, but if I know my mother she'll want us to stay overnight."

Startled, she drew back to look at him, ready to make hurried excuses. But in spite of her misgivings, she found herself asking painfully, "Have you spoken to her about it, or are you just assuming?"

"Well, I'm not just assuming," he said evasively. "After all, I'm her only son. It would be a frosty day in July before she'd turn down a

chance to get to know the girl I plan to marry."

His sudden, incredibly casual announcement stunned her. She could only stare at him, for a moment unable to speak. When they came, her words were a low, agonized protest. "Oh, no, Ian...! Let's drop that subject here and now. It's utterly impossible."

"You thought it was impossible for us to go out together. But I wouldn't have missed a minute of it, would you?"

"That's quite different. It only involved us. I had nothing like this in mind when I agreed to go out with you!"

"I'm not sure that I had, either. But we weren't in love then. Lydia, it's not only that we're in love! It's that we fit in every respect. We're made for each other."

"Except for one thing," she reminded him with a leaden sense of futility.

"I don't accept that as a

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"You didn't happen to see a slice of ham around anywhere, did you?"

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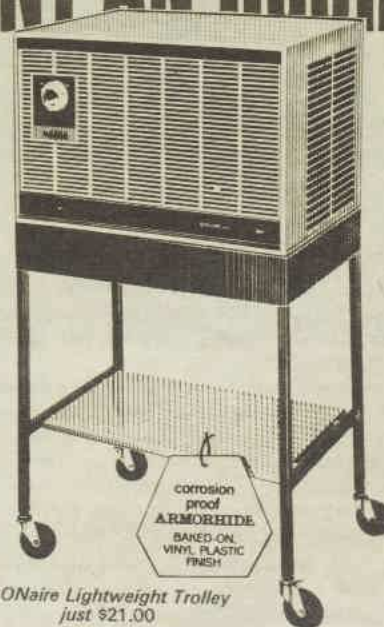
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barrier!" he said, his jaw firm.

"Ian, believe me, please," she said wearily. "There's no use in even discussing it. We can't add anything to all the old arguments — or change them. They're still true."

"And they will be as long as people accept them. Julia's right about that, and I happen to think that you and I are strong enough to challenge them." When she shook her head hopelessly, he pleaded urgently. "All right, let's compromise. Let's take it a step at a time. Come home with me. Just that, to start with. Lydia, it would be criminal to accept defeat before we've even begun."

The strength of his arguments and her own aching longing to accept them left her weak. "I simply can't discuss it," she said desperately. "My resistance is too low tonight. Please, let's forget it."

"I can't forget it. I'm involved with my whole being. I know what I want, and I haven't decided it lightly. What's more, I'm prepared to fight every bigot in the country to get it."

"You think you are." She sighed helplessly. "But you don't even know the rules. It's not the bigots who are the problem. It's something much subtler than that. It's the

ONE SHINING MOMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

ordinary, well-meaning people who are afraid to admit us or our children to their personal lives because it presents them with a painful choice. They either have to take a stand and pay the price for it or admit they haven't the courage of their convictions."

He was still arguing when he returned her to the residence, and his arguments continued for the next two days. Finally, allowing his determination and her own rebellion to silence her misgivings, she agreed to drive home with him at the weekend. The intervening time she spent trying to still the wildly beating wings of her hope. Perhaps he was right! Perhaps his parents belonged to that small, blessed band of people who were capable of taking a moral stand against their own society. With their support ensured, the first step would be happily accomplished.

But as they entered the small, conventional town in which his father owned the only drugstore, she couldn't help questioning him again. "Ian, did you discuss this with your father and mother,

or did you just announce you were bringing me?"

"I wrote them I was bringing you, and I've told them what you mean to me. Now, don't worry, darling. In person, you're an unanswerable argument. Your personality, your intelligence, your education..."

She looked at him unasily, wondering if there had already been arguments and bitterness over her. "They won't judge me on my de-grees, Ian," she warned, quietly.

IT was Sharon who met them in the front hall of the Hartleys' comfortable two-storey house. She was a slender, vivacious girl with a piquant face that was plain without being unattractive. The distress in her blue eyes confirmed what Lydia had already suspected. In the past few weeks, Ian's sister had no longer been present in the groups of students who lingered behind to laugh and chat with her after classes.

Julia was fond of telling her she had become the most popular member of the

faculty, and certainly the students seemed to have accepted her with liking and respect as an administrator. But how many of them could stand the acid test Sharon was undergoing?

"Where's Mother?" Ian asked when the greetings were over.

His sister looked at him apprehensively before she murmured reluctantly, "She's upstairs in bed. I'm... I'm afraid she won't be able to come down. She's feeling awfully miserable."

Significantly, he avoided inquiring into the nature of his mother's malady. "I'll go up and see her," he said quickly. "Would you look after Miss Sanford?"

Sharon was all student as she said with youthful deference, "I'll take your things, Miss Sanford. Just make yourself at home while I get lunch on the way."

But she was too young to be able to hide her discomfort, and trying to put her at ease, Lydia fixed a smile firmly in place. "I think we could be Sharon and Lydia while I'm here today, don't you?"

She regretted the gesture when the flash of pleasure in the girl's eyes gave way to a

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ONE SHINING MOMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

mixture of guilt and embarrassment. Later the same emotions were evident behind Mr. Hartley's strained attempts at cordiality at lunch time. The Hartleys were among those nice, ordinary people she had been talking about, Lydia realised sickly. They were caught in a dilemma not of their own making, and the bitterest irony of all was that in all probability they would have been pleased and impressed with their son's choice if it weren't for the accident of skin color.

As it was, she could only guess at the anguish and dismay that had racked their home in the past few months. This was no longer a personal matter between herself and Ian. If they persisted it would involve and hurt families, friends, loved ones...

I should have known, she berated herself. Certainly, she had known that few white people could pass the crucial test of welcoming a Negro son-in-law or daughter-in-law into the family and into their social circle.

Glancing up, she found Ian looking at her with an expression in his eyes she couldn't bear to see. Behind the taut mask of his face, he was suffering cruelly on her behalf and at the same time was experiencing hurt and anger that had no means of release because there was no ready scapegoat. It was quite possible that Mrs. Hartley was literally ill; in view of the strain she had undoubtedly been under, it wouldn't have been surprising.

But the disillusionment and disappointment in Ian's face when he had returned from upstairs had embraced a rejection of all his family represented. It's no use, Lydia thought hopelessly. I can't do this to him...

After lunch he made another trip upstairs. When he came down he took her aside and said grimly, "I don't want to subject you to any more of this. Would you mind if we went back today?"

"I think it would be best,"

she agreed quietly. "But don't blame them, Ian. They have nothing against me personally. They love you. In rejecting me they're trying to protect you from all the problems I'd bring into your life — and theirs. I was much more prepared for this than either you or your family. I shouldn't have let it happen."

"You shouldn't have let it happen!" he began explosively. But shaking her head, she touched her fingers to his lips, silencing him.

To his sister, she said gently, "I hope your mother will be feeling better tomorrow."

"I'm so sorry..." the girl murmured miserably. "I mean, that she didn't feel well enough to... come downstairs..."

"Would you tell her that I understand?" Lydia's glance was direct and without emotion as she added, "And tell her, please, that she needn't worry at all."

As they drove away, Ian said with an undercurrent of alarm in his voice, "I hope you didn't mean that the way it sounded."

"Ian, we might as well admit that it won't work," she said wearily. "I've never for a minute really believed that it would."

"I think it will! They'll come around when they realise they have no alternative but to accept it."

"Even if they did, it would only be the beginning." Moving nearer to him, she laid her hand on his arm and tried to keep her voice steady. "And I've learned today that I'm the one who could never accept it. I can't fight on this level—not when people I love will be involved. I can't watch other people suffering, especially because of me."

Turning from him, she stared, unseeing, at the passing fields. "I know myself, Ian. I have a stiff-necked pride, and the problems I've faced myself have strained it to the limit. If I had to see you or my children hurt and humiliated, I'd fill with hate. I'd become a racist of the most destructive kind. And what that would do to the people I loved would be worse

than anything outside forces could do to them."

He was still arguing when they reached the city. "If you're worried about our children suffering because of their Negro blood, why couldn't we adopt children?" he was saying desperately as they drove up to the nurses' residence.

"White children, Ian?" she said drily. "They'd still have me to explain, wouldn't they?"

"I'll see you tomorrow at lunch," he said stubbornly. "Don't expect me to give up. I never will!"

As she stood with desolation in her eyes, watching him drive away, she knew that he would have no choice but to give up, for she already had.

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Please send me your Writing Aptitude Tests, without cost and without obligation. I am over 16 years of age.

Name _____

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W.W. OCT. '67

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● Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

Between two worlds



● Many girls look forward to being teenagers without realising the trouble which the first few years bring, when the teenager is caught in that terrible half-child, half-adult stage. Parents feel you are too young to go to the places you want to, and you feel too old to do the things that they suggest. During these years a girl faces many new problems with which she feels inadequate to cope. If only parents realised the distressing emotions which are taking place inside the teenager while she is adjusting herself to a new way of life!

— JOY GRACE, Bexley, N.S.W.

'We're not freaks'

TO be a hippy you must simply be able to bear no resentment against anybody. You must be able to smile and offer a flower or beads to those who laugh at you and jeer at the way you dress. You have to love everyone — and we do. We are not mind-expanded, psychedelic freakouts — at least, not all of us are. There are a few exceptions to every class of people. Are we to be degraded simply because we love people and this beautiful world? — "Adelaide Hippies," Clarence Gardens, S.A.

Hard lesson

AFTER doing 18 months' school by correspondence, I became a pupil at Lithgow High. I like it very much, but am surprised to see how many kids hate school. If they had to learn by correspondence they would feel differently. At school the sexes can mix, and with a teacher in front of you you can learn more than if he writes to you from a distance of about 100 miles. — Lorraine Calcott, Rydal, N.S.W.

Open your mind

A LOCAL psychiatric hospital recently held its

first Open Day to interest high-school students in psychiatric nursing and associated vocations. Students who attended came from fourth, fifth, and sixth forms. Although many probably went out of sheer curiosity, they returned with a much more enlightened view of psychiatric care, a profession which has often been the butt of sick humor. — Christine Hopwood, Merewether, N.S.W.

Food for thought

MINE is a mother who loves experimenting with recipes. Most nights she provides us with delicious yet unusual foods. But sometimes... The worst recipe she ever tried out was jellied "choko." She told us that they were jellied pears, but no sooner had we tasted them than — ugh! Another evil invented recipe was curried apricots — erk! What else she is going to cook up I hate to think. — "Sick," Gatton, Qld.

ROUND ROBIN

Adair



I DIG ROCK AND POLL MUSIC

IT is very fashionable these days for entertainers to be involved in politics.

Former actor Ronald Reagan is Governor of California. Ex-Hollywood hooper George Murphy is a U.S. Senator.

Millionaire ex-movie moppet Shirley Temple is now a by-election candidate for the U.S. House of Representatives.

And, in Britain, pop singer Screaming Lord Sutch has registered as the agent for a parliamentary by-election candidate.

Just running my eyes over a recent Top-40 pop chart suggests to me that quite a few singers and groups seem equipped to ably fill parliamentary posts.

For instance, why not make Petula Clark a Minister for Transport?

She has had great experience of underground railway problems. She has repeatedly appealed to people: "Don't Sleep in the Subway."

Jackie Wilson would appear to make a good Treasurer. Dealing with taxation would be easy for Jackie, having often sung "Higher and Higher."

(I wouldn't have made that crack, of course, "If I Were a Rich Man.")

The Fifth Dimension, of "Up, Up and Away" fame, should perhaps be given a chance as joint Ministers for Aviation.

And what better people to handle education and endowment than the Mamas and the Papas?

On the other hand, the poor old Seekers look as if they would be in the Opposition — unless they changed their tune from "On the Other Side."

Even if non-entertainer politicians scoff at this whole idea some of the too-talkative ones could certainly learn a lesson from the Tremeloes.

You know their big hit — "Silence is Golden."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S WEEKLY, Oct. 19, 1967

BEATNIK



Teen lament

"OH, what shall I do now that my tranny's broken? Oh, what shall I do without my noise-box noising? I can no longer listen to my radio! My radio! My radio! What for ails thee, radio? Did you know not how much I needed you To stop my ears from hearing the heartbeats of the world, To stop my mind from growing and causing me to think? I need you, dearest tranny, I want you, lovely noise-box, To protect me from the world That I must some day face. For ignorance is bliss. But is procrastination?" — A. Cannon, Hawthorn, Vic.

Type-writing

HAVING been a reader of LETTERS for a long time, I have sorted out the types of people who write in. The first group writes philosophical trash. The second spends its time trying to get back at parents and adults. The third is the pessimistic type who always looks on the dark side of things. Lastly, there is the group who writes interesting letters, making comparisons, etc. — T. Greacen, Glen Osmond, S.A.



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Luxurious softness....full length
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Choose from Regular,
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Louise
HERE'S YOUR



Hunter's
ANSWER

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

'You're
rather
vain'

"I AM 14 and have been taking girls out periodically for more than a year. But I only really like them before the date. After I have taken them out I do not like them very much. It isn't because I don't have a good personality, as my friends tell me I do have. Is there anything wrong with me?"

"Worried," S.A.

• Yes, you sound rather vain. But boys of 14 often are. When you are older and more experienced you will no doubt find your dream-girl.

He's a bachelor gay

"I LIKE a boy who lives near me. I am almost 15 and he is 17. I like him very much and he has said he feels the same about me. He tells boys he is going with me but tells other girls he is free. Is he using me?"

"Puzzled," N.S.W.

• He can hardly be accused of using you just because he refuses to wear a "booked" sign. Few teenage boys relish belonging to only one girl, no matter how much they like her. While he is obviously proud to call you "his girl" to friends, he wants the best of two worlds — you and freedom — but so should you at your age. To make a boy the centre of your existence so early in adult

life is a big mistake. Don't show him you are upset — or you may force him to choose the world he prefers. And it may not be you!

Growing up fast

"I AM 16, and about a year ago I was introduced to my girlfriend's brother, who is now 18. Early this year his girlfriend broke off their romance, and he was terribly hurt. Then, shortly afterwards, another girl he became devoted to broke with him, too. Lately I've seen more of him and have started to like him a lot. He has told me he is fond of me, but he said he is not sure of me. He thinks I am young in mind. What can I do to prove to him that I can act my age?"

"Unhappy," Vic.

• A boy who has been hurt twice will be "fragile" to handle. When he says he is not sure of you because you are "young in mind," he is indicating that he isn't ready for another steady girlfriend. The surest way to prove your maturity is to accept this, just be friendly, and hope for the best.

Odd girl out

"I HAVE a problem which is the cause of much unhappiness for me. You see, I dislike dancing. I do not know how to explain this to my mother, who is a good dancer and tries to force me to go to all the dances near home. I have told her I would rather stay home and study, but she insists on my going. Can you help me? I am 16."

"Student," N.S.W.

• Your problem is certainly a change from the usual cry, "Why won't my mother let me go dancing?" But surely to say your mother forces you to go to dances is rather an exaggeration. Obviously she cannot understand why you do not enjoy what to so many young people is almost an obsession. Be patient with her. In time I'm sure she will see reason — especially if you show her you're enjoying yourself in other ways.

MOTHER COMPLEX

"I AM almost 16. I often bring my boyfriends home and my mother and father encourage me to do so. But when I do, Mother always embarrasses me in some way, and acts coldly and unsocially toward them. Yet she won't let me go out with a boy unless she has met him. My boyfriends notice this coldness, and will not come over when my parents are home. All my friends have parents they are proud to introduce to people, but I cannot feel the same way. Can you suggest anything to overcome my problem?"

"Desperate," S.A.

• Has it occurred to you that your mother may be an extremely SHY person? While some parents are born hosts — your girlfriends' mothers probably are — others never feel at ease with strangers, so they take refuge behind an icy exterior. Why not take your father into your confidence? He'd know what the root of the trouble is, and may be able to make some helpful suggestions. If it IS shyness, don't expect miracles — it cannot be cured overnight! Just warn your boyfriends before they meet her. The ones who do not understand and sympathise can be struck off your romantic list!



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from THE HOUSE OF LUCAS

NO HIPPY NOTES AT SINGER'S WEDDING

WE heard recently from a young mod that pop star Jeffrey St. John was getting quietly married at the Wayside Chapel, in Sydney's Kings Cross.

Jeffrey (star of modern numbers such as "Big-Time Operator" and "The Jerk") has a tremendous following among the young people for his rhythm and blues singing.

Recently he left the 1d group to form another called Yama—which, he says, in Indian mythology means "first mortals."

When our "with-it" friend said Jeffrey was a long-long-haired man of 21, and his bride-to-be a short-short-haired English girl of 21 (who would be wearing daisies), we thought perhaps it might turn out to be quite a "hippy" wedding.

So, armed with a special vocabulary of phrases such as "beautiful happening," "beautiful people," and "turned-on" (borrowed from more swinging associates), I was sent to cover the wedding.

I expected to see "flower people." I didn't.

Alas, there were no barefooted young men and women strumming guitars.

In fact, once I got used to the fact that some of the 50 or so guests had long hair, wore sunglasses the whole time, and sported slightly off-beat clothes, I realised I didn't need the special vocabulary at all. They spoke my language.

The simple 15-minute ceremony in the Wayside Chapel was performed by the Rev. Ted Noffs, who wore a cream summer-weight suit, shirt, and red tie (which is rather unusual for a minister, isn't it?).

"We didn't have an engagement or anything," said Jeffrey, whose sunglasses and aluminium crutches (the result of a bad car accident) are his trademarks.

"I am not the type that could set a date a month ahead and then wait for it to creep up. I told Pam suddenly one day it would happen. I would say, 'Today's the day'."

About two weeks ago it happened.

"Pam said: 'Don't be silly.' But in the end she took the day off and we raced round the whole day trying to get married, but nobody would marry us at such short notice."

The bridegroom arrived 20 minutes early—excited and happy. The bride, Pam Bailey, of Blacktown, N.S.W., arrived (the traditional 20 minutes late) clutching on to the arm of her father, Mr. Malcolm Bailey.

She was trembling a little as she walked up the side street to the church.

"Cold?" I asked, thinking her cream crepe knickerbocker pants-dress-suit type of affair mightn't have been warm enough.

"No, just nervous," she replied, her posy of daisies shaking.

There wasn't time in Jeffrey's busy schedule for a honeymoon.

After the reception—given by his grandmother, Mrs. E. Samuels, at her suburban Redfern home—Jeffrey and his Yama group had a recording date that night.

For the time being Jeffrey and Pam will live with Jeffrey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Newton, of inner Sydney's Surry Hills, until they get a chance to look for a place.

Jeffrey's mother had a tear in her eye as she walked behind her only son and his bride to sign the marriage register.

"I cried," she said afterward, "but they are so much in love. I don't think I've ever seen two young people who suited each other so well. Pam's a lovely child. I am sure they'll be happy."

Yama consists of Virgil East (bass), Ross East (guitar), Peter Figures (drums), Allan English (sax), and Groove Myers (organ and piano).

Young Ross turned up at the Wayside Chapel late, wearing jeans and a red-and-white-striped sweater. Groove gallantly removed an outer jacket (it didn't matter, he still had a spare black leather jacket on underneath) and passed it to Ross to wear inside.

"Not that I would have been embarrassed to go in with a sweater," remarked Ross. "But I didn't want to offend the family or friends of the bride or groom."

Eyeing their long hair and sunglasses suspiciously, I asked desperately: "Isn't one of you a hippy?"

"No, not one," replied Groove, adding sympathetically: "Though perhaps you might write that I am a little psychedelic."



● Story, ANNE OLSEN — pictures, ERNIE NUTT



● Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey St. John (above) after their marriage recently at the Wayside Chapel, in Sydney's Kings Cross.

● Bridesmaid Cheryl Vandenaeker (left) with Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey St. John after the wedding. The five members of Jeffrey's Yama group are (from left) Ross East, Peter Figures, Allan English, Groove Myers, Virgil East.

For teenagers



JENNY NETTELFOLD and friend Ros Witts frantically searching for the car keys at Elsinore, Denmark. With Ann Pugh, the trio toured Europe and Scandinavia.

A bathtub was under the kitchen table-top

● My trip overseas began in the same way as that of most young Australians. I booked myself the cheapest possible passage to London and set off to gain my independence and see the world.

they're never too young!



Such cute little water babies! The envy of the sand pit set, in their cool cotton Bond's swim skins and covers. They take to the water in more ways than one... stay buoyant and bubble fresh, wash after wash! Always ready to show off... won't fade, or tire! In all the sun-happy styles that Bond's know babies (and mothers) love!

Style 45987. Beach Jacket, striped contrast binding with "fish" embroidery. French Blue, Pink, Royal, Red with White. Sizes AS1-AS3. \$1.79. • Style 95004. Swim Brief, elasticised waist and leg bands, "fish" embroidery. Royal, French Blue, Red with White. Sizes AS0, AS1. \$1.50. • Style 95914. Parka with raglan sleeves, contrast trim on hood and placket. Elasticised waist. Royal, French Blue, Pink, Red with White. Sizes AS1, AS2. \$2.99. • Style 95043. Pants with elasticised waist, elasticised insert at back of leg opening. White, Aqua, Blue, Lemon. Pink. Sizes AS0, AS1. \$0.99. • Style 95604. Bikini with picotette, frilled bra and skirt. Flower motifs. White/French Blue, White/Pink. Sizes AS0, AS1. \$2.25.

BOND'S

IN London I shared a series of flats and bedsitters and learnt how to cope with eccentric landladies, not to forget the shillings for the gas meter and how to use the laundrette.

The greatest bugbear in these bedsitters was the bathrooms, or lack of them. We Australians are not looked upon kindly by London landladies, as we have a reputation for being cleanliness fanatics, using all the hot water.

In one of our flats the bath was revealed by lifting the top off the kitchen table. One could sit in the bath and make coffee on the stove at the same time.

With the arrival of spring, wanderlust set in and I joined the throng who were "doing" the Continent.

My two flat-mates and I set off in what our latest landlady described as a "shooting brake" and toured Europe and Scandinavia, then went down to Moscow before dashing back to England to work for the Australian Trade Commission for nine months.

We were part of a 12-girl team which toured Britain and Ireland promoting Australian goods and taking part in publicity campaigns.

One of the funniest of these was a cricket match arranged between us and a Scottish ladies' team. The organisers had assumed that being Australians we would also be splendid cricketers, so the opposing team were expecting quite a battle.

Their cricket was most unorthodox

When the great day arrived our girls came from all over England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales and the organisers discovered to their horror that none of us even knew how to score, let alone play cricket.

Once on the field we managed quite well because our cricket was so unorthodox it completely demoralised the opposition.

When our season with Australia House was finished I took a series of odd jobs, which included being a salesgirl at Harrods, where my clientele included the Queen, the Beatles, and a millionaire who wore an enormous diamond tie-pin and handed me back his 15/- change, saying, "Just a small gratuity for you, my dear!"

By this time my feet were itchy and together with my old flat-mates I purchased a caravanette and set off for Israel and the Middle East.

Our cantankerous vehicle chugged on till we reached Turkey and then gave up the struggle, so we packed as many of our possessions as possible into plastic bags, bought in a bazaar, and caught a train to Istanbul.

From Turkey two of us con-

A TRAVELLER'S TALE By JENNY NETTLEFOLD

tinued to Israel, where we spent three wonderful months working on a kibbutz near Beersheba.

Our first job was picking citrus fruit. We balanced precariously on 15ft aluminium ladders reaching for "just one more orange" until we plunged off the ladder into the tree.

We were not quite so keen on some of the other tasks, like weeding acres of carrots and onions. Depending on the size of the weeds and the carrots, we either armed ourselves with a machete and did equal damage to weed and carrot-top alike, or we grovelled along in the mud and pulled up microscopic weeds with our fingernails.

Difficulty in sorting out weeds

The main problem was distinguishing the vegetable from the weeds. On one notable occasion I was accused by the Israeli overseer of "aggressing the onions."

Some of the other jobs that came our way were looking after chickens and children and working in the dining-room, where we can hardly have been much of an asset as we spoke no Hebrew. But the kibbutzniks were very forbearing.

Another diversion was provided by a mock attack on the kibbutz to test the defence precautions.

The children were rushed into the air-raid shelters and the adults each took up the position and duty they would have in a real emergency.

We were sad to leave Israel, but the wanderlust had set in again.

In order to enter the Arab countries we had to go to a neutral country first and get a new passport, so we went to Cyprus and then on to Lebanon, Syria, and Jordan, where we spent time in the Old City of Jerusalem.

It seems that all the interesting ruins in these countries are miles from anywhere and we spent weeks travelling thousands of miles on local buses to get to these out-of-the-way places.

In Syria some of the Bedouin tribesmen have taken to travelling by bus, and it was common to see a man leap from his seat and scan the desert horizon for signs of his black tents.

We felt it must be rather disconcerting to discover that your home had moved off during the day.

Bedouin household joined the bus

On one trip we picked up an entire Bedouin encampment, complete with tents, household effects, and dogs, and moved them to their new desert campsite.

We continued in this way across Iraq and Iran and into Afghanistan.

On this part of our journey our fellow passengers were Moslem pilgrims returning from Mecca. They chanted prayers constantly and loudly. Whenever the bus approached a terrible hazard like a flooded river ford, the chanting would reach a crescendo.

These pilgrims dressed in the strangest assortment of rags, and

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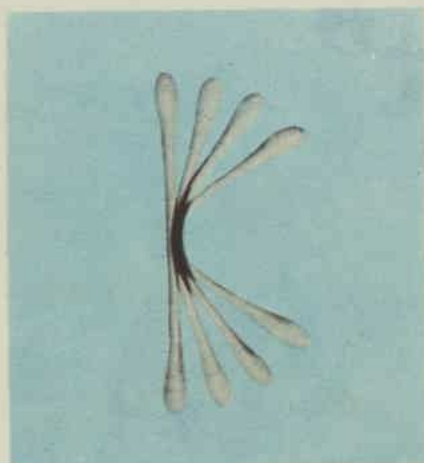
ROS WITTS and Ann Pugh standing near one of the mysterious Troglodyte dwellings in Goreme, in Turkey.



PILGRIMS bathing from the ghats on the banks of the Holy Ganges in India. White line on the red temple marks high flood level.



Johnsons Cotton Buds are flexible. (100's of uses.)



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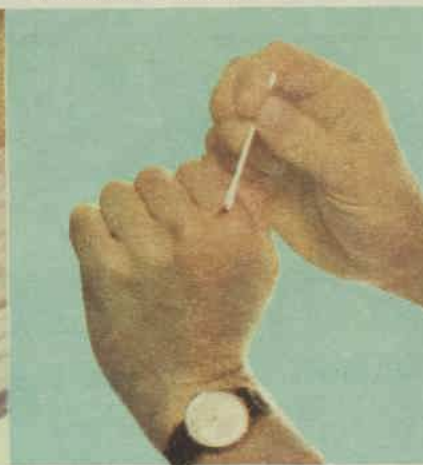
They're inexpensive* and convenient.



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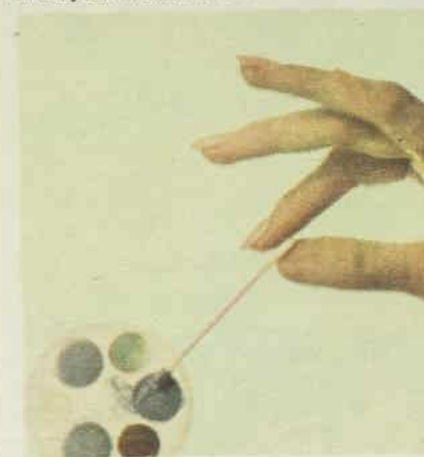
And they can clean a baby's ear.



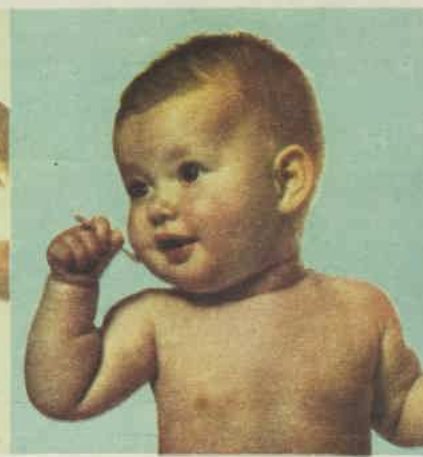
Or a cut.



Apply a lip gloss.



Brush on eye shadow.



They were invented for babies.



But grown-ups like them, too.
(Like most of Johnson's baby things.)

26c for 50. 47c for 100.

Johnson & Johnson



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

JENNY, left, outside her "house" on Kibbutz Bror, Hayil, in Israel, wearing working clothes supplied by the kibbutz.

unfortunately also carried an interesting collection of bugs which would crawl off them on to me at the first opportunity.

The men sported long lengths of cloth wound round their heads into a turban. When not on the owner's head it also served as a towel or a hankie.

The women are hidden inside a tent-like shroud which reaches the ground and has a tiny mesh peephole over the eyes.

It is quite impossible to hurry anything there and we soon

adopted the local policy of "Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow."

When we arrived at the border between Iran and Afghanistan at 4.30 in the afternoon, we were told that the official was praying and couldn't be disturbed. By the time he had finished it was dark, and as there is no electricity at the border post he told us he would not let us through till daylight.

We had no alternative, so we joined the pilgrims, who had resigned themselves to this fate some time before. We all spent the night fighting off the bugs and the cold as we tried to sleep jammed together on the concrete floor of the Customs shed.

By the time we reached Pakistan and India we had come to accept that it took three days and yards of paperwork to buy an ordinary train ticket, but we never REALLY got used to the trains.

They were so overcrowded that we were grateful for a bit of floor or luggage-rack to perch on. Seats were out of the question.

As the train approached the station, intending passengers ran alongside, hurling everything, from bundles of live chickens to iron-bound trunks, through the window on to the heads of passengers underneath. Then they would dive in through the window after it.

Having acquired a few inches of space, one didn't dare move off it for a second, no matter how long the trip, because the space would disappear in a second.

The buses were a little more comfortable, but, like everything in these countries, they are not built to accommodate Westerners, who average about a foot taller than the locals.

I always had great difficulty squeezing into the assortment of rickshaws and buggies, which were often the only means of transport. This was further complicated by my rucksack, which was large, lumpy, and aptly named "Hell's Teeth."

Saw Mt. Everest from hill station

To escape the 115 degrees heat of India we went north to Nepal. From the capital, Kathmandu, we climbed to one of the hill stations to see Mt. Everest.

Once out of the main cities in Nepal, the only alternative to walking is to sit in a basket of straw, clutching an umbrella for shade, and be carried on the back of a Sherpa (porter).

From Nepal we travelled south to India again.

Of all the Indian cities, I found Benares the most fascinating. The Hindu pilgrims flock there to pray on the ghats (steps) at the edge of the Holy Ganges and to bathe in its waters.

In the narrow streets one brushes shoulders with holy men, beggars, flower-sellers, and, of course, the sacred cattle that wander in and out of the temples at will.

Old people and widows go there hoping to die and be cremated at the river bank; some of the people smear themselves all over with ash to remind themselves that the earthly body will be reduced to ashes once again.

Our journey was nearly over, and after visiting a wildlife reserve right in the south of India we crossed to Ceylon and went to Colombo. There we discovered that our ship to Sydney had been diverted due to the Middle East war, so we flew instead. We reached home just two and a half years after leaving.

"Where can you find two appliances for the price of one?" (asks Mrs. Helen McDermott).



"no-frost"

"G.E. No Frost means no frost. In simple words: air is fan-forced out of the freezer and fresh food compartments. Moisture is removed and the air returns dry. No moisture. No frost. That's logical."

"Note the giant porcelain meat pan you can position anywhere. And the two big porcelain vegetable crispers — not plastic."

"Our G.E. No Frost can turn out all the ice-cubes we can use in 90 minutes. And that's 50% faster than any other brand on the market."

"The G.E. No Frost saves us eight hours of electricity. The special 8-hour power-save cycle cuts the compressor while the freezer section and food compartment never drop a degree. There's no sense scrimping on food bills if it costs a fortune to run your fridge."

"There's a full range of ten models in all with a size to fit anyone; including 15's, 13's, 12's, 11's and 9 cubic footers."

"It's important to check the features for yourself. As far as I'm concerned, the adjustable shelves are life-savers — they fit anything — slide out, move over, move down, flip up."

"And there's the egg bucket — holds 30 eggs. And the butter compartment."



"Exclusive 'handy-bin' holds bottles and cans of drink. Or a large wine-bottle length-ways. Slides in between big vegetable crispers."

"If you've ever wondered where Australian G.E. refrigerators come from, well — Australia. They're a combination of American styling, appearance and know-how and Australian labour and materials."

"When you're going to spend between four and six hundred dollars, it pays to know the answers," says Mrs. Helen McDermott.

G.E. 16" Adventurer II instant-picture portable:

- * Unique "Insta-View" feature; switch on and you get the picture — instantly!
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- * Really professional stereo reproduction.
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

HINTS FOR THE HOME

● Mothers of young children will find these hints especially helpful. Each of the hints, sent in by readers, wins \$2.

If you find that last year's swimsuit has now become too short for your daughter, cut it in half, hem both cut ends, and thread elastic through to make a two-piece costume. — Miss L. Norris, 28 Irene St., Picnic Pt., N.S.W. 2213.

Put greased and floured cake tins in the refrigerator to chill before baking cakes. The cooked cake will not stick when turned out of the tin. — Mrs. Grant, 31 Hogg St., Wynyard, Tas. 7325.

Use the cardboard cylinders from foil and waxed paper to store your tapers and candles to keep them clean and unbroken. To keep the colors separate and easy to identify, draw a band round the middle of the cylinder with a felt pen in the corresponding color. — Mrs. M. Sutcliffe, 35 Emert St., Wentworthville, N.S.W. 2145.

For mothers who despair of pyjama coats with buttons which invariably pull off, sometimes tearing material, too: Remove all buttons, overlap two front edges as though buttoned, and sew down both edges to make a neat, flat seam. Make neck opening large enough to pull over head. This is more convenient for children, and jacket is more comfortable and tidy. — Mrs. H. S. Ensor, c/o Post Office, Cowaramup, W.A. 6284.

If rubber rings from preserving jars are placed between valuable china plates they will prevent dishes being scratched as they are stacked. — Mrs. B. Pickering, c/o Post Office, Koumala NCL, Qld. 4702.

When decorating a child's room with pictures and wall hangings, remember that their eye-level is much nearer the floor than adults; so place pictures lower. The children will appreciate them more. — Mrs. R. Allan, c/o Box 48, P.O., East Brisbane, Qld. 4169.

To remove paper backing from stamps for your collection, place stamps overnight in deep-freeze section of refrigerator. Paper backing will then peel off quite easily, leaving stamps in good condition. — Mrs. J. McLennan, "Kilcoy," Armidale, N.S.W. 2350.

I make my worn-out towels into mittens, which I use for a variety of household chores — polishing, dusting, shoe cleaning and polishing, cleaning glass and silver. I also make up smaller mittens for the children to use as face washers, and I wear mittens when bathing baby — hands don't slip and I use a fresh pair when drying baby. They are simple to make and much more comfortable to wear in warm weather than rubber gloves. — Mrs. V. Roberts, 38 Princes Rd., Hyde Park, Townsville, Qld. 4810.

Here's a handy hint for summer: If you own a canvas swimming-pool, hook the baby's car seat on the side of the pool and baby can sit and splash his feet in complete safety. — Mrs. M. Burgess, 15a Park Cres., Bentleigh, Vic. 3204.

To keep paper bags, plastic bags, or sheets of plastic tidy in drawers, use bulldog clips to hold them in separate bundles. — P. Stokes, 2 Valentine St., Bulleen, Vic. 3105.

When travelling with a baby, place all nappies, changes of clothes, and feeders underneath the mattress of the bassinet. This saves carrying an extra bag and keeps all baby's things

together. — Mrs. J. C. Sawyer, 13 Partridge St., Glenelg, S.A. 5045.

When making fancy dresses for little girls to wear to dancing class or concerts, fasten sequins on to the net with clear nail varnish. The varnish holds the sequins firmly and saves many hours of sewing. — Mrs. P. Jackson, 35 Bellinger Rd., Elizabeth East, S.A. 5112.

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FROM A WORLD LEADER IN NUTRITION — Carnation



HIGH concrete brick wall shelters patio (left) beside Mr. Ray Price's home at Bungan Beach, N.S.W. Series of court musicians adorn wall, and on a solitary rock at right is a blue and brilliant king — close-ups of these ceramic characters are below. Below the king are treasures washed up by the sea.



HOUSE of the WEEK



DINING table (above) was made from an old door supported on pieces of wrought-iron railing, with spikes protruding through the door. The adjacent study has an oak worktable on black concrete blocks, and a fascinating "hotch-potch" of unusual collector's pieces.

FRAMEWORK of an old church window (right) houses pots and colored venetian glass, through which late sun shines. Tapestry on back of the chair repeats the medieval theme.

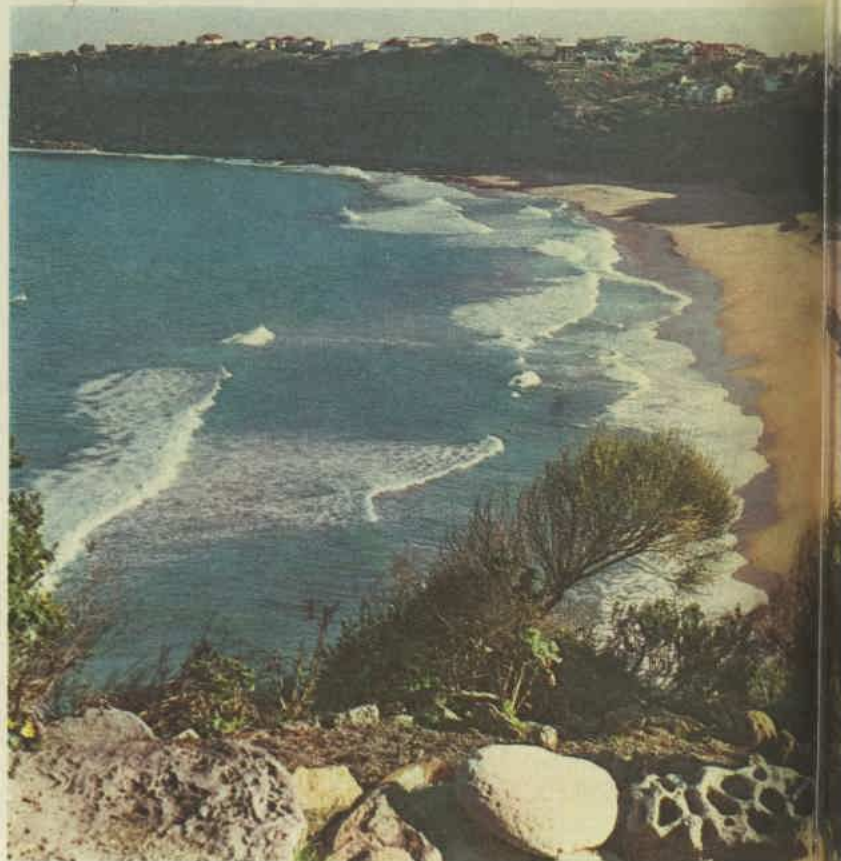


Old and new combined in a cliffside home

● Well-known jazz musician and bandleader Ray Price and his four dogs — dachshunds Troilus, Cressida, and Seal, and afghan Deanne — live in cliffside splendor overlooking Bungan Beach, N.S.W., in a house which is a glorious conglomeration of medieval, gothic, and modern ideas in design and decor. Story and plan are overleaf.

Photographs by Keith Barlow.

Story by Shan Hailey



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 18, 1967



HUGE gothic doors at the entrance (above) came from a demolished church. Red ochre and buff paving tiles, used both outside and inside the house, are deliciously cool in summer, as is the jungle garden.

SEASCAPES that take the breath away are just some of the advantages of clifftop dwelling. Below is the view of Bungan Beach seen from Mr. Price's cliff house.

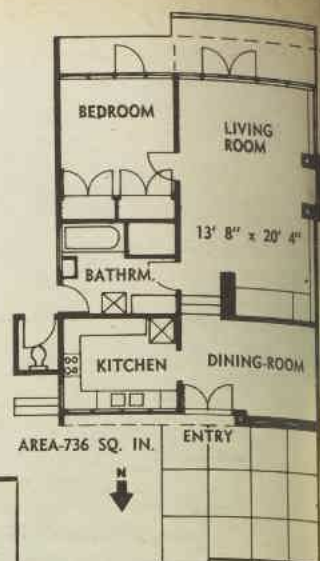
ENTRANCE is separated from house proper by portcullis (right) of four pieces of black wrought-iron set in a timber frame. Portcullis slides into recess in the wall.





HOUSE of the WEEK continued

WALLS in the guest bedroom (left) are in rough, second-hand bricks. Geranium pot was originally the core of an old pottery kiln. Paintings on the shelf are by Miss Amadio.



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Sydney. Phone 29-8627.

RAY PRICE'S house at Bungah Beach, N.S.W., was built as a War Service home in 1959, and Mr. Price has since added a studio, study, and second bedroom for guests.

These extensions were completed last year—the plan above shows the house before extensions were made.

The various concepts in architecture are successfully blended by the use of organic materials such as natural timber and rock. The house is surrounded, too, by rock walls and terraces, and these, in the manner of Japanese landscaping, have been "borrowed" from the environment; thousands of rocks, uncovered at low tide, were brought from the beach below.

The interior of the house was designed by artist Nadine Amadio—a much-talented woman who is photographer, writer, potter, and painter. Many of her ceramic paintings and hand-painted tiles are displayed in and around the house. Second-hand concrete face bricks were used on both exterior and interior of the house—and some walls are white-washed. Inside, where bricks are not exposed, the house is lined with rough timber—undressed Radiata pine.

All the floors (including outside terraces) are paved in red ochre and buff tiles.

Miss Amadio also designed a gothic entrance to the house around two magnificent church doors found in a building-demolisher's yard.

Inside the church doors is a tiny hall and a portcullis, constructed of four pieces of cast-iron set in a stained timber frame and painted black, which slides back into the wall.

From the portcullis one looks through the main living area, which is on two levels divided by a white-painted cast-iron railing (retrieved from a Paddington demolition), to the magnificent sea view that seems to sweep into the house.

At one window in the living area a display of highly colored Venetian glassware is arranged in the framework of a church window (again a bargain from a demolisher's yard), and in the late afternoon the dying sun's rays cast brilliant patterns across the tiled floor.

The unusual hanging lights in the living-room are of copper, based with stained yellow glass from discarded church windows and suspended on chains.

On the "second front" of the house, facing the sea, a ceramic design by Miss Amadio, in the style of a stained-glass window, is set into the white stucco wall and depicts (in honor of the dachshunds) Troilus and Cressida returning from Cornwall.



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VINYL FLOORING

MORTON FINNEY was a wanted man. At least that was how his sister-in-law, Dorothy, always described him.

Morton was a tall, reasonably good-looking bachelor — a successful architect with a new home designed by himself, and, according to Dorothy, that was quite enough to make any male a wanted man in this world. As Dorothy had explained to her unmarried sister, Libby, it was inevitable that the girls would chase Morton until the day he was caught.

Libby had met Morton only once, and that was at the time of Dorothy's wedding, three years ago. She had thought him rather nice then, but, living in another city, her present opinion of Morton as a gay playboy was based on Dorothy's highly colored descriptions of him.

On her last visit home, Dorothy had told Libby all about Morton's dream house. Morton, it seemed, had admitted it was strange building a house without a wife to go in it, but his theory was that the average man makes a mistake when he first finds a girl to marry, then starts looking for a home.

Libby had commenced to laugh at that statement.

"Oh! but he's very convincing," Dorothy had added. "He says that when a man has designed a house as he wants it, or bought a house that he likes, the girl he chooses to marry will fit perfectly into it."

"Preposterous," Libby had said, "and how does he propose to find this girl?"

"Well, after he's been out with a girl a few times, he invites her home to cook dinner for him. Mort usually plays golf on Saturday afternoons, so in the morning he gives the girl a key to his house. For the afternoon, the house is hers. One night, Mort says, he'll open the door and realise that he's found 'the girl.'"

"What a lot of hokey," announced Libby.

Three months later, on a visit to her sister, she had the opportunity to make that very same remark to Morton Finney's face. But she didn't.

Morton had just asked her to cook dinner for him the following Saturday night. "I'd cook it for you myself, Libby," he said, "but I can't cook. It'll give you a chance to see my home, and I'd like you to see it," he added with a disarming smile.

Libby could well see why Dorothy called him a "wanted man." I bet, she thought, the other girls are queuing for a chance to cook him a meal.

"Why, thank you, Morton. I'd like to."

"I knew you'd accept," said Dorothy later, "but don't get carried away with the idea. Morton has resisted surprisingly well."

Libby laughed. "I am going to teach Mr. Morton Finney, bachelor, a lesson, regardless of the fact that he is your brother-in-law. He and his theory of how to find a wife! You can't plan to find a wife. One dinner, and he expects that to be a sample of his future married life."

On the Saturday of the big day, Morton drove by early to leave the key.

"The house is yours — see you round about six."

Libby smiled to herself. Poor, dear, unsuspecting Mort.

"Will you need anything, Libby?" Dorothy asked her.

"Well, you could lend me Julie and Jamie for the evening."

"The twins!" Dorothy looked at her sister in amazement.

"Yes," Libby smiled, "the twins. Why don't you and Paul go out tonight. I'll feed the twins over at Morton's place. Please . . . I'm going to prove something to Mr. Morton Finney before I return home. He'll never ask another girl to cook his dinner again. He'll go out and find a wife the proper way."

It was six when Morton reached home. It surprised him to think of Libby there, waiting for him. Actually he had a strong feeling that she distinctly disapproved of him, and he'd been amazed when she'd agreed to come.

He opened his front door, and . . .

He clutched his shin in agony, and gazed at a small pullalong wagon parked directly in his way.

Just what was this toy doing in his entrance hall? he wondered, rubbing his shin.

"I'm home," he called.

The other girls had run to greet him quickly.

"Hey, I'm home," he yelled.

"Shush—" Morton looked in amazement. There was Libby with a baby on her hip, poised at the far door. "I've just got Jamie to sleep. Could you lower your voice, Mort?"

Mort lowered his voice. In fact, he practically lost it.

"What are they doing here?" he demanded.

"Oh! Julie and Jamie," Libby laughed. "Well, you see, Dorothy and Paul haven't been out together for ages, and I thought that seeing you and I were having a friendly dinner together, I'd bring the twins here, and they could have a night out. You don't mind, do you?"

Morton's reply was drowned by an ear-splitting scream.

"Jamie," announced Libby, thrusting Julie into his arms. "You look after her and I'll get Jamie. Perhaps we could feed them now, and then have our dinner."

Morton nodded dumbly and followed her obediently to the kitchen.

There was no peace until the twins were bedded down.

"Well, that's that," Libby said, and Morton saw her clearly for the first time that evening. Her frock was simple and she wore a serviceable apron. Usually the girls had dressed up.

Suddenly Libby sniffed the air apprehensively. "Our dinner!"

The pie, as it appeared from the oven, was a nice shade of black. Morton decided tactfully that this was not the time to inquire what had been in it.

"I'm sorry," Libby looked across at him apologetically. "Let's see your tinned food supply."

They decided to eat in the kitchen. Morton thought of the other evenings — the candlelight dinners—the soft romantic music — dancing in the dark, after.

"I suppose we'd better do the

dishes." It was Libby's voice as she thrust a teatowel into his hands. He wiped dishes and thought of his great theory. First build your house, then find the girl to go in it. Somehow, he hadn't been able to do that. Frankly, he really had no desire to eat by candlelight every night of his married life. He'd just wanted someone to be part of his house and his heart.

He dropped the plate. For a second he thought that Libby was going to admonish him, but she only laughed.

"I was going to tell you to

be more careful," she began. "Then I remembered this is your house—that was your plate. Never mind, dustpan to your left, and hey! what am I saying, this is your kitchen, too."

She belonged. He knew it.

"You did all this tonight deliberately, didn't you?" he asked.

Libby nodded.

"Maybe because I cared, I thought I'd teach you not to invite strange girls here to cook your dinners. That's not the way to find a wife—a man can't expect a crazy idea like that to work."

"No more girls," said Morton, "you've convinced me that married life is more than romantic dinners, soft music—."

There was the sudden combined wailing of two "angelic" twins. Five minutes later with Julie pacified in his arms, and Jamie in Libby's, something clicked in Morton's brain.

"Hey, Libby," he said, "don't you realise something. My crazy idea did work." And they both began to laugh. Softly, that is, so as not to wake the babies.

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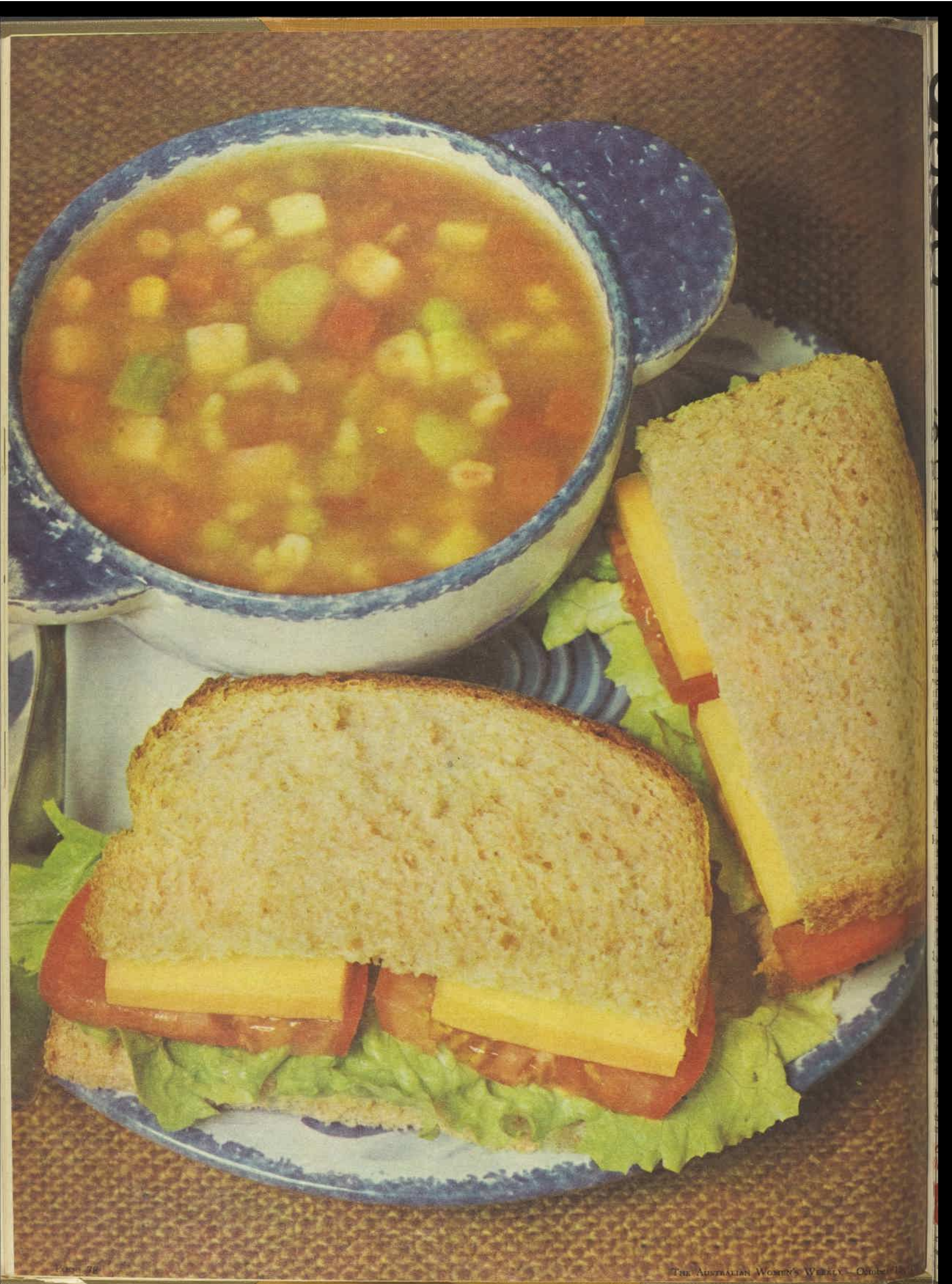
some kids have all the fun!

Especially the kids that are decked out in Bond's! Bond's new thirsty terry cottons, are set for lots of sun and games! Stay true to their colours in cool white and blue . . . stay bright . . . look right without any fuss. Whether young seafarers or cute cover girls . . . if their mothers are clever they'll deck them in Bond's!

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A good, old fashioned way of packing action into kids: a healthy helping of the home-style goodness of CAMPBELL'S Vegetable Soup and wholemeal sandwiches packed with honest-to-goodness KRAFT Cheddar Cheese.

CAMPBELL'S Vegetable Soup is just like home-made. Fifteen garden-grown vegetables simmered in a hearty beef stock to put kids into gear for all kinds of action.

And every bite of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese has the fresh taste kids really go for. They thrive on it too! After all, it takes 8 pints of creamy milk to make every pound of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese.

More Summer Lunch Ideas

- 1 CAMPBELL'S Chicken Vegetable Soup and a buttered bread roll filled with lettuce, sliced tomato, onion and KRAFT Cheddar Cheese.
- 2 CAMPBELL'S Cream of Tomato Soup and a variety of your favourite toasted sandwiches. Place slices of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese on top and grill until cheese begins to melt.
- 3 CAMPBELL'S Old Fashioned Stockpot Soup and cracker biscuits spread with butter and covered with ham, pineapple and slices of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese.
- 4 CAMPBELL'S Vegetable Soup and slices of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese placed between slices of bread. Butter outside of sandwich and fry on both sides in a heated frying pan.

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Entries in Amoco Contest

HUNDREDS of entries have already been sent to us for the Amoco-Davis Cup Contest which we announced only two weeks ago.

Already our judges have begun the mammoth task of sorting the letters according to merit.

All you have to do to enter this novel competition is write us a letter of not more than 400 words, telling us simply the story of a woman driver you know or have come across.

Perhaps your letter will be about a woman who earns her living driving a taxi, a truck, or a delivery van.

A popular theme may be about a young mother who is the family chauffeur, taking husband and school-age children on outings.

The contest is open to all our readers and we are hoping that many men will enter the contest.

Here's their chance to put on paper all those funny or dramatic experiences they may have had with a woman driver at some time during their driving careers.

Wonderful prizes

The Grand Champion Prize winner will be given first-class air return tickets for two to Brisbane during the Davis Cup Challenge Round matches, as well as first-class hotel accommodation in Brisbane and \$100 spending money.

He or she will be personally presented with the main prize — a brand-new Ford Cortina car — at a special ceremony during the Challenge Round matches between December 26, 27, and 28.

The best entry from each State will also win a wonderful prize.

Each State winner will receive an expenses-paid holiday for two in Brisbane for the Davis Cup Challenge Round, as well as \$100 spending money.

The runner-up and third-prize winners in each State will each receive \$100 and \$50 respectively.

If the first prize Queensland State winner comes from Brisbane, he or she may take a trip to any other capital city instead.

If the grand champion also comes from Brisbane, similarly he or she may take the all-expenses-paid three-day trip to any other capital at another time.

If you haven't already done so, start sending in your entries now.

We will give weekly progress prizes of \$20 or a pair of Davis Cup Challenge Round match tickets to the best entry of the week.

The closing date for entries is November 6.

Prizewinners will be announced in the issue dated December 13.

This contest is open to all except employees of Amoco or The Australian Women's Weekly, or their associated publications and advertising agencies.

Don't forget to mark each entry clearly with your name and address and postcode.

Address each entry separately to "Amoco-Davis Cup" Contest, c/o Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001.

Contest details, see page 38

Page 79



APPLE CAKE SQUARES win this week's prize.

Apple-flavored cake wins \$10 prize

• Lovely lemon-flavored Apple Cake Squares win \$10 in our weekly recipe contest. Consolation prizes are awarded for a crisp biscuit and delightfully savory veal rolls.

IN the following recipes, level spoon measures and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

APPLE CAKE SQUARES

4oz. butter or substitute
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar
 2 eggs

1 cup plain flour
 1 cup cornflour
 1 teaspoon baking powder
 pinch salt

FILLING

3 apples
 grated rind 1 lemon
 2 tablespoons sugar

ICING

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. icing sugar
 juice 1 lemon
 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute

Cream butter or substitute and castor sugar until light and fluffy; add well-beaten eggs gradually. Lightly fold in sifted flour, cornflour, salt, and baking powder. Spread half the mixture into greased 11in. x 7in. x 1in. slab tin. Cover with apple filling, spread over remaining cake mixture with knife dipped in hot water. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. When cool, cover with icing. Serve cut into squares.

Filling: Peel and grate apples, mix in lemon rind and sugar.

Icing: Sift icing sugar and cinnamon together into small saucepan. Add butter and lemon juice, beat until smooth. Just before spreading, heat icing over low heat until of pouring consistency.

First prize of \$10 to Miss D. Courtney, 9 Smith Ave., Harlestone Park, N.S.W. 2193.

COCONUT HONEY SLICE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 1 cup coconut
 4oz. butter or substitute
 1 cup rolled oats
 1 cup cornflakes (crushed)
 1 dessertspoon honey

Melt butter and honey, add to combined dry ingredients. Press into greased 8in. x 11in. shallow tin. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Cut into squares while still warm.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. D. Nicholls, 41 Kangaloon St., Jindalee, Qld. 4075.

VEAL ROLLS

3oz. butter or substitute
 1 cup finely chopped onion
 2½ cups soft breadcrumbs
 1 cup coarsely chopped parsnip
 salt, pepper
 1½lb. veal scallops
 2 tablespoons flour
 ½ cup apple juice or cider

Cut veal into serving pieces, flatten out until very thin.

Melt butter, add onions, and sauté. Add bread, apple, salt and pepper, cook 4 minutes. Remove and place 1 heaped tablespoon stuffing on each veal slice. Roll up, secure with small wooden stick; roll in flour. Heat remaining butter and brown rolls well on both sides. Add apple juice or cider, simmer, covered, 30 to 35 minutes or until tender.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. P. A. Coman, 10 Jamison St., Laverton, Vic. 3028.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 18, 1967

Readers are invited to submit entries in our recipe contest, in which cash prizes are awarded weekly.

Address entries to: Prize Recipes, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

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Oronine Antiseptic Cream quickly heals other little mishaps, too—it cleans cuts and allows them to heal rapidly, it soothes burns and

grazes back to healthy skin, it takes the pain out of bites and stings leaving them germ-free, and it clears oily skin, preventing teenage pimples and acne.

When baby cries, when toddlers hurt themselves, they always cry for mother . . . they know that mother's gentle care will heal them. Mother, let Oronine Antiseptic Cream help you to comfort them—your children really do deserve it!

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cleans your floors, then dries to a hard,
bright shine in just five minutes. Five
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FROM **Johnson**

Marcy settled into a chair
oblivious of all around her



THE TREASURE

I AM a housewife and I just looked up the word in the dictionary. "The mistress of a family; the female head of a household." Now, a definition like that is technically all right, but it doesn't really tell you anything. And just to give you an idea there's a second definition of housewives. It reads like this: "Housewife. A hussy." In my case that isn't even technically all right.

The reason for these observations is that my driver's licence expired. The Bureau of Motor Vehicles sent me a renewal form, and one of the questions I had to fill in on the form was: Occupation? Naturally, I just automatically started to write "Housewife," but something stopped me. I don't know what it was, but I thought there's got to be a better word than that to describe what I do. Which led me to the dictionary, which led me to rebellion.

The Bureau of Motor Vehicles left me three-quarters of an inch to write in: "Wife, mother, cook, lover, electrician, chauffeur, accountant, house painter, first-base coach, guidance counsellor, gardener, seamstress, bicycle repairman," so I didn't write in anything.

Just as I was mulling over the answer, my alarmingly attractive husband, Tim, came home. Oh, I don't know if he's really alarmingly attractive or not, but he is to me, so it comes out the same. Tim was so full of excitement he picked me up off the floor.

"Marcy," he said, "two more! Two, just today! Baby, that's six in a month!"

He was talking about houses. Tim is a construction contractor — not an architect, nothing fancy — he builds houses and sells them, with luck.

And it was wonderful news. It was a joy to see Tim's face, all happy and proud, and a joy to know the kids' teeth would be straightened and the sagging sofa over in the dark corner of the living-room would be replaced.

"Oh, darling," I said, and we hugged each other and danced around and everything. And then Tim had to ruin it all.

"That Adella!" he said ecstatically. "I don't know how I'd get along without her. She really pulled off the whole thing! She got this Rosemeyer and Brady off into a corner and really sold them on how she was going to decorate the houses. She actually had them hypnotised!"

I listened, but let me tell you about Adella. She is Tim's assistant, and she is perfect. Just ask Tim.

Now Adella is a very good-looking woman. No, she really is — if you like

the type. She's five feet six, and her figure is — well, pretty acceptable, I suppose. And she wears these tight-fitting silk dressmaker's suits that never have a single wrinkle in them. Her shoes never have a scratch or a spot on them, not even the slightest one. Her hair is very blonde and fashionably cut so that it sort of falls across one eye, but never all the way across, the way the kids' hair does the minute after it's combed.

But all that is just detail. The main thing about Adella is her personality. When she's at work in Tim's office — and I've seen her at work in Tim's office — she really shines. Her job is to decorate the houses that Tim builds, and she does it well, I admit. She went to all sorts of art schools and everything, and she can come into that office straight, trim, all business—but sort of sexy at the same time — and start talking about a Botticelli, blue dinette, or a Pre-Raphaelite-feeling den so that I want to go right home and do our house all over.

My real point is: Adella does her job absolutely perfectly. She is a total authority on her subject. It is — so far, anyway — her whole life, and that's why I envy her. I envy her with all my heart. I do. I should come right out and admit it. And it's true. When the Bureau of Motor Vehicles asks Adella her occupation, she can fit the answer into three-quarters of an inch. "Decorator," she can write, and she's telling the whole truth. She doesn't need an extra page to explain that she doesn't really do anything very specific, actually, or very well, either.

To get back to the minute Tim came home. "These guys, Rosemeyer and Brady, are real-estate operators," Tim went on. "They're not buying my houses to live in, they're buying them to sell to other people. Don't you see, it opens up a whole new field!"

"How?" I said.

"They don't pay the kind of money you can expect from an individual buyer, but they want to buy a lot of houses. That's what counts." Tim's nice eyes were glowing with the thought.

"It sounds just wonderful, Tim," I said.

"Now, tomorrow night is going to be our moment of truth, darling," Tim said.

"It is?"

"Listen. We're catching Rosemeyer and Brady at just the right psychological moment. They're very hot on my houses right now. I've invited them to dinner tomorrow night."

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By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 18, 1967

"Fine. That's a good idea."

"It's supposed to be a social occasion. But they know and I know that it'll be about as social as a stockholders' meeting. It might end in the partnership of the century. All of us millionaires!" He picked me up off the floor again. It's nice to have a big husband. "I've asked Adella, too, of course."

"Of course," I said, returning to the floor.

"She really knocks them out."

I nodded.

Tim asked, "Shall we have a cocktail to celebrate what hasn't quite happened yet?"

"You're talking to the best bartender in town," I said.

So dinner was my job, and don't knock it. If I can find a way to help Tim and his houses, I'm going to find it. I rejoice in it. I was going to serve the best dinner ever seen to this Rosegrady and Meyer, or whatever their names were. The very best. Of course, there would be Adella, too. I'd never had Adella to dinner before. But I didn't think about that. Adella was part of Tim's package, and that was what I would be playing a very small part in trying to sell.

The next day followed my luck. It rained, two kids (not one but both boys) got each other's colds on the day they were due for flu shots at the doctor's, the car refused to start and had to be hauled down to the service station. Even after the car was fixed, the kids put to bed, the house more or less cleaned, and the plumber and I had spent forty-five minutes of merciless bargaining in the cellar over the washing machine, I still hadn't had time to give a thought to the all-important dinner. What did real-estate operators like to eat?

I went to the market and bought a roast. Anybody who doesn't like a roast is un-American. With it would go fresh peas, roast potatoes, gravy, salad, ice-cream, coffee. It sounded to me depressingly like the blue-plate special down at The Poll Parrot, a country restaurant near us where nobody should ever go.

But before I had time to revise this particular menu with a snatch of imagination, a funny thing happened. In the market I ran into Little Tim's art teacher at school. (We used to call him Tiny Tim, but the weight of sheer reason got us over that.) Her name was Miss Thatcher, a no-nonsense type lady who understands art for nine-year-olds, even if you don't. We met over the peas.

"Nice to see you," she said briskly. "How's the costume coming?"

"Costume?"

"For the pageant."

"Pageant?"

Miss Thatcher stared at me. "The Pageant of the Crusades?" she said, much as the late Cecil B. De Mille might have said *The Ten Commandments*.

"Oh, that pageant," I said, nervously shucking the store's peas into my shopping bag. I had never heard of it before. "Coming along so-so. Just which part... Timmy wasn't too explicit."

"Timmy is playing Sir Galahad!" said Miss Thatcher. "Crusader par excellence — one might call him the ultimate crusader."

"Absolutely."

"I thought the role might give Timmy a certain confidence he sometimes seems to lack, a sense of nobility..."

"Very thoughtful of you, Miss Thatcher. Timmy was a little uncertain about the exact date of the pageant. I mean, is it next month some time?"

"Next month!" Miss Thatcher's stare grew even

THE TREASURE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

wider. "My dear, it's to be performed on Tuesday, seven o'clock on the basketball court!"

"Tuesday! But this is Saturday!"

Miss Thatcher nodded proudly, smiling and nodding. "Oh, over at Bedford Elementary," she said, "there are no flies on us. See you then. And may you have a proud Galahad!"

Well, you know. First you want to kill your kid for not telling you; then you want to kill yourself because you've only got two days to make a costume that will make your kid look like Sir Galahad, because you do want him to look like Sir Galahad, or at least think he does, which is the same.

So off to the library with my roast and my anxiety, where I finally found a picture of Sir Galahad in a book about *The Round Table*. Galahad, it told me, was named "the chaste," and he had "achieved the quest of the Holy Grail." Regular typecasting for Timmy, you might say. To my somewhat specialised eye, Sir Galahad in the illustration seemed to be wearing a bedsheet cut off at the knees, gathered at the waist with an army surplus belt.

UNDERNEATH the sheet he had on a suit of long winter underwear, dyed red, and on his feet were a pair of bedroom slippers with toes that turned up. In his hand Galahad held a great, threatening wooden sword, manufactured and gilded by his mother.

I hurried home, checked on the kids, and put the roast in the oven. Then I put up my hair, and while it was drying I worked on Sir Galahad's underwear and shoes. After that, I went out to the garden in galoshes and my lovely hair rollers and cut some of the rather tatty roses; it only cost poor Tim fifty million dollars in fertiliser and insecticides to grow, to make a centrepiece for the dinner table...

Tim got home around six, full of energy, full of enthusiasm, and looking fresh as a daisy, which was unfair of him because that's how I was supposed to look. Instead, my hair was still up in rollers, I was wearing an old housecoat with an apron holding it together in the front, and I knew my face was flushed as I basted the roast. The two children, who were supposed to stay in bed, kept running into the kitchen and I had been chasing them back to their rooms while trying to fix their dinner, as distinct from our dinner. Tim kissed me, which was nice.

"Everything going all

right?" Tim said, rubbing his hands together.

"Just fine. The kids can't have their flu shots until they get over their colds. They're in bed."

"Nothing to worry about?"

"No, no, no... You've got other things to worry about tonight."

"But you want to know something?" said Tim, pacing up and down the kitchen with this very springy step. "I'm not worried about tonight. I suppose I should be, but I'm not. I somehow just know it's going to go well."

"Oh, really? Why, darling?" I said. "Do things look all right? I mean, the house, the table—I cut some roses."

Tim, still pacing, waved his hand vaguely—a gesture that seemed to encompass the whole of our lives. "Oh, that's all just fine!" he said. "No, I meant I have this feeling that Rosemeyer and Brady are going to go for this partnership idea. I can sort of feel it in my bones. I don't know why. Yes, I do, I guess. It's Adella."

"Oh."

"That girl is not to be believed!"

"Oh, I believe her."

"She's been working on her own on a prospectus to show these two tonight—"

"A what?"

"A prospectus," Tim said. "A sort of preview of what we could do together. She's drawn house plans, budgets, financing plans... All this in her own time, mind you. I didn't even know about it until today. I mean, where do you find somebody like that?"

"I don't know," I said, rather wistfully, watching my oven. And it was true, I didn't. I had been desperate, but relatively plucky, about Adella, the master interior decorator. But now I was confronted with Adella, the architect, the budget director, the financier... In that instant, watching my beloved Tim's ecstatic face, I gave up.

No, I suppose, we never really give up, not altogether. But I accepted the fact that I was, and would forever be, outclassed. I couldn't do any of the things Adella could do, so why imagine I could? I could do other things, trifling things, totally disparate things, but — in the end — sort of unnoticeable things, expected things.

I looked back at my roast. It seemed to be browning well, a good roast, but any fool can cook a roast. It made me so very sad, the roast did. Watching it, my eyes misted over. But I had to go away from that kitchen. I really ran away from it, to tell you the truth. I just

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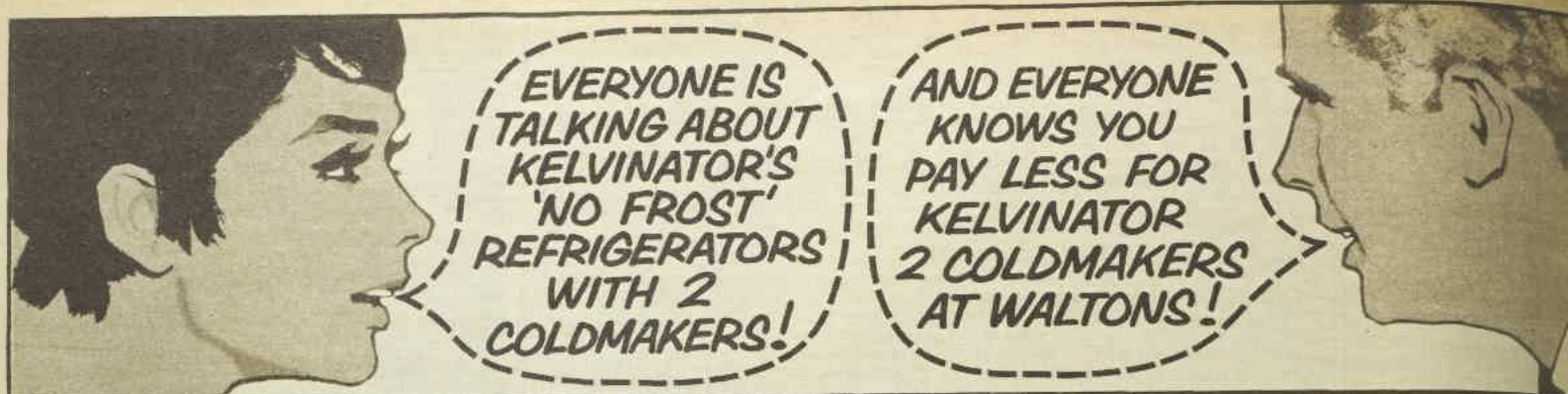
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 18, 1967

THE TREASURE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

ran out, upstairs to our bedroom, and I lay on the bed for a while, feeling mostly just bone-tired, crying a little, but not really much.

Real sobbing — the kind that makes your chest hurt — doesn't finally get you anywhere, it only makes you lose your breath and have to blow your nose a lot, so I kept myself from doing that.

Finally I got up and pulled myself together. I sat down in front of the mirror and combed out my hair and put on my make-up, and then I dressed. I finally didn't look like much, as a matter of fact, but it was the best I could do.

I was in the kitchen, poking the potatoes with a fork and putting the peas on to boil, when the doorbell rang. Tim answered the door, but I whipped off that old apron and joined him, still flushed in the face but at least pulled together.

ADELLA, Rosemeyer, and Brady had come together. Before this I had tried to imagine what the gentlemen looked like. Since they were always mentioned in tandem, I had unconsciously thought of them as Mutt and Jeff — Brady as the tall one, Rosemeyer as the little one. And I was right, only in reverse: Rosemeyer was Mutt, Brady was Jeff, and they wore dark suits and dark ties, and were very polite, not to say gallant. I didn't know real-estate operators were like that.

"Very kind of you to have us," said Mr. Rosemeyer, bowing formally.

"A great pleasure," said Mr. Brady, smiling and bowing even lower.

"I'm so glad you could come," I said. "Tim's told me so much about you. Let me take your coats."

Of course, Adella was there, too, and she looked like a dream. She wore a dress — as distinct from those silk dressmaker's suits I told you about — but it wasn't quite a dinner dress, not that formal, so she could still talk business. On the other hand, she had piled her blonde hair on top of her head in a sort of fake careless way, to show that she was really only a disinterested dinner guest who couldn't care less about business. She thinks, that Adella. Things don't just happen to her at the last minute, the way they do to me.

"Marcy, how lovely you look!" Adella cried. I didn't really believe her, but, as in everything else, Adella's a good liar. When she told me I looked lovely, I nearly believed her, not quite, but I was grateful. Sure, it's quite possible to be grateful to somebody you envy with all your heart. Of course, it makes you envy them more.

Well, we all went into the living-room and had a cocktail, and then I served my blue-plate special. Mr. Rosemeyer and Mr. Brady couldn't have been nicer about it. Mr. Brady said he could absolutely live on a diet of my roast potatoes and gravy, and Mr.

Rosemeyer more cautiously praised the wine that came out of a bottle that I had nothing to do with.

Adella picked out the peas. "Aren't fresh peas wonderful?" she asked us all, enthusiastically. "These are just perfect, Marcy. Did you ever try boiling little onions along with them? Just for fun?"

"Onions?"

"Little tiny pearl onions. It does something — oh, I don't know — to the flavor that I think you'd like."

"You must try that some time, darling," said Tim, looking at his peas critically, or so it seemed to me.

But you know an interesting thing about that dinner and the conversation that went with it? Nobody at the table, except me, was really paying the slightest attention to either. Not really. They were eating because it was time to eat. They were talking because it was only civilized to talk. But on the faces of all four — Tim included — was an expression of total preoccupation with something else.

For a few minutes in there I'd actually thought people were considering my roast potatoes and gravy and my peas. But it was all illusion. Business, that's what they were all thinking about. And that was all right, I suppose. I mean, that's what they were really here for in the first place. I was only there to provide the scenery. I thought I'd accepted that, but somehow I hadn't.

Looking at those four intensely preoccupied faces, sharing a common goal, all vitally interested in a single problem that didn't include me, my courage just suddenly went away. It's hard to explain, but it had to do with Adella.

Because she was a part of it all, exactly as much a part of it as the men. And they realised it, too. They didn't talk to her about peas.

After coffee, Tim said, "Adella has worked out a little prospectus that I think might interest you two gentlemen. You brought it along, didn't you, Adella?"

"Yes, I left it in the hall," Adella said, looking modestly at her absolutely perfect manicure. "Of course, it's only a string of disconnected ideas, nothing at all final. But I'd love to have you look at it, if you'd like to."

"Certainly would," said Rosemeyer, looking at Brady, "wouldn't you, Fred?"

"Perfect," said Brady. "Then let's all go into the living-room," Tim said, getting up from the table.

Their faces all had changed. Relief was on each face. They had all finally got down to what life was all about, down to where they really lived — Adella leading the way. The four of them went into the living-room. I went into the kitchen. Occupation: housewife.

I didn't cry any more. After all, what was there to cry about? I was only doing my job, the job that I'd always

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wanted. But just then for some reason it didn't seem to be a job, not a real job like Adella's that was important, but just a disconnected series of menial occupations that could have been done by anybody.

Mysteriously, I felt an overwhelming sense of loss. A loss of what? Of innocence? Of purpose? I could only think of one thing. When I was a little girl of eight or nine, my father once gave me a dime for an ice-cream cone. I wanted it very much because it was a hot summer day and the anticipation made me very happy. Then, on the way to the ice-cream store, I dropped the dime, lost it in the grass.

For a desperate half hour I hunted for it, going over the lawn almost blade by blade of grass—and by some sort of miracle I actually found it in a small patch of clover. I bought my ice-cream cone and took it outside the store and sat on the kerb to eat it, to make it last. Then something—I don't know what it was—made me start and look up quickly. And the ice-cream fell out of the cone and dropped into the gutter.

It was gone, irretrievably lost in the dust. It wouldn't have seemed so sad if I had never had it, never found the lost dime, but I had had a miracle going for me and seen it disappear. That was how I felt, doing the dishes in the kitchen—I had once had it, but, somewhere along the way I'd lost it.

Well, I did the dishes, but I did more than that. I did crazy, unnecessary things, like polishing silver that was already polished, and mopping the floor that didn't need mopping. The fact was simply that I didn't want to go into my own living-room and be a stranger. I even took a yardstick out of the kitchen broom closet and whittled one end of it to a sharp point with the carving knife, as a start on Timmy's pageant sword. O, mighty Excalibur! The sword was too much, and I finally went into the living-room after all.

The four of them were huddled around the coffee table, bent over Adella's prospectus, their concentration absolute. Not quite absolute. Gentlemen all, the men got to their feet, aware that a woman had entered the room, but only that. Their real attention remained riveted on the coffee table.

"No, please don't get up," I said, rather foolishly, since they were up. "Go on with your work. There's an article in here I've been dying to read," I added, picking up a magazine which I had never laid eyes on before.

Their duty done, they returned to the coffee table. I sat over beside the fireplace, and thumbed through the magazine until I got on to an article entitled: *Every Day A Carnival? Only You Can Make It One*. So I read that. Or pretended to.

Actually, all I did was sit there staring blindly at the pages, feeling numb and totally useless. Every once in a while I'd peek over the top of the magazine and watch Adella for a minute. She was talking earnestly but quietly, pointing out things

THE TREASURE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

on a drawing while the others listened. Then Tim would point out something on another drawing, and Mr. Rosemeyer and Mr. Brady would nod their heads, and Tim and Adella would exchange a swift, proud little smile.

Then do you know what I did? This is going to sound crazy, I know, but I went to sleep. I just couldn't seem to help it. I felt it coming on and I fought it. But, in the end, I simply fell asleep, right in my chair. And I dreamed vague dreams about standing by myself in the middle of a completely endless desert that had no horizon, just an expanse of colorless sand that went on for ever. Not bad dreams, not nightmares. Just dreams of being absolutely and completely alone, so that I wanted to cry for myself.

I WOKE up when I felt Tim's hand on my arm. "They've all gone," I heard him say through my fog of sleep.

"Gone?"

"They told me to say good-night for them."

"Oh, no!" I woke up. "It's all right, Marcy. They saw you were tired. It's all right. Why don't you turn in?"

"Turn in!" I was fully awake, and desperately, agonisingly ashamed. "Oh, Tim, I'm so sorry!"

"Nothing to be sorry about," Tim said. "We were pretty much of a bore for you, I guess. Only natural."

"It's not natural at all!" I said miserably. "It's just that I don't know as much about everything as Mr. Rosemeyer and Mr. Brady and Adella do. I don't know how to help you..."

"Go on up to bed, darling," Tim said. "I just want to make a few notes. I'll be up in a minute."

Apologising is finally an empty occupation. It doesn't really change the offence. So I said, "How did it go, Tim?"

My husband's face got all starchy in a sort of concealed way. "It looks pretty good," he said. Then he shook his head. "Oh, who am I kidding? It looks very, very good."

"I'm so glad, Tim. Was it Adella who—?"

"Adella did a fine job. You're terribly tired, Marcy. Go on to bed and I'll tell you all about it in the morning."

"But I've got to do a few other things—There's a form from the Bureau of Motor Vehicles..." I was getting sleepy again. Sleep, as the knowledgeable are only too happy to tell you, is a form of escape from reality. I was about as sleepy as you can get.

"Forget the Bureau of Motor Vehicles," Tim said, pointing me toward the stairs. "What you need is sleep."

I went to bed and I slept the sleep of the dead and when I woke up in the morning I was twice as tired as when I'd gone to bed. I hurried

ried downstairs to make Tim's breakfast, brushing cobwebs away, my mind already vaguely churning with the inanities of my day ahead—of flu shots and Sir Galahad. Tim was already in the kitchen, looking marvellous and rested and eager for his day. There was boiling water on the stove.

Tim kissed me on the cheek, which he always does, but which today I felt he did because he always does. I had this terrible feeling of not belonging to life, to real life, to Tim's life—not even to my own life. The ice-cream had fallen out of my cone like the other time, only this time there was no ice-cream left in the world. The world had stopped making ice-cream, which nobody likes to think of. But I did. All the same, I put some bread in the toaster. At least I could do that.

"Oh, Marcy," Tim said, "I had a minute, so I filled out your driver's licence application for you. I hope I got the facts all straight. It's there on the table."

"You shouldn't have bothered," I said. "You have more important things to think about."

While I waited for the toast, I picked up the Motor Vehicles paper and read what Tim had written. I was back with real life again, no question about it. Name, address, age, occupation... Occupation? I blinked a couple of times, then I read it again. Tim had filled out all the other questions with a pen, but after "Occupation," in pencil, he had written the word "Magician."

I stared at the word, a kind of crazy lightness starting to stir in my stomach. I was very much awake. "Darling," I said cautiously, "where it says 'Occupation' here, you wrote—"

"Magician. Right."

"But—"

"Marcy, my lovely wife," Tim interrupted, "what is a magician?"

"Somebody who does tricks?"

"They only look like tricks, Marcy, a magician is a person who does the impossible every day and makes it look easy. That's what you do," Tim started to break some eggs into a bowl. "Of course, if you want to," he added, very casually, "you could erase 'magician' and write in 'housewife'—in ink."

A magician? Me? It took me a little while to adjust the picture. I'm kind of slow about things like that. But then very gradually I saw what Tim meant—and what he'd seen all along! A hundred small tricks are at least as important as one big one. And they keep the show on the road. A magician!

I'm an emotional type, as you'll have noticed, but I didn't cry this time. No, instead I kissed Tim on the back of his neck and with a high heart I snatched the wire whisk out of his startled hand.

"I'll scramble those eggs!" I said, with love. "I'm the housewife around here!"

(Copyright)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM

'We're looking for people who like to draw

If you like to draw, you may have a talent that could change your life. Find out how you can be trained right at home by the Famous Artists School—now in Australia for the first time.

by Norman Rockwell



Norman Rockwell, one of the world's most beloved artists, almost quit painting early in his career because he was unsure of his talent. Now he's helping others make the most of a gift that could change their lives.

If you like to draw or paint, a group of America's most distinguished artists want to test your art talent. We'd like to help you find out if you can be trained to become a successful, money-making artist.

This offer is part of a program we began 20 years ago in America. We found that many men and women who *could* have become artists—and *should* have become artists—never did. Most of them were unsure of their talent. Others who were convinced they had talent simply *couldn't* get top-notch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A plan to help others

We decided to do something about this waste of talent. We decided to help anyone who has talent worth developing get the training he needs to become an artist. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we ourselves were able to learn only through long and successful experience.

We illustrated this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings, then organized it into a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting...lessons that anyone could take right in his own home and in his spare time. Finally, we perfected what is probably the most personal method ever developed for criticising a student's drawings and paintings.

You get personalised attention

For every art assignment you send in to the School, your instructor—who is himself a working professional artist—

actually draws and paints his suggestions for improvement. Often he spends as much as two hours on a single assignment. Then he writes you a personal letter giving you specific advice about your work. While your instructor is working on your assignment, no one else competes for his attention. You are literally a "class of one" and you get personalized, individual attention.

Our students find success

Our program of art training is highly respected all over America and in many countries throughout the world. We have helped thousands find success as illustrators, designers and painters. Here are just a few:

Carl Kock was only 18 years old when he enrolled in the Famous Artists School. Today he is a successful illustrator and does work for such clients as *General Motors*. He has also won 5 gold medals for his art work.

Helen Tryk of Cottage Grove, Oregon, another Famous Artist student, says: "I live 150 miles from the nearest big city. But I do fashion illustration, have my own studio, run an art workshop and also do portraits."

Mrs. Patti Dolezal of Yuba City, California, is busy exhibiting and selling her paintings. In her own words: "Mine is a Cinderella story, thanks to your Painting Course. I now paint five days a week to keep up with my orders, at prices up to \$400 each.

Nancy Houston of Manchester, Georgia, was encouraged to take the Famous Artists Course by her husband. She says: "Now I exhibit locally and even get jobs from as far away as New York. Word travels—even for a small-town housewife."

Esther P. Ingraham of Wailuku, Hawaii, says: "I was not an outstanding student at the time I took the Famous Artist Course. But it was a case of delayed reaction, for all of a sudden results began to take hold. I have had three one-man shows, exhibit regularly and have made a good number of sales."

Roger Vanseveant of Poperinge, Belgium, found that taking the Course was a turning point in his life. "It helped me turn a hobby into a profession," he says. "I am a freelance artist now and I have more work than I can handle. On my first one-man show I sold enough paintings to pay twice the cost of the Course."

Monique Devaux of Bordeaux, France, has signed a contract with a major publisher to illustrate a children's book. She says: "No need to tell you how much the Course is helping me in the realization of my book."

And Mrs. Faye La Belle, a Guelph, Ontario, housewife, has won five awards for her paintings since beginning her

Famous Artist training. One of her pictures was displayed at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto.

If you have art talent, you may be able to join these men and women and take advantage of the many exciting opportunities open to you in the art field today.

With the rapid growth in the publishing and communications fields in Australia, more artists are needed than ever before. Magazines are looking for artists to illustrate their stories and articles.

Growing demand for artists in Australia

Advertising agencies are searching for talented newcomers to join their art staffs or to work free-lance. Business firms, both large and small, need artists to design folders, brochures, posters and publicity materials. In the painting field too, you can win prestige and extra income with your talent. More and more people are collecting original paintings for their homes and offices—and they're paying good prices to get what they want. Whether you are interested in working part-time or full-time, you can find success as an artist in Australia today—if you have talent and are willing to develop it properly.

Send for the free Famous Artists Talent Test

To find men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a special Art Talent Test. You'll find it enjoyable to do and it will take only a half-hour of your time. The test will be graded free by a member of our staff and returned to you. If you pass, you will then be eligible to enrol in the School. However, you are under no obligation to do so. We will also send along to you an illustrated brochure, without charge, describing our School and our unique method of teaching. Fill out and mail the coupon for your free Talent Test and descriptive brochure. It could mean the beginning of a whole new life for you.



From l. to r. standing: Albert Dorne, Ben Stahl; seated: Fred Ludekens, Norman Rockwell, Stevan Dohanos, Jon Whitcomb, Harold Von Schmidt, Al Parker, Peter Helck, Austin Briggs, Robert Fawcett and George Gush.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 18, 1967

Famous Schools Pty. Ltd.,
63 Dickson Avenue,
Artarmon, N.S.W. 2064.

I would like to find out if I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test and information about your courses.

Mr. _____ Age _____
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Address _____

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State _____ Postcode _____

AZ WW

...or want to write'

One of America's leading women novelists offers advice to Australian women who want to write. She is one of 12 Famous Writers who have now brought their remarkable home-study School to Australia.

by Faith Baldwin



Although she brought up four children, Faith Baldwin managed to write more than 80 books, many of them best-sellers. Now she offers encouraging advice to women who want to get more out of life.

I think it's very unfortunate that many women with real writing talent bury it under a mountain of dishes.

Actually, writing is an ideal profession for women. You don't have to be away from home...wondering what your children are doing. You can work right at home, on your own time. And for the woman who is tied down, writing is a wonderful emotional release, to say nothing of the extra income it can bring you.

There are many things only a woman can write about from firsthand experience. That's why—unlike many other fields—the welcome mat is really out for women in writing. Particularly here in Australia where there are so many women's magazines... all looking for fresh new material.

Don't say, "I don't have time"

Saying you "could write" if you "had time" is no excuse. The fact is, I've had a house to run most of my life.

Even without the responsibilities of a home, starting my career wouldn't have been easy. It's hard to learn to write when you're working all alone.

I've often wished that when I was in my twenties, I had known a professional writer who would have been honest with me. As it was, I learned by rejections and rewriting—by trial and error.

Years later, I began to wonder if there wasn't an easier way. Wouldn't new writers have a better chance of making good faster if they could get training in their own homes from successful writers?

A new kind of writing school

Several years ago such an opportunity became available for the first time to people who want to write. I was invited to join with eleven other authors to start the Famous Writers School. They included Bennett Cerf, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff, Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith and Rod Serling.



From l. to r. seated: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff; standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling.

Our aim was to help qualified men and women develop their skill by sharing the secrets of our success with them.

We poured everything we knew about writing into a set of textbooks and writing assignments. Then we worked out a system for giving every student, through home study, the many hours of individual guidance a developing writer needs.

You are a class of one

When you return an assignment, one of our instructors—who are all professional writers or editors—spends up to two hours analyzing your work. He edits your manuscript, just as my editors do. Then he sends it back to you with a long letter of specific recommendations on how to improve your writing.

The assignments are simple at the start and gradually become more challenging. You learn step by step.

Students succeed all over the world

This training works well. Our students in America and in many other countries have been successful in selling their writing.

Doris Agee of San Mateo, California, sold an "Unforgettable Character" piece to the *Reader's Digest*. She says: "There's no question about it; without the Famous Writers School, the article would never have been written."

Doris Stebbins of South Coventry, Connecticut, writes: "Your course made it possible for me to sell six articles to *Woman's Day* for \$2,050."

Marguerite J. Fraser of Hamilton, Ontario, "became a local celebrity" when her first article was accepted for publication.

Marianne Wulf of Frankfurt, Germany, found a full-time job as a writer with a large electrical company after taking the Course.

L. C. Cunningham of Hamilton, Bermuda, became the editor of a weekly newspaper in Bermuda. "Whatever success I've had as far as writing is concerned, I owe to the Famous Writers School," he says.

And Jane Reed of Liberia, West Africa, had two articles accepted for publication after finishing the first three assignments in the Course. She credits the Famous Writers School with helping her to do it.

Have you the urge to write? If so, get busy! It's a wonderful feeling to see your own name in print. And that first cheque, no matter what the size is, is one of the big thrills of a lifetime.

Trained Writers needed in Australia

If you have a talent for writing, you are especially fortunate here in Australia. The opportunities for trained writers are growing every day. Magazine editors are looking for more stories and articles than ever before. Book publishers are searching for budding new authors.

The growth of advertising agencies, publicity firms, radio and television stations has created an urgent need for writers. Whether you want to work full-time or part-time, you can find the success you want as a writer in Australia today—if you have talent and develop it properly.

Writing Aptitude Test offered

We have devised a revealing Aptitude Test to help you find out if you have writing talent worth developing. The coupon at the bottom of this page will bring you a copy—without charge—along with an illustrated brochure describing the School.

When you return the Test, it will be graded free by a member of our staff. If you do well on the Test—or offer other evidence of writing aptitude—you may enrol for professional training by the School. However, you are under no obligation to do so. Fill out the coupon for your free Test and mail it today.

Famous Schools Pty. Ltd.,
63 Dickson Avenue,
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I want to find out if I have writing talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Writers Aptitude Test and brochure describing your courses.

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ANDREW WAUGH ★

Australia's best known do-it-yourself expert — see his simple ideas for handy-men to copy each month in the

AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL

Incident off Land's End

It was a case of piracy
on the high seas in a luxury
liner — an incredible
happening in this modern age

HIS broad, pinkly scrubbed English face set in the jovial grin appropriate to these traditional last-night-at-sea festivities, Chief Purser Joseph Amberley moved his impeccably uniformed portliness swiftly but without apparent haste through the cheerfully packed first-class smoking room of the Royal Mail Steamship Atlantic uneasily aware that something was up.

Something unusual and therefore possibly unpleasant, else why this urgent summons to the Captain's quarters? Ordinarily, the Captain would have been making his courtesy rounds of the major last-night parties, at each of which, as commodore of the line and master of its flagship, he was expected to put in an appearance.

Squeezing his bulk into an elevator for the ascent to the bridge deck, Amberley reviewed his plans for the evening and found them in order: dancing in the first-class ballroom, costume party in the cabin-class dining-room, amateur theatricals in the tourist-class cinema. The weather was perfect and the Atlantic was steady as a palace as she thrust her 75,000 tons toward Southampton at better than 30 knots through a moonless night.

Outside the heavy walnut door to the Captain's suite the Chief Purser paused, straightened his flawless bow against the snowy white collar, and knocked. There was the sound of a lock turning, and he stared in astonishment as the door opened a crack, stayed that way for a moment while his identity was established, and then swung open only far enough to permit him to edge through.

Except for the soft yellow glow of the reading-lamp on the Captain's gleaming mahogany desk, the room was in deep shadow, and Amberley started involuntarily as the door shut quietly behind him and once again the lock snicked over. He got a worse shock as his eyes accustomed themselves to the comparative darkness after the brightly lighted passageway and he saw the ghastly expression on the normally ruddy and genial face of Captain Sir James Faulconer, KBE, DSO. And then he felt the whole menace of the silent room and was suddenly afraid.

Faulconer was inexpressibly weary, slumped in one of the deep leather armchairs flanking his desk. "This is my Chief Purser, Mr. Amberley." The introduction went unacknowledged by the two men Amberley now discerned standing just beyond the halo of light cast by the lamp. "Mr. Amberley," the Captain continued, raising his gaze from the floor and staring into nothingness, "I have to inform you that this ship is presently in the control of pirates."

The Chief Purser took an instinctive step forward, felt immediately the pressure of a gun in his back, and was aware that a third man, the one who had locked the door, was still behind him.

"Perhaps," a smooth, curiously muffled voice broke in mildly, "I'd best do the explaining." One of the two men Amberley could see moved into the light and, fantastically, his face was that of a fiercely snarling ape. It took Amberley the fraction of a second to realise that the man wore a rubber mask which fitted entirely over his head and which accounted for the oddly strangled sound of his speech.

It was a perfect disguise and yet, coupled with the penguin-like anonymity of the man's dinner jacket and the generally confused gaiety of the last-night celebrations, above suspicion, for its wearer would have been taken only as a rather enthusiastic celebrant on his way to or from some bibulous assembly.

"This," the ape-faced man remarked casually, holding up a smart tan leather attache case, "is, despite its appearance, a small but most efficient radio transmitter." Amberley noted automatically the educated accent; it



was not much help in establishing an identity, but it would be worth remembering.

"To it," the masked man went on, "are tuned receivers concealed in steamer trunks now resting in three first-class staterooms—I may say, Captain, that our accommodations have been eminently satisfactory, thanks doubtless to your Mr. Amberley here, and how you both must be wondering just which three staterooms—and to receivers in several other trunks now in one or another of the baggage holds. The trunks, I should add, are otherwise packed with TNT. All may be detonated by means of a signal sent by this transmitter."

"Unless my instructions are followed exactly, I shall press the transmitting key and some 800-odd pounds of high explosives will go up. From which you can take it that we're very much in earnest, since we'll go up with them." One of the men in the shadows giggled, an unexpected and frightening noise.

"But I trust it won't come to that." The smooth voice ignored the giggle. "The important point is that in just under two hours from now the ship is to be stopped. In the meantime, wireless equipment aboard will be rendered temporarily inoperable. We will then be approximately 100 miles off Land's End, at which point we'll rendezvous with a fishing boat that will chance to be in the area."

"We will have roughly seven hours of darkness."

To page 92

By JACOB HAY

SUMMER SPECIALS TO BUY

● These four attractive dresses are available ready made or cut out ready to sew. The designs all follow current fashion. The dresses are available and can be inspected at Fashion House, 344-346 Sussex Street, Sydney. Please mention name of dress required and make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



"KATE." — Long-sleeved shirtmaker with self-tie belt (above). Material is terylene / viscose. Color choice is pink (illustrated), pale blue, ice-green, or orange. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$13.45; 36 and 38in. bust, \$13.65; 40in. bust, \$13.85. Postage and registration 60c extra. Cut out only: 32 and 34in. bust, \$9.55; 36 and 38in. bust, \$9.75; 40in. bust, \$9.95. Postage and registration 60c extra.

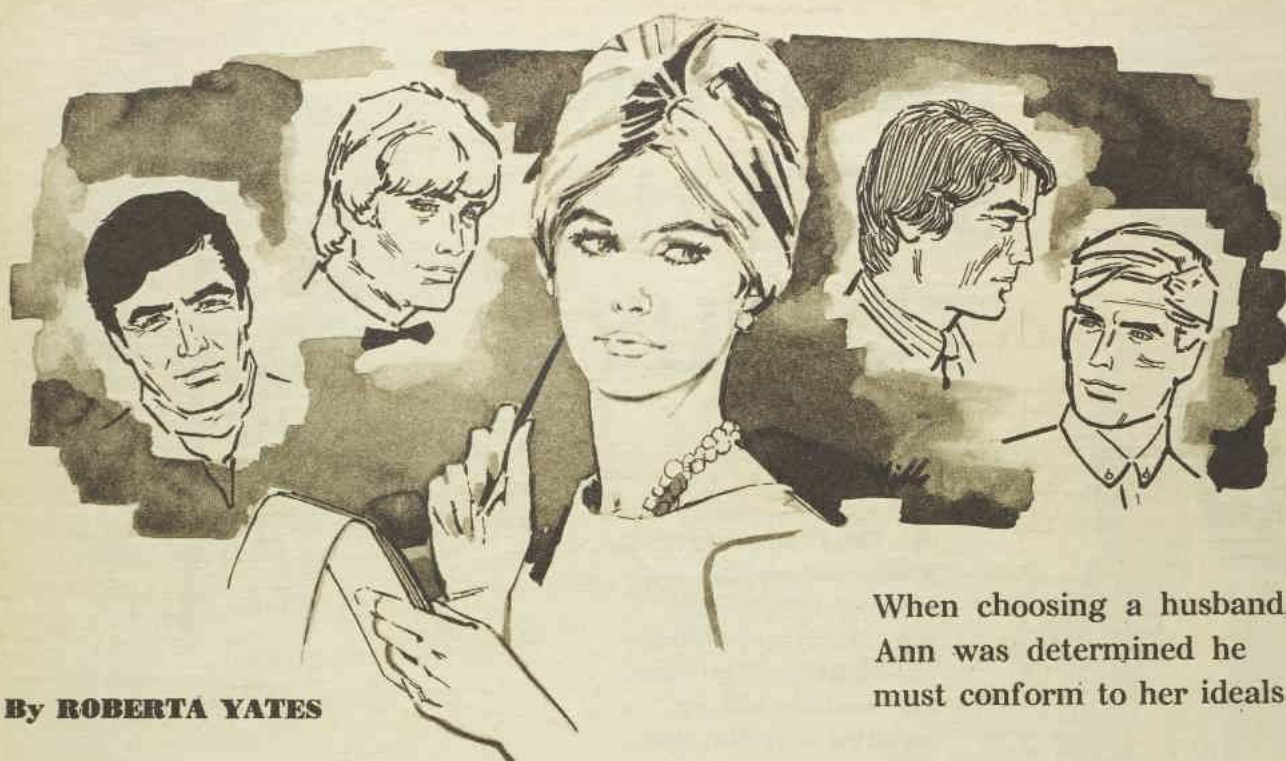


"PIPPA." — Slim semi-fit shift (right) finished with a white trim. The material is printed imported cotton. Available in fun pink (illustrated), turquoise, and meadow-green, all printed on a white ground. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$11.15; 36 and 38in. bust, \$11.35. Postage and registration 60c extra. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$6.55; 36 and 38in. bust, \$6.75. Postage and registration 60c extra.



"RACHEL." — Buttoned-front A-line dress (above) is finished with a contrast trim. Material is a mixture of teteron and flax. Color choice is white with navy or lime trim, lime with navy or white trim, navy with white or lime trim. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$14.55; 36 and 38in. bust, \$14.75; 40in. bust, \$14.95. Postage and registration 60c extra. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$11.15; 36 and 38in. bust, \$11.35; 40in. bust, \$11.55. Postage and registration 60c extra.

"STACEY." — Sleeveless tent dress (left) made in printed satin-finished cotton. Color choice is caribbean-blue / paris-pink / yellow / lavender / leaf-green (illustrated); turquoise / lilac / spring-green / saffron / lido-blue; hot-pink / aqua / gold / lime-green / orange. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$11.45; 36 and 38in. bust, \$11.65. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$7.75; 36 and 38in. bust, \$7.95. Postage, registration 60c extra.



By ROBERTA YATES

THE YARDSTICK

WHEN Ann Foley was five, little boys in kindergarten, not knowing why, fought over who got to play with her. When she was 18, she was undisputed college beauty queen. By the time she was 20, a multitude of males had besieged her. Hers was the azure-eyed, flyaway blonde-haired beauty that makes a man's heart beat faster.

Behind the lovely mask, Ann had a mind of her own. She knew that a girl who can choose from many must be extra careful. She made a list of requirements for a husband and called it her "yardstick."

He must be tall because Ann was tall, and he must be dark-haired because she was blonde. He must have a job of the kind that leads to advancement. He must dance well and have a sense of humor, but he must also be serious-minded and kind. He must want three children because that was how many Ann wanted.

Ann's roommate read the list. The roommate was a plain girl and engaged to a young man who met none of the requirements.

"How can you be so conceited?" she demanded. "What makes you think you can fit a husband to a pattern?"

Ann simply smiled, with the wisdom of beauty and popularity.

"I only want a man who will be right for me," she said.

And, for the next few years, she judged by the yardstick.

There was Richard, who was serious-minded and kind, but had no sense of humor. There was Hank, who danced beautifully but had no job. Frank followed. He had an excellent job at the engineering firm where Ann was a secretary, but he hated dancing and said so loudly. He took Ann's "No" so seriously that he went to another firm where he wouldn't suffer from seeing her daily.

Ann was 25 by now, but she didn't worry, because new candidates took the place of the rejected ones.

She was considering a tall, dark, successful lawyer when Tony Reardon appeared in the office. He was wiry, with hair bleached platinum by a New Mexico sun, and his eyes were blue. She was amazed to find that he was a research engineer called in as consultant on an important construction.

"Reardon likes research," Ann's boss said. "He has turned down top-flight offers to keep at it. He prefers his laboratory at the University of New Mexico. Some men are like that.

They don't care whether they get anywhere as long as they're doing what they want to."

Tony Reardon, conferring with Ann's boss, was in and out of the office frequently. He was polite, he was pleasant, but he scarcely seemed to see her, and this was unusual treatment for Ann. She reasoned that Tony's behaviour was unimportant because, obviously, he was not her type. She could not understand why he annoyed her.

Then, one noon, they were seated at adjoining tables at a restaurant. Naturally, he moved to her table for coffee. And, finally, he made what Ann recognised as his move.

"Do you like Mexican food?" he asked. "If you do, I know an excellent little place."

Ann, to her own amazement, found herself saying that she loved Mexican food, and that night she broke a date with the lawyer in order to have tamales with Tony. Afterward, she could remember only that the food burned her tongue. She could remember nothing of what they talked about, though it seemed interesting at the time.

He came into her apartment for a nightcap and, as he was leaving, he turned back, put his arms around her and, without warning, kissed her. His arms were surprisingly strong and the kiss lasted a full minute. Then he laughed.

"I've always wondered what it would be like to kiss the most beautiful girl in the world," he said, and was gone.

And that apparently was that. Ann saw him almost daily at the office, but he did not ask her out again. Ann couldn't understand it. She told herself that he did not interest her, and, in spite of that, she made the first move. She asked him to dinner at her apartment, and cooked the dinner herself.

Afterward she asked directly: "Why don't you like me, Tony?"

He said just as directly: "I don't like you because I'm in danger of falling in love with you."

"Would that be bad?"

"It would be fatal. I would have to leave town before I finish my work here."

"But what's wrong with me?" Ann cried.

"Everything," he told her. "First, you're beautiful and beautiful girls are spoiled. I don't have time to coddle a spoiled wife. I shall marry an attractive but plain girl who is sensible, takes an interest in my work, and is contented to manage a house and about six children. I like big families."

"Three children," Ann said automatically.

Then she flushed. Here was she, to whom

When choosing a husband, Ann was determined he must conform to her ideals

a dozen men had proposed, almost doing the proposing herself. Tony didn't answer.

"I don't even dare kiss you again," he said, and slammed the door as he left.

The next day Ann appeared for the first time in her grown life without lipstick. She wore glasses, which she needed because she was nearsighted but was usually too vain to wear. Her honey-blond hair was strained into a severe bun. When Tony entered the office she was reading a book on engineering. He gave her a cheerful "Hello."

"I am studying the mechanics of bridge-building," Ann said.

"Very praiseworthy," said Tony. "Come in handy in any kitchen." And he went on into the boss' office.

Ann threw the book on to the floor. It was ridiculous for a pretty girl to try to be plain, but Ann was ridiculous. The next day she added an unbecoming dress to her new sensible appearance.

"Don't you see any change in me?" she asked Tony.

"Yes. You're lovelier than ever," he told her.

A few nights later, her boss gave a party. Ann was now in the "I'll-show-him" stage. She wore a new dress in an off shade of green that only a honey-blond would dare, and she took along her enamored lawyer. Tony came alone. It was the fifth dance before he cut in, and then he waltzed her out to the terrace.

"Dancing is a bore," he said.

"I love dancing," said Ann. "I'm a spoiled beauty. I'm a dumb blonde. I'm going back in to dance."

Tony seized her arm and whirled her around until she faced him.

"Oh, no you're not," he said. "You're staying here because I love you. It's stupid but so help me I can't help myself. Will you marry me?"

He didn't wait for her answer. He kissed her.

Ann was packing, to go to New Mexico when she came upon the yellow piece of paper on which she had once written her yardstick for the man she would marry. Tony wasn't tall and he wasn't dark. He hated dancing and he wanted six children. He would never progress from the job he liked in research. Ann tore the paper into scraps.

"When you're in love you don't care what the man's like," she said wisely to the wastepaper basket. "All you care about is that he loves you."

(Copyright)

INCIDENT OFF LAND'S END

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

during which you will transship the two tons of gold bullion now stowed in a specially constructed strong-room located beneath the after baggage holds. I leave the technical aspects to you, but I should imagine a block and tackle arrangement might be feasible." And now Amberley knew why he had been called to the Captain's cabin, for the ship's strong-rooms were the Chief Purser's responsibility.

"I should add," Ape-Face observed, "that the range of the transmitter aboard the fishing vessel — which is attuned to the receiver in the trunks aboard the Atlantic — is sufficiently powerful to make any attempt at pursuit on your part most unwise. In fact, I forbid it."

"Do you now?" Amberley grated. "And how do we know this isn't all bluff or a damned poor joke?"

"Mr. Kendall was sent off before you arrived with one of these beggars to stand guard over him," Sir James Faulconer exhaled heavily. "He inspected one of the trunks. It's as Monkey-Face says," Kendall was the Atlantic's Communications Officer and, Amberley knew well, not a man easily panicked.

"You may call me King Kong," the man in the mask said pleasantly. "So much nicer than Monkey-Face, I think. And now, perhaps we'd best be getting on with business. One of my associates will accompany the Captain to the bridge to ensure that we keep on course. The other will assist your communications officer in disabling his gear. Both of my friends know their jobs, so I should advise no nonsense."

DESPITE himself, Amberley felt a grudging admiration for the brutal simplicity of the scheme, and he wondered, idiotically, why no one had ever thought of it before. The information that the Atlantic was carrying bullion bought in the States by the Bank of England, which theoretically confidential could have been purchased from any one of a number of criminal sources along the New York waterfront well in advance.

The arrangement with the fishing boat, probably of long standing, could have been set in motion by an innocent wireless message sent from the ship itself. Sir James Faulconer, of course, was in an impossible situation; a responsible officer would entertain for a moment the thought of risking his ship and the lives of nearly 3000 passengers and crew for a thousand tons of bullion much less two.

Nor was there any doubt that the operation could be brought off. Fishing boats, French, Dutch, or British, all look pretty much alike, and the utter blackness of the night, erratically lit by the glow from the Atlantic's decks, would make identification of any particular boat even more difficult. Plus which, if these men displayed as much ingenuity in the latter phase of their project as they had shown in its preparation, even before it disappeared into the maze of shipping along the Channel coasts, the fishing boat would have undergone a drastic change in its appearance.

Dummy masts, ventilation and deckhouses could be rigged or dismantled, as the

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case might be, or a fresh coat of paint applied to the upper works. It had been done often enough during the war, heaven knew, in embarking or disembarking agents or supplies on a neutral or unfriendly shore.

But now the man who wished to be called King Kong was speaking again, urbane and almost amused. "To avoid alarming the passengers, as well as an overabundance of witnesses, Captain Faulconer will make an announcement over the ship's public-address system, stating in firm, seamanly tones that the stop is part of an Admiralty exercise involving co-operation with Merchant Navy, and that for reasons of security no one will be permitted on deck except officers and crew in the performance of their duties. Judging from the way the parties are going, this should present no major difficulties."

As if to lend ironic emphasis to the comment, a faint burst of music made itself audible in the Captain's cabin. Dancing had begun in the first-class ballroom, and Amberley glanced, the habit automatic with years at sea, at the brass-cased clock fixed to the panelled bulkhead above Faulconer's desk. The luminous hands, glowing dimly green against the black face, stood at 2000 hours.

He saw, but seeing took no note. Time, he thought savagely, if there was just some way of gaining time to think. It was beyond belief that these men should succeed, yet they seemed to have thought of everything; to possess an amazingly detailed and accurate knowledge of the ship. The glowing green hands stared unhelpfully at him.

And a wildly insane idea flared star-shell bright inside his brain. There was just a chance, the most miserably faint hope of a chance, provided Faulconer kept his wits about him. And if it didn't come off, matters would stand no worse than they stood now. He took a deep breath and decided to risk it, staking everything on greed and overconfidence.

"And how," he inquired, trying and succeeding in keeping his manner casually contemptuous, "do you propose to deal with the other stuff?" From the corner of his eye, he saw Faulconer glance up, abruptly quizzical. But it was a look that might have been interpreted as a reproach.

For the first time there was a note of uncertainty in King Kong's voice. "Stuff?" Amberley took heart and plunged on, putting every ounce of sincerity at his command into the sham.

"Look here, the Captain and I know very well it's not the bullion alone you're after, although that should be enough to content you. But I assure you, it's not in the strongroom. For one thing, international regulations won't allow it; for another, the passengers mightn't be especially happy having it anywhere near their cabins, although it's certainly not dangerous." Would Faulconer see what he was trying to do? Amberley dared not look at his commander.

One of the shadowy men moved suddenly into the light, and Amberley saw with no particular amazement that he wore the outrageous features of Popeye the Sailor. "What the hell's he talking about?" Popeye wanted to know, his accent harshly American.

"I'd like to know myself. Just what are you talking about, Chief Purser?" Without waiting for a reply, King Kong swung around to face the Captain. "Do you know?" Faulconer stared hard at

INCIDENT OFF LAND'S END

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

his Chief Purser. "You bloody idiot," he said, his voice flat with anger. And Amberley exulted. Faulconer had not understood, but his bitter reply was all Amberley could have prayed for.

"Good heavens!" He felt he was overacting horribly, but at least he had managed to sound like a man who has realised that he had talked too much; choked and flustered. "But I thought—"

"All right, you," King Kong was no longer amiable, and through the absurd mask's vision slits Amberley saw the cold glint of rage in the man's eyes. "Now I suggest that you tell us what this 'other stuff' is, and damned quickly, too."

Amberley let his shoulders sag in defeat. "Radium," he said dully. "Nearly six ounces of the stuff, packed by the quarter ounce in individual lead containers." Amberley had no idea whether that much pure radium existed in the world, and his heart took a long pause as he waited for King Kong's reaction.

"Go on." The masked man's voice was tense now and there was greed and something of triumph in it. Now, too, the

Popeye's voice was high and edgy. "Let the stuff alone, will y—"

"Shut up."

There was a long moment of silence. Amberley's stomach was knotted with the tension of his gamble and he felt a wave of nausea sweep over him. Then King Kong, his ape's face frozen in its fanged grimace, shrugged. The effect was wildly incongruous. "Let's get on with it. And you can do whatever you damned well please about your watertight doors, but make sure I don't stumble, Chief Purser. Make damn sure."

"Will you telephone the after engine-room, sir, and let them know we're coming?" Amberley saw the light of sudden comprehension spark in Faulconer's eyes. Once the watertight doors were closed, the Atlantic's chances for survival were vastly increased by the compartmentation of her hull. The trunk bombs might flood as many as four compartments and the Atlantic could still remain afloat; terribly injured, but afloat.

Amberley's collar was throttling him. He had won

"Where the devil are you taking me?" King Kong leaned close to shout the words into Amberley's ear.

"This is the only way we can get to the radium locker. It's off the inboard starboard shaft alley, as far away from the passengers and crew as we can get it. As I told you, international regulations," Amberley shouted in return, wondering as he did whether any such regulations had ever been published and, if so, what they really said.

Finally, a series of steeply slanted ladders behind them, they stood on the vibrating deck plates of the engine compartment, surrounded and dwarfed by the Atlantic's immense machinery. MacKinnon, the engineering officer on watch, impeccable in fresh, white overalls, glanced up from his desk beneath a great bank of dials and gauges and nodded an impersonal greeting, as though the Purser's appearance in his domain were an everyday occurrence.

Back between the towering bulks of the turbines, Amberley led, amazed as always that so many thousands of horsepower could be generated amid such fanatic cleanliness and without the chaotic clutter of steaming pipes and hissing, clanking valves which had been the order of things

and the door moved silently shut behind them, abruptly silencing the constant thunder of the engine-room and leaving them in comparative silence.

They stood on the narrow grating of the inspection walkway which paralleled the polished perfection of the spinning shaft. A slender pipe rail, looking wholly inadequate, offered a minimum of protection to anyone walking the tunnel, and Amberley was grimly pleased to see the whiteness of King Kong's knuckles as he gripped it with his free hand. It occurred to the Chief Purser that beneath the rubber mask, and in spite of the coolness of the tunnel, King Kong might be perspiring dreadfully. The sea was very close to them down there.

"Good luck it's calm weather," Amberley said, raising his voice to carry over the deep hum of the shaft. "This can be tricky going when there's any sort of a sea running. Makes you wonder why anybody in his right mind would want to be an engineer."

"Let's keep moving." Now there was the slightest edge to King Kong's voice. "Save your discussions for the Sea Scouts, would you?"

"Not at all," Amberley moved slowly down the walkway. "Less than two inches of steel between us and the bottom of the ocean," he called back over his shoulder. "Double hull and all that, but it makes you think a bit." He got no reply.

The watertight door was more than a hundred feet behind them, and just perceptibly the tunnel was narrowing toward the stern. The sound of the shaft seemed louder, somehow, in the increasingly confined space, and back here, far from the warmth of the engine compartment bulkhead, the steel walls glistened solidly with condensed moisture. There was another sound, too, back there—the muted rush of the seas past the Atlantic's hull plates.

Amberley reached out a hand and laid it gently on the shaft.

"Quite harmless, actually. Care to try for yourself?"

"Damn you, stop that nonsense and take me to this radium locker of yours, wherever it is." There was an approach to panic in the words.

The Chief Purser turned and faced the man in the lunatic rubber mask. "Surely," he said gently, "surely you didn't honestly believe there was any radium aboard this ship."

Behind his frightening calm he felt himself close to panic. Everything, everything depended upon how well he carried off the next few seconds, and he felt his shirt and singlet clinging to him, coldly wet. "We're locked in here, you know. The watertight door can only be opened from the engine compartment."

A curious, whimpering noise came from behind the ape mask, and King Kong clutched the attache case close to his chest.

"Go ahead," Amberley said, his voice a rasping croak. "But it won't be very pleasant in here. It won't even be quick." He leaned back against the tunnel wall, feeling the cold lance through his uniform coat, and rested his hand on a thickly insulated switch.

"This is probably the strongest section of the ship, you see; has to be, because you don't want your propeller shaft taking any strains, and you'd want to keep it turning even in the worst emergency. So it's quite, quite watertight."

"Shut up, damn you! Shut up!"

"So that even if we go down with her, we shan't be drowned," Amberley continued, his smile ghastly. "We will simply strangle after, I

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



Chief Purser knew there was a chance of victory. The bullion would fetch over £1,000,000 in the black markets of Europe, a titanic haul, but picaresque in comparison with what might be gained through the sale of that much radium. The world was full of war-racked hospitals and research laboratories, of rich, sick men, of unscrupulous quacks who would pay fabulous prices for a gramme. It was a bonus beyond anything ever wished for: a gift handed over by this ruddy fool of a Chief Purser.

"It has to be stored as far as possible from the passenger quarters," Amberley said, and then injected what he hoped was the correct note of defiance in his tone. "But I'll take you to it only on condition that the watertight doors be closed once we get below. You're not a trained seaman, and if you stumble and set off those damned bombs of yours, the passengers are going to have at least half a chance."

"What makes you think I'm going anywhere with you? Have the stuff brought up when you move the bullion."

Amberley's smile was vicious, the snarl of the trapped rat. "And how," he asked, "can you be sure there aren't more than six ounces?"

"I'll send one of my men with you, then."

"But it's just possible that your little chums might not care to take the risk," Amberley spoke slowly, to let the import of his words strike home. "They've probably heard wild stories about radium burns, blindness, they say it causes, or cancers, or madness. You and I know that's all a lot of nonsense, of course, but do they? And suppose this were a trap?"

"Of course it's a trap!"

the first part of this insane game, and he knew what he must do if he were to win the second. The knowledge was hideous.

"I want the telephone system cleared," King Kong was saying now. "I shall call my associates from below decks, and should they fail to answer..." The rap of his fingers against the leather case was loud and ominous in the stillness of the cabin.

Nothing about the spectacle presented by the Chief Purser and King Kong as they made their way below could have excited any special comment.

A number of passengers had put on similar outlandish masks as their contribution to the last night's frolic, and as for the attache case, it might have held a couple of extra bottles on their way to a party.

The grinning elevator operator who carried the two men to the lowest passenger deck, made bold by conviviality of the evening, even ventured to suggest that Amberley should obtain a mask of his own, "just so's to get into the spirit of things, like you might say, sir."

Amberley led the way thereafter, through a dozen hatches marked "Crew Only," and down passages no passenger had ever visited, until at length they stood on a platform of steel grating, peering down into the cavernous depths of the starboard engine compartment, an immaculate and fantastic cathedral of spotless white paint and gleaming metal, filled with the heavy, steady roar of the furnaces forward and the giant turbines which drove the Atlantic's propellers. Waves of sluggishly oily heat surged up around the two men on the grating.

when he had begun his career at sea.

Now they stood between the two huge steel shafts, spinning at full speed, which disappeared through the heavy after bulkhead to take their separate courses aft until finally they emerged from the giant hull through their tremendous iron-wood sleeve bearings into the icy, black waters of the North Atlantic and turned their propellers in revolutions that churned up the seas by the foamy scores of tons. These were the raw muscles that rammed the ship through the ocean, and their awesome power was an almost tangible thing that infused the air like an electric current.

Amberley pushed the black button set into the bulkhead beside the watertight door leading to the inboard starboard shaft tunnel. A red lamp, one of dozens in a panel facing the engineering officer's desk, glowed, and MacKinnon pressed the switch which would open the door.

It slid noiselessly upwards on its thickly oiled rollers to reveal the swiftly diminishing perspective of the shaft tunnel, with the stout girth of the shaft narrowing to a gleaming needle point at the far end, interrupted regularly along its length by the thick rings of its supporting bearings on their squat mounts. Over each bearing hung a strongly protected light, and in the glare of these the big glass oil cups atop the bearings shone like so many amber jewels.

Once more Amberley led, stepping over the high coaming and waiting while King Kong gingerly followed his example. Inside the tunnel the Chief Purser pressed the twin of the button on the other side of the bulkhead



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should estimate, four or five hours on the bottom, knowing there was no possible hope. We should get to know one another quite well before we die."

The man in the mask was staring down with terrible fixity at the attache case he held against his chest, and from behind the ape's obscene features came a stream of profanity, soft and utterly chilling in its hatred.

"Or perhaps we'll be lucky," Amberley was inexorable. "We're not too far from the after baggage hold, and perhaps one of your bombs will help us go very quickly."

Beside the two men on the walkway, the great inboard shaft spun with an eerie, terrible efficiency which suggested that somehow, long after the Atlantic had started its last, awesome glide to-

ward the bottom, it would still be revolving; revolving until the huge, dying hull crashed silently against the ocean floor and the massive propeller blades bit into the muck of aeons and were finally stopped. Or until the ship plunged her thin plates into some unfathomed deep where the pressures of countless millions of tons of water would suddenly crumple her like a paper toy in a child's fist. Amberley drove the image from his mind.

"Unless you hand me that case I shall now turn out the lights," he said tonelessly. "After that, and regardless of the gun I see bulging your jacket, I am coming after you. I am a larger man than you, and doubtless in the scuffle one or the other of us will trigger your bombs. I don't think

INCIDENT OFF LAND'S END

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

you will want that to happen. I don't think you will want to die in the dark.

King Kong's whole body trembled, and his hand, arched and dead white, tensed over the leather case's brass lock, and Amberley knew that this was the transmitter key. Fantastically, he noted that King Kong bit his nails.

"I hope I needn't do anything so childish as counting to three," he murmured. "Take your hand away from that lock," he added soothingly. "Take your hand away and give me the case, there's a good chap."

The white hand quivered hor-

ribly, and from behind the mask came the dreadful sound of a man sobbing in mingled rage and animal fear.

For long, indescribable seconds, Amberley wondered if he had misjudged his man, and whether the next split instant might not see the awful consequences of his error; might not see them drowned when the hull cracked and the cold, grey-green sea poured into their steel coffin or condemned to the longer wait, the sickening lurch and downward glide and then the hours that might remain, too hideous to contemplate, while the air turned fetid and finally deadly. He dared not think of the thous-

ands of others on the decks above who might die, too, because of his mistake.

And then the hand dropped away from the lock and the man in the ape's mask held out the attache case in arms that shook almost out of control. Amberley took it carefully and motioned him back toward the entrance to the shaft tunnel whence, so many days ago, they had come. But King Kong's nerve had gone too far past the breaking point, and he could only cling blindly to the handrail, incapable of any further voluntary action.

Like one who leads a combat fatigue case back from the front lines, Amberley took his elbow and guided him slowly back along the walkway. Halfway to the watertight door, the man who wanted to be called King Kong began to laugh; his laughter was high and hysterical by the time the two men reached the bulkhead, and Amberley pressed the button which would open the door to another day, to life.

There remained only to tell MacKinnon what had happened. The Scots engineer would see to dispatching an armed detail of his stokers topside to the bridge to deal with King Kong's associates on the bridge and in the communications office. It was all over, and he, Joseph Amberley, had won.

LITTLE more than half an hour later Captain Sir James Faulconer poured out two tremendous bracers of ancient brandy, while Amberley sprawled exhausted in one of the armchairs by the Captain's desk.

The Atlantic was steaming at flank speed on an emergency course which would carry her many miles to the north of the position at which she had been expected to meet the fishing boat, far beyond the effective range of the fisherman's wireless transmitter. Kendall, the Communications Officer, had dealt with the trunks in the cabins, and Marchison, the Third Officer, had crews in all the baggage holds, searching out the remaining trunks. They, with the attache case, would be needed when the trial of the three men now in the ship's prison took place.

"RAF Coastal Command reports that a plane has been sent out from Plymouth to locate and keep an eye on the fishing craft," Faulconer said as he handed Amberley his glass. "Until the Navy can get a fast launch on the spot, probably they're sending something out of Falmouth. Here, try this and see what you think of it."

"That was a damned fine piece of work this evening, Chief Porter, as I needn't tell you," Faulconer was saying. "The directors, I'm certain, will wish to make some more tangible expression of their regard for your quick thought and gallantry, although I'll confess I'm damned if I twigged what you were up to. All that rot about radium — thought you'd gone wonky in the head, or something. If I'd known you intended to take that madman into a shaft tunnel . . . well . . ." Sir James stared hard at the man who had just saved his ship.

Amberley hardly heard him. He would have to put on a fresh shirt and uniform. Then he would drop by the first-class ballroom and see that the orchestra wasn't playing too many rhumbas.

And then, by gosh, he would retire to his cabin and finish the novel he'd bought in New York. Find out how young Captain Hornblower had dealt with those two French frigates.

As always, he felt a twinge of envy at the thought of young Hornblower. Now there was a chap who could have brought this evening off with dash and style. There, Amberley reflected, was a real sailor; an iron man in a ship of oak. Those were the days.

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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Called to account (7, 2, 4).
- Declare the mature years of such a mean (7).
- A sweet smell (5).
- Hindu holy books (5).
- He predominates (5).
- An Indian monkey (6).
- Dances (anagr., 6).
- Go up a tree, starting with one hundred (5).
- Burdened (5).
- A Chinese magnolia with large white flowers (5).
- Turns back (7).
- In his "Don Juan," Byron calls it the tocsin of the soul (3, 6, 4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

- Should have been here before (7).
- Common herbage (5).
- An exposition of abstract principles (6).
- Nothing grim about this smell (5).
- Its uses are sweet, according to Duke Senior in Act II, Scene I in Shakespeare's "As You Like It" (9).
- Earnest, especially in confirmation of a bargain (5).



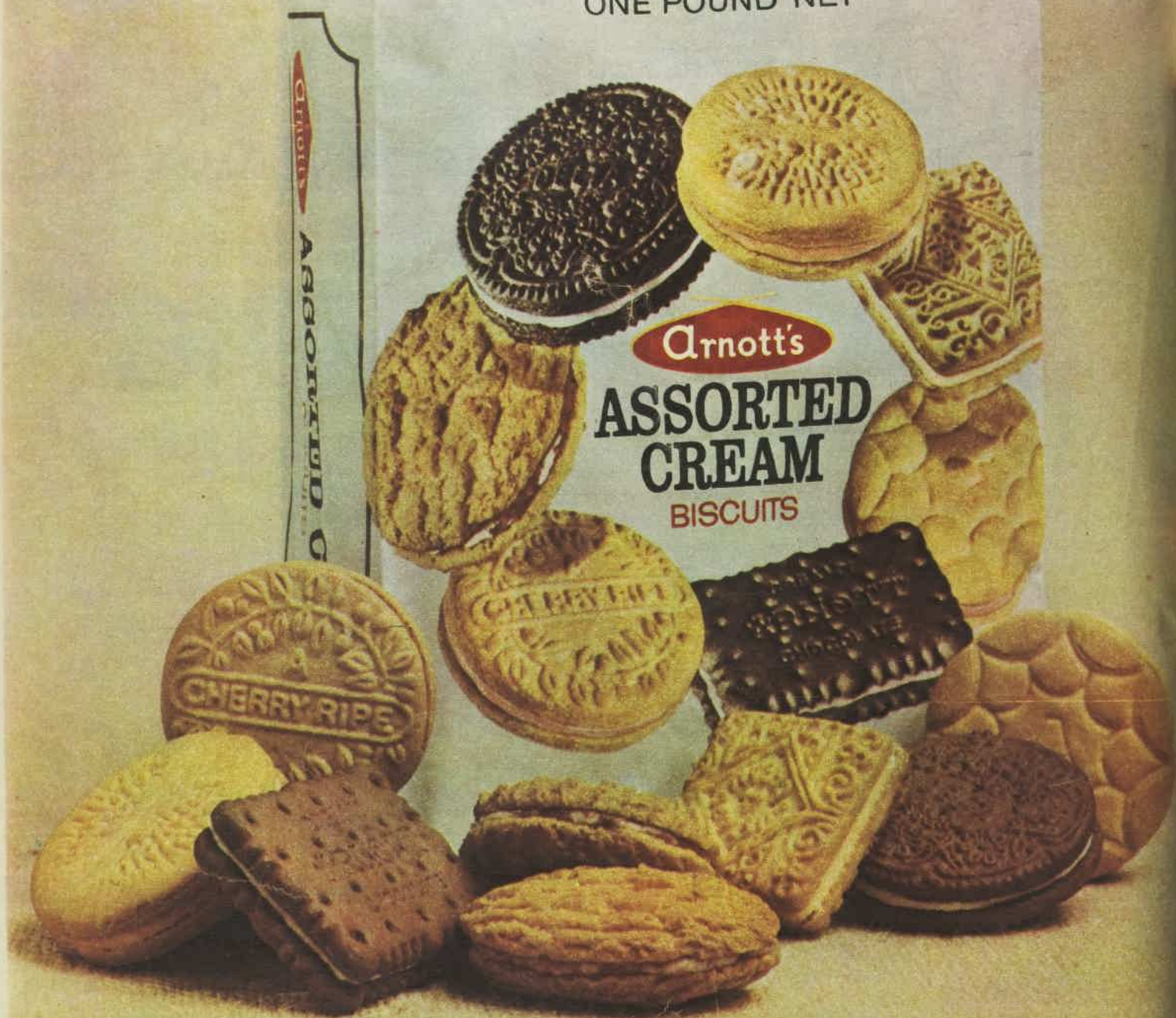
Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Unforeseen events (9).
- An association or state of wedlock (5).
- To sanction (7).
- No robe for the king of the fairies (6).
- A girl who fell in love with Daphnis, in a story from ancient Greece (5).
- Upset to fly in France and find a woman's suitor (5).

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